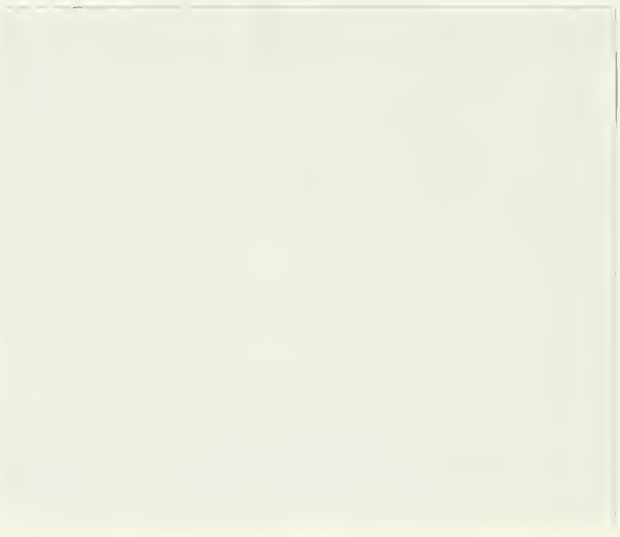

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THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

## Politics, Science, Art and Literature

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

**BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO LEIF ERICSSON.**

*Designed by Miss Whitney, and Erected in 1887 to Commemorate the Discovery of the Continent of America by the Northmen in the year 1000 A.D.*

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 1.

## THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

### I. DISCOVERERS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN COASTS AND THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY, (986-1600).

#### INTRODUCTION.

THE history of the discovery and exploration of Canada can be traced by the industrious student in the varied names, borrowed from the languages of many nations, that have been given in the course of four centuries to the waters and lands of the vast region which extends for three thousand five hundred miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Englishmen, Bretons, Basques, Normans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Huron-Iroquois and Algonquin Indians have all in turn written their names in indelible letters on the surface of the great country which embraces an area only two hundred thousand square miles less than that of all Europe, and almost equal to that of the United States. The names of saints and missionaries, of statesmen, nobles and soldiers, of gentlemen-adventurers and forest-rangers, of Indian chiefs and warriors, recall the storied past as we pass over river or lake or mountain of this territory, whose annals abound in many incidents of surpassing interest, since the days when a Venetian sailor sailed in an English ship and first sighted the northeastern shores of that great Continent for which Frenchmen and Englishmen were to contend at a later time in a supreme struggle which ended in the triumph of the latter.

The history of Canada has a rich record of heroic endeavour, self-sacrifice, patriotic devotion, and statesmanlike conception to offer to the reader. As we linger in summer time on the shores of the noble gulf which washes the eastern portals of Canada, and study the picturesque and suggestive names that have so long clung to its islands, bays, rivers, and headlands ; as we go up the St. Lawrence river and follow the route taken by the explorers who discovered the great valley which that stream drains, and who gave to the world the knowledge of its magnificent lakes and of the mysterious West ; as we walk over the grassy mounds that conceal the ruins of the formidable fortress of Louisbourg which once defended the eastern entrance to the St. Lawrence ; as we stand on the heights of the ancient city of Quebec with its

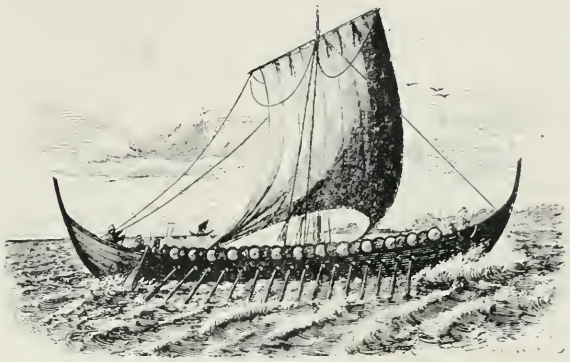
many memorials of the French régime; as we travel over the rich prairies with their winding rivers and memories of fur-trappers and Indian hunters; as we are carried by the locomotive through the passes of the mountains of British Columbia and look down on the rivers which bear the names of bold explorers who first ventured on their rapid and often dangerous currents;—as we survey all these varied scenes of the historic days of a country, still in the early phases of its national development, we may well be proud of the achievements of the men of the two nationalities who, in the course of centuries, were the Makers of the Dominion. We may fairly claim that its annals are exceptionally rich in fascinating episodes which may well arrest the attention of the novelist and poet. From Louisbourg to Mackinac, Canada has a rich heritage of associations that connect us with some of the most momentous pages of the world's history. The victories of Louisbourg and Quebec belong to the same series of brilliant events that gave to England a mighty empire in America and Asia, and recall the famous names of Chatham, Clive, and Wolfe.

In the series of historical papers of which this is the first, it will be my endeavour to recall the names and services of those men who, above all others in the annals of Canada, are associated with its discovery, its colonization, and its material, social and political conditions down to the present day when the Dominion may fairly claim a place among the nations of the world. In pursuance of this interesting task I am called upon to deal with certain well-defined epochs of Canadian history. First, there was that century of vague historical details, when sailors and explorers from many lands first ventured into the gulf and valley of the St. Lawrence. Next came that epoch of colonization and settlement under France which lasted for a century and a half, and was replete with many heroic and picturesque features. Then followed the cession of Canada to England, and that era of political and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of public liberty which ended in the establishment of responsible government about half a century ago. Finally, I shall be called upon to refer to the beginning of that all-important epoch which dates from the federation of the Provinces—an epoch of which only three decades have passed —of which the signs are still full of promise, despite the predictions of gloomy thinkers, if Canadians face the future with the same courage and confidence that the Makers of Canada always showed in their varied and adventurous careers.

## THE NORSEMEN.

The veil of mystery that enveloped North and South America for untold centuries, until Columbus ventured into the "Sea of Darkness" and gave a colonial empire to Spain, appears to have been lifted for awhile by the Norsemen—bold rovers of the sea from immemorial times. These were men of the same race which gave to England her present historic name, and to her people their love for maritime adventure. In certain Sagas, or presumably historical narratives of Iceland, we have evidence to show that these brave sailors, fitting representatives of the Vikings of old, notably Biarne Heriulfson and Leif Ericsson, whose fathers were the first Icelandic settlers of Greenland at the end of the tenth century, discovered new lands somewhere in north-eastern America, five centuries before Columbus landed on those southern islands which have ever since borne the name of Antilles, in recognition of that mysterious Antillia which has always eluded the search of adventurous mariners in the great unknown western ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Many books and essays have been written on those Icelandic Sagas which are not merely collections of poetic folklore, but appear to contain a vague though credible narrative of events that actually occurred in the early history of Iceland and Greenland. Much learning and speculation have been devoted to the elucidation

of the narratives of the famous voyages which the Norsemen are believed to have made between 986 and 1012 to the shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and as far as some part of New England. The countries which are described in Sagas as Helluland or land of rock, as Markland or land of wood, and as Vinland or land of Vines, may have been Labrador, Nova Scotia and Massachusetts. It seems undeniable that such voyages were made, and the Norsemen were the first Europeans who saw the eastern shores of Canada. Being inured to the sea, they handled with great skill vessels which were even safer and more manageable than the clumsy caravels in which Columbus led the way to the discovery of North and South America. Greenland, from which Leif and his compatriots sailed to Vinland, is easily accessible to the countries which they are believed to have visited; and it is nothing strange that, when once Biarne had brought to Greenland an account of new lands which he had found by accident, other adventurous sailors in late years should have succeeded in reaching Vinland.



NORSE SHIP OF TWELFTH CENTURY.

It is certain, however, that no permanent settlements were made by the Norsemen in any part of those countries, and their voyages do not appear to have in any way influenced the action of Columbus. They were forgotten for centuries, until the Sagas in which they were hidden were studied and given to the modern world by Thorfæus and Rafn, Scandinavian scholars of repute, whose researches have been followed up by many indefatigable students who have expended much ingenuity on a subject, undoubtedly full of charm and interest, and at the same time as elusive as the Fata Morgana.

Lief Ericsson's memory has been rescued from oblivion by the erection of an appropriate monument in one of the squares of the city of Boston.* One enthusiastic antiquarian, some years ago, even built at his own expense a stone tower on some doubtful ruins which had been unearthed on the banks of the Charles river near Boston, and which he confidently believed were the remains of one of the settlements which the Norseman founded in Vinland, and to which he gave the name of Norumbega, that fabulous city which so long eluded the search of credulous sailors in those by-gone centuries when America was still a continent of mystery.

## COLUMBUS AND CABOT.

Centuries later than the Norse voyages, Portuguese mariners sailed around the southern cape of Africa and found their way to India, China and the Spice Islands. Columbus then was stimulated by a bold and restless ambition to reach the rich countries of Cathay and Ind by what he believed was the shortest route—the unexplored western ocean with its mysterious islands. After the successful voyages of Columbus, Spain and Portugal attempted to divide between them, with the full authority of the Pope of Rome, all those lands which the courage and enterprise of their maritime adventurers had discovered, when suddenly there appeared on this great field of maritime exploration an Italian sailor, Giovanno Cabota, and England, through

*See Frontispiece. For fuller information, see "Discovery of America, by Norsemen." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

his agency, took the first step in the direction of that remarkable maritime enterprise which, in later centuries, was to be the admiration and envy of all other nations.

John Cabot was a Genoese by birth and a Venetian citizen by adoption, who came, probably during the last decade of the fifteenth century, to the historic town of Bristol, long famous in the story of English maritime adventure, and well described as "seeming to swim on the waters." The discovery of the islands now known as the "Antilles" by his great countryman impelled Cabot to seek English aid for a new venture to a mysterious west. He was confident he could find, by a more northerly route than that taken by Columbus, those rich Asiatic countries which were, for so many years—for more than a century after the voyages of Columbus and Cabot—the great incentive to maritime adventure and exploration. Eventually he obtained from Henry VII. letters patent, under date of March 5th, 1496, granting to himself and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sancio, the right to navigate in any direction they pleased under the English flag, and "at their own cost and charges seek out and discover unknown lands," and to acquire for England the dominion over the countries so discovered. Early in the month of May, 1497, John Cabot sailed from Bristol in a ship called "The Matthew," and manned by English sailors. In all probability he was accompanied by Sebastian, then a young man of about 21 years of age, and who in later times, through the credulity of his friends and his own garrulity and vanity, took that place in the estimation of the world which his father now rightly fills. Sometime towards the end of June they made a land-fall on the northeastern coast of North America—the exact site being still a matter of controversy.

John Cabot returned to Bristol with the news of his discovery, and was received with much honour. Henry VII., a parsimonious king, recognized the enterprise of the Italian navigator by giving a largesse of £10 "to him that founde the new Ile," a geographical designation showing the current belief of those times that such discoveries as Columbus's and Cabot's were islands or lands adjacent to the rich countries of Asia. A Venetian, Lorenzo Pasqualigo, wrote to his brothers at Venice: "A Venetian has come back and says he has discovered, 700

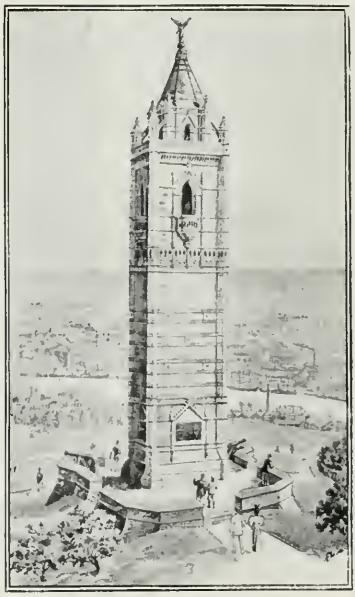
leagues off, the mainland of the Grand Cham, and that he coasted along it for 300 leagues and landed. He is called the great Admiral, great honour being paid to him, and he goes dressed in silk. The discoverer of these things has planted a large cross in the ground with a banner of England and one of St. Mark, as he is a Venetian, so that our flag has been hoisted very far away."

The king was much pleased by Cabot's success, and gave him new letters-patent authorizing him to fit out a second expedition for fresh exploration in the "lande and iles of late founde by the said John in oure name and by oure commandmente." Sebastian, also, probably sailed with his father in this expedition, which consisted of five well-armed ships, victualled for a year and manned by 300 men. It left Bristol some time in the July of 1498, but while it is now generally believed by the best investigators that Cabot coasted the shores of North America from Labrador or Cape Breton as far as Cape Hatteras, we have no details of this famous voyage, and are even ignorant of the date when the fleet returned to England. It is probable that John Cabot died during the voyage, and from this time forward his son Sebastian appears alone in historic records.

## THE CABOT MAPPEMONDE.

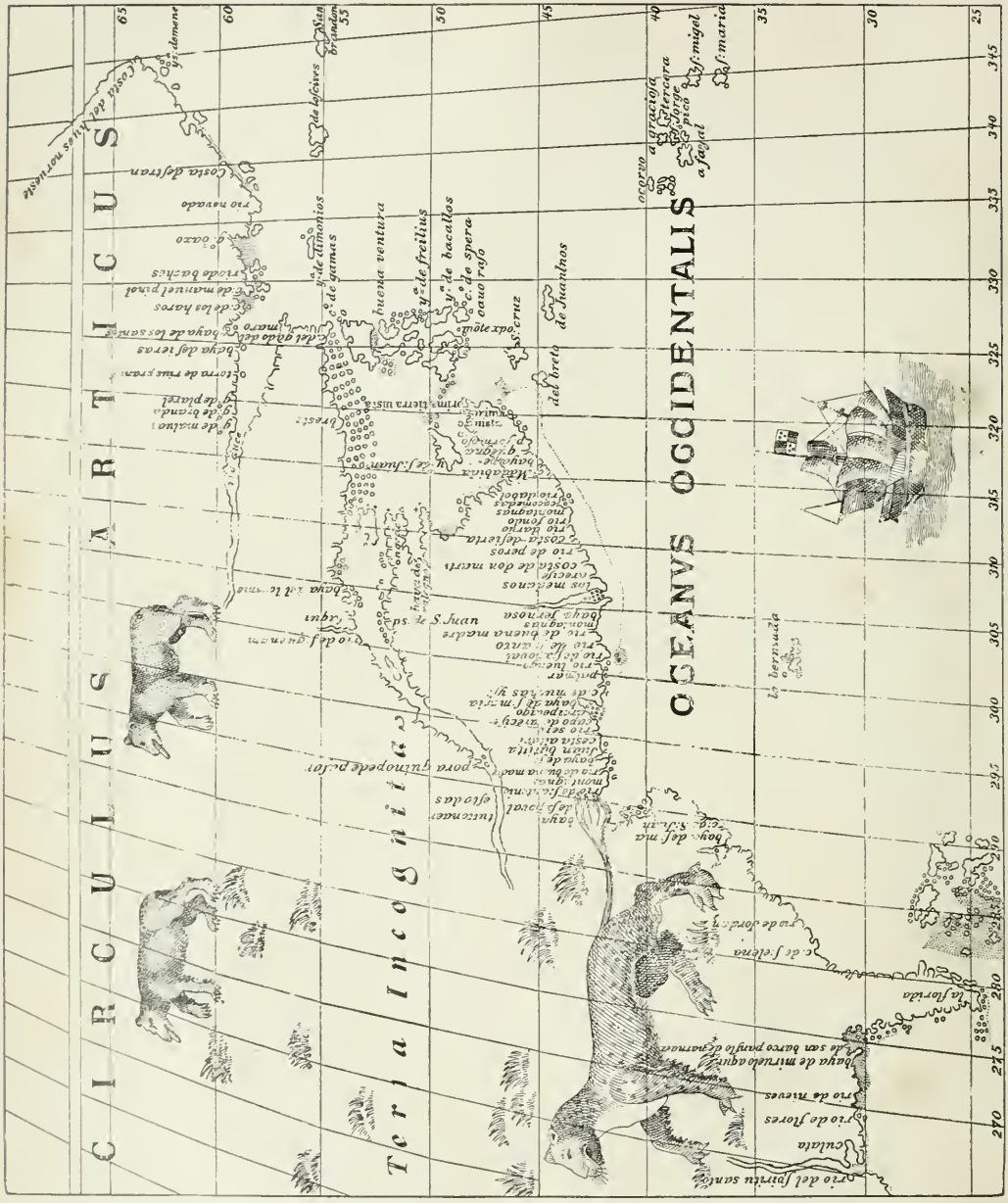
There is a remarkable paucity of authentic documents relating to these two voyages which laid the basis of the claim of England to so large a portion of North America. We have not even the handwriting or portrait of John Cabot to interest us in those days, though Sebastian has left both behind him. The official documents are the two letters-patent, and a few entries in the privy purse accounts of Henry VII. and his son. The rest of the historical information must be gathered from such second-hand sources as letters from London to Spain and Italy, reports of conversations between Sebastian and his friends, and some vague notices in English chronicles and collections of voyages. It is well known, however, that John Cabot left behind him a "description of the world on a chart and also on a solid sphere, which he had constructed, and on which he shows where he has been." This map was sent to Spain by her ambassador, and, no doubt, formed the basis of the mappe monde which the famous pilot, Juan de la Cosa, made in 1500, and in which due recognition is given of the discoveries of the English under Cabot by a line of English flags along what is clearly the coast of North America, and by such designations at the northeast as *mar descubierta por los ingleses*, and *Cavo de Yuglaterra*—geographical expressions probably referring to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Cape Breton or Cape Race.

It is also shown by Hakluyt that Sebastian Cabot made or suggested in later years a map of the discoveries of himself and his father, copies of which



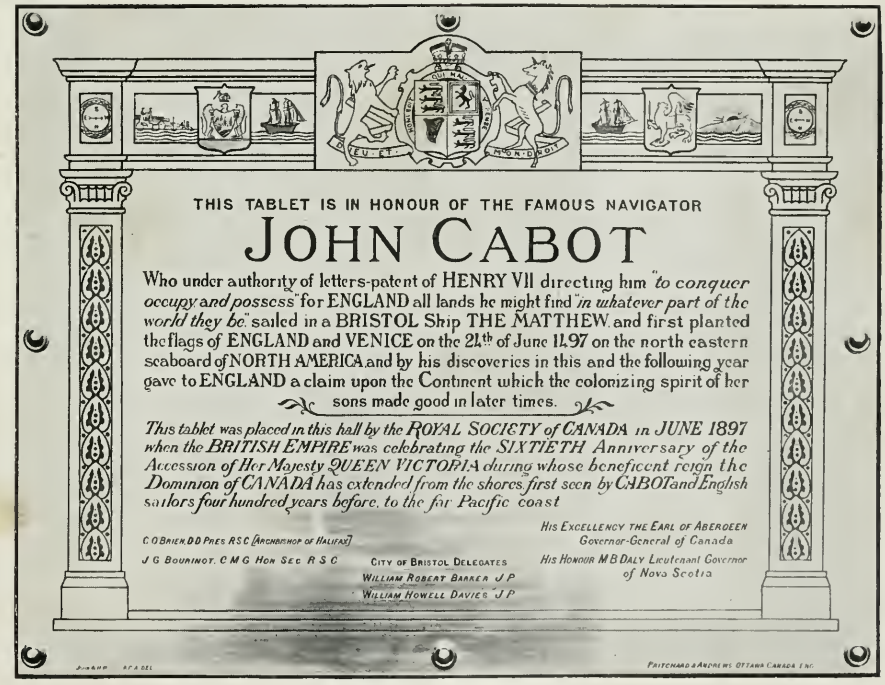
BRISTOL'S TRIBUTE TO CABOT.

were to be seen in "many ancient merchants' houses," as well as in Queen Elizabeth's gallery at Whitehall. No such map can now be found in England, but in 1843 one was discovered in the house of a Bavarian


C I R C U L U S A R T I C U S
O C E A N V S O C C I D E N T A L I S
Terra Incognita
Costa del Labrador
Costa del Estrecho
Costa del Brasil
Costa de Florida
Rio de Flores
Rio de Mares
Cuba
Rio de Canoas
Rio de Pedro
Rio de Buena Madre
Rio de Buena Guia
Rio de Buena Esperanza
Rio de Buena Ventura
Rio de Buena Vista
Rio de Buena Gente
Rio de Buena Muger
Rio de Buena Muerte
Rio de Buena Muerte
Rio de Buena Muerte

and I may simply say that the weight of authority goes to show that the section delineating northeastern America shows the discoveries of Cortereal and Cartier up to the date of 1544, and clearly places the landfall on the Island of Cape Breton. Sebastian Cabot probably gave the information which formed the basis for the map, if he did not actually draw it himself, and must have also suggested the legend which refers to the discovery of *Prima Vista* on St. John's day. The actual site of the landfall will always be a matter of controversy unless some document is found among musty archives of Europe to solve the question to the satisfaction of the disputants who wax hot over the claims of a point near Cape Chidley, on the coast of Labrador, Breton. One of the weightiest essays on the question has been written by Dr. S. E. Dawson,* who, with much learning and critical acumen, argues in favour of Cape Breton—the most eastern point of the island of that name—and of the Isle of Scatari, as Cabot's landfall, and the island stated in the legend to be "over against" *(ex adverso)*, the Prima Vista of the disputed map.

On the 24th of June, 1897, the people of Bristol laid the foundation of a stately monument in honour of Cabot on Brandon Hill, which recalls that mysterious Island of St. Brandon, for which the adventurous sailors of the old seaport sought in vain long before the voyage of 1497. On the same day the Royal Society of Canada placed with appropriate ceremonies a


THIS TABLET IS IN HONOUR OF THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR
JOHN CABOT
Who under authority of letters-patent of HENRY VII directing him "to conquer occupy and possess" for ENGLAND all lands he might find "in whatever part of the world they be" sailed in a BRISTOL Ship THE MATTHEW and first planted the flags of ENGLAND and VENICE on the 24th of June 1497 on the north eastern seaboard of NORTH AMERICA and by his discoveries in this and the following year gave to ENGLAND a claim upon the Continent which the colonizing spirit of her sons made good in later times.
This tablet was placed in this hall by the ROYAL SOCIETY of CANADA in JUNE 1897 when the BRITISH EMPIRE was celebrating the SIXTIETH Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA during whose beneficent reign the Dominion of CANADA has extended from the shores first seen by CABOT and English sailors four hundred years before, to the far Pacific coast
C O'BRIEN D.D. PRES. R.S.C. [ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX]
J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G. HON. SEC. R.S.C.
CITY OF BRISTOL DELEGATES
WILLIAM ROBERT BARKER J.P.
WILLIAM HOWELL DAVIES J.P.
HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN
Governor-General of Canada
HIS HONOUR M.B. DALY Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia
FRITCHARD & ANDREWS, OTTAWA, CANADA, ENG.

THE CABOT TABLET, AT HALIFAX.
Placed by the Royal Society of Canada, on June 24th, 1897.

of Bonavista, on the east shore of Newfoundland, of Cape North, or other point on the Island of Cape brass tablet in the old Province Building of Nova Scotia. In view of the controversies with respect to the site

*Trans. Roy. Soc. Can., Vol. XII., O.S., and Vol. II., N.S., Sec. 2. Archbishop O'Brien, in his presidential address at the Cabot celebration, took issue with Dr. Dawson on certain points and assumed an original ground while adhering generally to the Cape Breton theory. See Trans. for 1897, Vol. III., N.S. The Royal Society has taken the lead in this interesting discussion among scholars of Europe and America.

of the landfall of 1497, Halifax was properly chosen as a neutral ground on which all disputants might happily meet, without giving up their respective theories.

The Royal Society did not identify itself, on the occasion of the June celebration, with any of the theories of the several disputants, but called upon each and all to meet on a common ground of action and join in paying a just tribute to a great navigator whose claims to fame are tersely set forth in an inscription whose historical truth will be generally admitted by the student of those old times. On a beautiful specimen of brass work, decorated by the arms of England, Bristol and Venice, and other appropriate emblems, we find very emphatic words which may be read on the reproduction of the tablet on the preceding page.

ST. MALO, FRANCE.

OTHER EXPLORERS.

For forty years after the Cabot voyages, French, Portuguese, and Spanish sailors, and even some from the west coast of England, always associated from this time forward with the history of maritime adventures, found their way to the banks of Newfoundland and even to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the sake of the great fisheries which have always abounded in those waters.

The Portuguese Cortereals, Gasper and Miguel, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were lost somewhere on the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland, but not before they gave to their country a claim to the New Lands. This claim can be traced in the many names that are found on the shores of Newfoundland—especially on the east coast, although their settlements, wherever they may have been—probably on Cape Breton—do not appear at any time to have been more than temporary fishing stations which soon disappeared before the greater enterprise and energy of the French in the Gulf and surrounding lands. The Bretons, always noted for their love for the sea, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic record, frequented the same prolific waters and probably gave their name to the picturesque Island of Cape Breton, as well as to

FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

JACQUES CARTIER'S MANOR HOUSE AT LIMOILOU, NEAR ST. MALO, (INTERIOR VIEW.)

the mainland for many years in the old geography of that region.

The Basques have also made a claim to this honour on the evidence that there is a cape of the same name on the French shore of the Bay of Biscay. Be this as it may, the Basques, a people of great antiquity, certainly sent their venturesome sons at a very early date to the "newe-founde-land." The existence of the Basque name of "Baccalaos" for stock or cod fish, even as early as the days of Cabot, is advanced with some reason as substantiating the claim of this people to the earliest discovery. It is not within the limits of this paper to enter into the domain of mere speculation, and all one can safely venture to say is that the Basques, like the Bretons and Normans, were probably among the first to fish in our waters, although there is not sufficient testimony to warrant the assertion that they discovered the northeastern shores of the continent before John Cabot.

Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine by birth, who had for years led a daring life on the sea, sailed along the coasts of the present United States and Nova Scotia. Although we have no satisfactory details of this voyage, it gave a shadow of a claim to France, under whose authority he sailed. Estevan Gomez, a Spaniard, made also a voyage to North America a year after that of Verrazano, but neither Portugal, nor France, nor Spain availed themselves, to any appreciable extent, of the discoveries of the adventurous navigators I have named. Fishermen of these nationalities alone ventured to the waters of the New Lands that lay so far to the north of the rich southern countries first won by Spain. The hope of finding a northwest passage to the riches of Cathay was the great stimulus to maritime enterprise and exploration for many years after the discovery by Cabot.

JACQUES CARTIER.

## JACQUES CARTIER.

It was probably through this belief that Francis the First of France was induced to authorize the expedition of Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo—that ancient town on the rugged granite coast of Brittany, so famous for its bold seamen. Here at last we emerge from the mists of tradition and hearsay that surround the voyages of Cabot and his successors to North American waters, and have access to trustworthy records which, despite some vagueness as to localities, enable us to follow the Breton sailor in his explorations, which commenced in 1534. His first voyage in the summer of that year did not take him beyond the Gulf of St. Lawrence, probably then definitely known to sailors as the "Square Gulf," where* he visited the Magdalen Islands (Allezay), Isle Brion, so named in honour of the famous admiral under whose authority he was sailing, the bays of Chaleurs and Gaspé, Anticosti and other islands. At Gaspé he took possession

*See Justin Winsor's reference to the Sylvanus map in "Cartier to Frontenac," pp. 10, 11.

of the country for France, and soon afterwards returned to France by the Straits of Belle Isle, by which route he had entered the gulf, without having any knowledge of the great river and valley whose portals he reached when he rounded the dreary shores of Anticosti.

In the following year he returned with three vessels, far inferior in tonnage to the fishing schooners of our Maritime Provinces. The results of this voyage were most important for France and the world at large. The great river of Canada was then discovered by the enterprising Breton, who followed its course from the gulf as far as the rapids, which barred further progress beyond the Island of Montreal. After he had anchored his vessels and established a post near the Indian village of Stadacona, now Quebec, he visited Hochelaga. Here he gave the appropriate name of Mont Royal to the beautiful height which dominates the picturesque country where enterprise has, in the course of centuries, built a city famous for its public edifices, its churches and convents, its colleges and school-houses, its mansions, its warehouses, and its quays on which is yearly landed a large proportion of the merchandise required to supply the wants and necessities of the great region of which it is the commercial metropolis.

FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

CARTIER'S SHIP.

At the time of Cartier's visit Hochelaga was an important Indian town, probably of the Huron-Iroquois family, who appear, from the best evidence before us, to have then inhabited the banks of the St. Lawrence, whilst the Algonquins, who took their place in later times, dwelt to the north of the river. The town was circular in form and protected by palisades and galleries from which stones could be hurled against a foe. The entrance was by a single gate into a square on which were a number of long wooden houses, covered with bark, as well as storehouses for maize and other food. Hochelaga is the first example we have in history of the villages and methods of living of those famous communities who dwelt in their "long houses," (ho-de-no-sote)* between the Genesee and the Hudson Rivers in the present State of New York, and played so important a part for a century and a half in the rivalry between the French and English on the continent of North America.

Cartier found in the neighbourhood of Hochelaga cultivated fields on which maize and vegetables were grown. After a short visit to the friendly Indians of Mont Royal Cartier returned to his headquarters near Quebec, on the left bank of the Lairet at its junction with the St. Charles river, then called the Sainte-Croix. Here before his departure for France Cartier raised a cross, thirty-five feet in height, with the inscription :

FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRATIA FRANCORUM REX REGNAT.

The name of Canada —obviously the Huron-Iroquois word for Kannata, a village—began to take a place on the maps soon after Cartier's voyages. It appears from his *Bref Récit* to have been applied

*See Bourinot's "Story of Canada," Chap. II.

at the time of his visit to a kingdom or district, extending from Ile aux Coudres, which he named on account of its hazel nuts, on the lower St. Lawrence, to the kingdom of Ochelay, west of Stadacona; east of Canada was Saguenay, and west of Ochelay lay Hochelaga, to which the other Indian communities were tributary.

After a winter of much misery Cartier left Stadacona in the spring of 1536, and sailed into the Atlantic by the passage between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, now appropriately called Cabot's straits on modern maps. He gave to France a positive claim to a great region whose illimitable wealth and possibilities were never fully appreciated by the king and people of France in the later times of her dominion. Francis was unable to authorize another expedition for some years to the new lands, which the Breton Captain had discovered, in consequence of his quarrel with Charles V. of Spain. At last, in 1540, he gave a commission to Jean Francois de la Rocque, Sieur de Roberval, to act as his viceroy and lieutenant-general in the country discovered by Cartier, who was elevated to the position of Captain General and Master Pilot of the new expedition. As the Viceroy was unable to complete his arrangements by 1541 Cartier was obliged to sail in advance, and again passed a winter on the St. Lawrence, not at Stadacona but at Cap Rouge, a few miles to the west, where he built a post which he named Charlesbourg-Royal. He appears to have returned to France some time during the summer of 1542, while Roberval was on his way to the St. Lawrence. Serious doubts have been thrown on the good faith of Cartier towards the Viceroy, and it seems sufficiently proved that they met in one of the harbours of Newfoundland, and that Cartier stole away secretly rather than return to the St. Lawrence. Be that as it may, Roberval found his way without his Master Pilot to Charlesbourg-Royal, which he re-named France-Roy, and where he erected buildings of a very substantial character, in the hope of establishing a permanent settlement. His selection of colonists—chiefly taken from jails and purlieus of towns—was most unhappy, and after a bitter experience of the difficulties that prevented his success he returned to France, probably in the autumn of 1543, and then disappeared from Canadian history.

It is said that Cartier made another voyage to the St. Lawrence with the object of bringing back the Viceroy, but we have no details of the expedition, and certainly if it were ever made it had no influence on the fortunes of the valley of the St. Lawrence. The Breton Captain appears to have won fame, but he made no further attempt to explore the valley he had given to his country. He passed the remainder of his life either in the town of St. Malo or at his picturesque, though rude, manor house at Limoilou, a few miles from the famous seaport. He died in the year 1557, and his wife survived him for eighteen years. He was not blessed with children of his own, though he attempted to find some compensation by a frequent attendance at the baptism of his friends' children, as we see his name constantly appearing in the registers of such pleasant events in the home of the Breton folks. His portrait is shown with pride to strangers by the good people of the town which will be always associated with his successful career in America. His voyages show him to have been at once courageous and discreet as a sailing commander and an explorer, while the few details we have of his private life prove him to have been a good Catholic and citizen. His name has been perpetuated in the nomenclature of the country which he first revealed to the world, and on the spot where he passed his first winter in Canada has been erected a monument* on which appears the following inscription:

* This monument has also an inscription relating to the Jesuit Missionaries, who had a residence at the same spot.

"JACQUES CARTIER,
ET SES HARDIS COMPAGNONS
LES MARINS
DE LA GRANDE HERMINE,
DE LA PETITE HERMINE,
ET DE L'EMERILLON,
PASSERENT ICI L'HIVER
DE 1535-36."

Cartier did not bring back to France news of the north-west passage to Asia, which he had ever in his mind, or evidence of the existence of gold or silver mines in the valley he had found. The crystals of limpid quartz which have always given the name of Diamond to the noble heights of Quebec turned out to be no more valuable than pieces of glass. The stories of precious metals in the kingdom of Saguenay had no other foundation than the fertile imagination or mendacity of Donnacona, the Indian Chief of Stadacona, who was treacherously carried to France, and had probably thought to please the French adventurer by such tales. On the other hand, the accounts which Cartier took home of the fertile lands on the river banks, of noble trees and varied flora, of grape vines, fruits and nuts, of fields of maize around the Indian villages, sufficed to prove to his countrymen that he had discovered a region of valuable natural resources.

NOMENCLATURE OF 16TH CENTURY.

But from the date of Cartier's last voyage until the beginning of the seventeenth century, a period of nearly sixty years, nothing was done to settle the lands of the new continent. The intestine and religious strife, into which France was plunged for so many years, prevented the fitting out of any official expedition to the northern territory of America, as the new continent was already called by two of the most famous geographers of those days, Mercator and Ortelius, in the valuable maps which they gave from time to time to an inquisitive world. Fishermen, however, continued to frequent the great gulf, which was called the "Square Gulf," or "Golfo quadrado," or "Quarré," on some European maps until it assumed, by the end of the sixteenth century, the name it now bears, the name Saint Laurens having been first given by Cartier to the harbour now known as Sainte Geneviéve (or sometimes Pillage Bay) on the northern shore of Canada, and gradually extended to the gulf and river. The name of Canada now appeared on the geography of the day, although it was as often as not limited to the district first mentioned by Cartier, while the great region claimed by France was generally called Nova Franca, Nova Gallia or Francisca. Before the end of the sixteenth century we see on all the maps the names of Boa Ventura, S. Paulo, Boa Vista, Labrador and others rightly attributed to the Portuguese voyages and which still cling to the east coast of Newfoundland. The name of Labrador, or land of the labourer, was first given after the second voyage of Gasper Cortereal, who brought back a number of natives who were considered by those who saw them as "admirably calculated for labour." Cape Freels, a northern head of Bonavista Bay, obviously originated from Illia de frey luis, which is seen on a Portuguese map as early as 1504, and probably recalls the memory of a priest who accompanied the Cortereals, whose name is also given to a large section of north-eastern America for many years. Cape Race is seen in its original Portuguese form, Cavo Razo or Flat Cape, and in its variations of Raso, Rasso, or Raze, until in a later century it assumed the English form which so effectively conceals its old meaning. The Basque Baccalaos, now confined to an islet on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, was the name either of northeastern America or of the great island itself. "Rio fondo," or "Bahia fondo," or "fonde," is seen on the present Atlantic coast, and probably indicates a Spanish origin for the Bay of Fundy, though it is also claimed for the Portuguese. Cape Breton begins now to be well defined as an island and the name disappears from the mainland. Belle Isle, Chaleur, Bryon, St. Laurent, St. Pierre (off Newfoundland) take their place permanently on the maps, and

attest the influence of the French voyages. Saguenay, Hochelaga, Canada recall the Huron-Iroquois, inhabitants of Cartier's time. All these geographical designations are so many milestones of history.

### THE ELIZABETHAN EXPLORERS.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the English took a leading part in that maritime enterprise which was to lead to such remarkable results in the course of three centuries. The names of the ambitious navigators, Frobisher and Davis, are connected with those Arctic waters where so much money, energy and heroism have been expended down to the present time. In 1578 Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe, and gave the name of New Albion—as we see by the Hakluyt-Martyr map of 1587—to a region on the Pacific coast, which he appears to have visited as far as some point in northern California or southern Oregon. Under the influence of the great Ralegh, whose fertile and bold imagination was conceiving plans of colonization and settlement in America, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his brother-in-law, took possession of Newfoundland on a hill overlooking the harbour of St. Johns, where English ships, chiefly from the west coast of England, were now to be found in large numbers during the fishing season. English enterprise, however, did not extend for many years to any other part of north-eastern America than Newfoundland, which was even called Baccalaos on the Hakluyt map of 1597, though the present name appeared from a very early date in English statutes and records. The island, however, for a century and longer was practically little more than "a great ship moored near the banks during the fishing season, for the convenience of English fishermen," while English colonizing enterprise found a deeper interest in Virginia with its more favourable climate and southern products. It was England's great rival, France, that was the pioneer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the work of exploring and settling the valley to which the Breton sailors had shown the way.

Champlain, a sailor of the old province of Saintonge, a man of greater genius than Cartier or Roberval, was destined to be the Maker of New France, and to lay the foundations of the Province which exercises so much influence in a Dominion now known, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the name of the Indian community that was dwelling on the banks of the St. Lawrence three hundred and sixty years ago.

*(To be Continued.)*

# THE PREMIERS OF ONTARIO SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE TORONTO "GLOBE."

## I.

JOHN Sandfield Macdonald, Edward Blake, Oliver Mowat and Arthur S. Hardy are names that will wear well in Canadian history. To all four we may apply Mark Antony's phrase, without Mark Antony's sneer, "They are all honourable men." John Sandfield Macdonald died on the very threshold of Confederation. His sharp, lean face and gaunt frame are unknown to this generation, and there seems danger that he may sink below his real place in the history of the country. John Sandfield Macdonald was an opponent of Confederation. All through the Confederation debates one finds his rasping gibes, his sardonic humour, his keen, severe, unimpassioned analysis of the men and the methods of thirty years ago, and his cold doubt of the political advantages of the union settlement. His was a cool, practical Scotch nature; there was no fervour in his patriotism and nothing sanguine in his outlook. Naturally his temper was out of touch with the bold plans and luminous expectations of the fathers of the union movement, with the hopeful mood and impulse of that time; and as we entered upon the new era we seem to have parted with Sandfield Macdonald. It is true that he was the first Prime Minister of Ontario and held office for a full Parliamentary term; but he died before he became a real factor in confederated Canada, and his administration of Provincial affairs was so brief and so lacking in sensation that his name is not written deeply in the annals of this Province. It may be, too, that his name is neglected and his fame obscured because of his later alliance with Sir John Macdonald. Throughout by far the greater part of his public career Sandfield Macdonald was a Liberal—according to the phrase of Sir John Macdonald, a Reformer, but not a Grit—and Liberals could not be reconciled to his alliance with the Conservative leader after Confederation; while probably among Conservatives there was some feeling that a trained, disciplined and orthodox Conservative should have become First Minister of the Province in association with the Conservative Prime Minister at Ottawa. It is quite likely that Sandfield Macdonald, while he had ceased to be an accepted leader of the Liberals, did not survive the new conditions long enough to thoroughly bed himself in the affection and confidence of the Conservative party. Partisans, while quick to avenge a desertion, are slow to divide their inheritance and slow to kneel at the feet of new idols. Thus neither party in Canada has been zealous to establish and preserve the memory of John Sandfield Macdonald.

## II.

In political management, if not in real statesmanship—for George Brown was at least as great a figure—Sir John Macdonald was the master mind

of the coalition Government which sat at the cradle of Confederation. More than once he struck mortal blows at his opponents by detaching their leaders. During the deadlock and throughout the union negotiations he showed wonderful skill in consolidating his own forces and in dividing his opponents. The coalition itself was a consolidation of Conservatism and a disruption of Liberalism. But in all his career there is no finer exhibition of political management than the plan which made John Sandfield Macdonald, with his tradition of Liberalism and his record for prudent and careful management of affairs, First Minister of a Province which had been the stronghold of Liberalism, whose people desired only straightforward business government, and had little thought of direct financial advantage from the scheme of union, while he established himself at Ottawa to carry on the large expenditures and plan the ambitious projects for which the new Provinces looked as the natural outcome of Confederation. It was not in Ontario that the campaign pledges were to be fulfilled, and that was a task that Sir John Macdonald never entrusted to an associate or a subordinate. As early as 1858 Sir John Macdonald had approached Sandfield and offered him a place in the Macdonald-Cartier Government, and in Pope's Life we have Sandfield's laconic telegram in reply: "No go." But he was dealing with a master at negotiation, and in due time we have the remarkable historical development that a Liberal, an opponent of Confederation, became the first Prime Minister of Ontario after the union by choice of Sir John Macdonald, and later this opponent of union accompanied Sir John Macdonald to Halifax to join in persuading Joseph Howe, another opponent of Confederation, to accept the union settlement.

## III.

We have never had a politician who could practise economy in office equal to John Sandfield Macdonald, as we have never had a politician who could make a public expenditure yield as many votes as could Sir John Macdonald. No doubt the economy of the rule of Sandfield in Ontario would have tempered the more generous policy of the Conservative leader at Ottawa. But Sandfield Macdonald over-played his part and the combination broke down. He had hoarded a surplus of millions, and was showing first-rate thrift and judgment in his administration of the affairs of the Province. But even Ontario felt the influence of the booming tendency, so manifest in the earlier days of Confederation, and the Liberals demanded that he should devote these idle millions to railway building and to the relief of the municipalities, and craftily presented him to the country as a block to progress and prosperity. Public sentiment, too, was inflamed by the assassination of Scott at Fort Garry in the first Riel rebellion, little as the question had to do with the politics of Ontario, and the Government gave occasion for effective attack by maintaining the right of the Executive to select railways to be aided and to determine the location of public buildings without seeking the approval of Parliament. It was charged that the Sandfield Macdonald Government treated the surplus as a party fund, and that particular communities were made to understand that it was necessary to elect the Ministerial candidate in order to secure railway aid or to become the site of a Provincial institution. It was in connection with the appeal of Strathroy to have the county of Middlesex divided and Strathroy made a county town that Sandfield is said to have asked the historical question, "What the h— has Strathroy ever done for me?" The general election which closed Sandfield Macdonald's term of office was fought with spirit and with unusual bitterness. The mass of the Liberals were deeply incensed over the Provincial Premier's alliance with Sir John Macdonald, and the murder of Scott gave free rein to sectarian passion. Sandfield came back from the country with a small majority, but with characteristic strong-headedness he called the House to-

FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

gether when eight of his supporters had been unseated by the courts, and was voted out by the Opposition under the able and skilful leadership of Edward Blake.

## IV.

His defeat was a severe blow to the veteran statesman. He had a profound conviction that he deserved well of Ontario. And he did. While his government of the Province was wholly without sensational features he was by no means unprogressive, and to his Ministry we owe the foundation of the Agricultural College, the Institute for the Blind, the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the Central Prison, and increase of the asylum accommodation. He could easily have believed, notwithstanding his association with the Conservative leader at Ottawa, that his thrift and his progressive measures would have commanded the confidence of the Liberals of Ontario. But the Liberals were feeling profoundly that they had been worsted in the Confederation adjustments, that all of George Brown's splendid work for the union had brought no political advantage to the Liberal party, and that the capsheaf of their humiliation was the establishment in the Liberal Province of Ontario of a coalition Government more or less in sympathy with Sir John Macdonald. Then, we must remember that Sandfield Macdonald had to meet the splendid resource of Edward Blake and Alexander Mackenzie, and that Sir John Macdonald was at Washington engaged in the negotiation of the Washington treaty, and could not direct and counsel the Provincial leader. For that matter, it is not at all sure that he would have taken advice even from Sir John Macdonald, or that he would have profited greatly by the Dominion Premier's intervention in the campaign. The plain policy of the Liberal leaders was to unite the Liberal party and throw it in a solid mass against the coalition Government, and there is no doubt that this plan of campaign was developed with skill and judgment, and that here was the main factor in the overthrow of Sandfield Macdonald. In a letter written at the time, and which appears in Pope's Life, Sir John Macdonald said: "I need scarcely say that I look upon the defeat of Sandfield's Administration as a most unfortunate event, of which one cannot see the result. There is no use in 'crying over spilt milk,' but it is vexatious to see how Sandfield threw away his chances. He has handed over the surplus, which he had not the pluck to use, to his opponents; and although I pressed him on my return from Washington to make a President of the Council and a Minister of Edu-

cation, which he half promised to do, yet he took no steps towards doing so. With those two offices, and that of Solicitor-General and the Speakership, he had the game in his own hands. You see that, as I prophesied would be the case, the first act of the new Government was to increase the Cabinet." It was a frequent remark of Sir John Macdonald in later years that he would never be bought out with his own money like Sandfield.

V.

Mr. Macdonald was first elected to Parliament in 1841 as member for Glengarry. He was re-elected in 1844, and in 1848, 1852 and 1854 he was returned without a contest. Later he sat for Cornwall, and was succeeded in Glengarry by Mr. D. A. Macdonald. In 1849 he became Solicitor-General in the Lafontaine-Baldwin Administration. He was made Speaker at Quebec in 1852. He was selected for a portfolio in the Brown-Dorion Government, that phantom of a day which was refused a dissolution by Sir Edmund Head, and is memorable as giving opportunity for the "double shuffle." When dissolution was refused, the old Ministers returned to office by effecting an exchange of portfolios under a clause in the Independence of Parliament Act providing that in case a Minister should resign a particular portfolio and accept another within a month after the resignation he need not go to his constituents for re-election. Mr. Pope, in his Life of Sir John Macdonald, makes an able and determined defence of this transaction, but it is not at all likely that history will accept Mr. Pope's argument. Mr. Brown had the right to demand a dissolution and the privilege of appeal to the people, and it was an unworthy trick for Ministers who had resigned office as a body to return to place and escape going to the country by the paltry subterfuge of a temporary exchange of portfolios. It will be remembered that by a second shuffle the Ministers at once regained their old departments. The best evidence that can be offered in condemnation of the double shuffle is that public opinion forced the repeal of the provision in the Independence of Parliament Act under which the plot was carried out. In the abortive Brown Administration Oliver Mowat was named as one of Mr. Brown's Ministers, with Sandfield Macdonald as a colleague. In May, 1862, the Cartier-Macdonald Administration resigned office, and Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald was asked to form a Government. He was not the leader of a party, and there was sur-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1892.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

prise at his selection. The great issue of the day was representation by population. The overthrow of the Cartier-Macdonald Government was largely due to dissatisfaction in Ontario with the Government's attitude on that question, but Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, on the vital issue of the hour, had supported the defeated Administration. However, he accepted the responsibility of forming a Government, and, although his policy fell far short of the full Liberal programme, Mr. Foley, who had been leader of the Opposition; Hon. William McDougall, who then ranked as an advanced Liberal; Mr. Sicotte, the recognized leader of the Liberal party in Lower Canada, and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who had been a strenuous opponent of the Cartier-Macdonald coalition, were persuaded to join the new Administration. The Government did not adopt the Brown policy of representation by population, but in order to conciliate Ontario resorted to the system of the double majority, under which no measure particularly affecting either Province was to be forced upon the Province affected except by vote of the majority of its representatives. It was during the session of 1863 that Mr. R. W. Scott's bill extending the privileges of Separate Schools in Ontario was introduced, and, notwithstanding the principle of the double majority, and that the measure was opposed by 31 of the members from Upper Canada, while only 22 votes from this Province were cast in its favour, it was accepted by the Government. Here was a violation of the basic principle on which the Government was proceeding, and, no doubt, the acceptance of this legislation by the Administration hurt its prestige in the Upper Province. Under George Brown the Liberals of Ontario had been educated to a severe distaste for Separate Schools and all manner of sectarian institutions. The Government could not exist except by the favour of the Liberals of this Province, and on the eve of the dissolution of 1863 changes were made in the Cabinet designed to make it still more acceptable to the Liberal party. Mr. Dorion became leader for Lower Canada and Mr. Holton, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Oliver Mowat joined the Administration. But the dependence of the Ministers on their opponents on the two vital issues of Representation and Separate Schools had a demoralizing effect. The Government lost steadily in the bye-elections, and on March 21, 1864, resigned.

VI.

Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's administration of the affairs of Canada, like his later administration of the affairs of Ontario, was clean, careful and progressive, and in a time of constitutional calm and settled political conditions his day of authority would have been prolonged. He could govern well under established forms, but his mind was slow to receive revolutionary schemes of constitutional change. There is little breadth, and not even the clear evidence of consistent purpose, in his speeches against the plan of Confederation. Much can be said in favour of his argument for submitting the plan of union to the test of a general election, but he stops here and nowhere takes hold of the question with the clear vigour of a statesman, and argues it down by a plain presentation of facts and a clear statement of conclusions. He seems rather to stand aside with a sneer on his face, and in much that he says there is the mere irony of contempt for the plans and prophesies of the builders of Confederation. But this was his mood all through life. He had, as I have said, the patience and the determination to do good work with the tools in hand, but he had no time to give to the fashioning of new implements, and seemed to feel that constitution-mongering was a pastime for theorists rather than the practical business of governing statesmen. Although a Roman Catholic, he was, in the main, hostile to Separate Schools, and, notwithstanding his acceptance of the Scott measure extending the privileges of Separate Schools in Ontario, he offered an amendment during the Confederation debates vesting in the provincial legislatures the absolute authority over education. But this was a small inconsistency on a question on which almost every leading Canadian politician for generations has trimmed and shifted and tumbled, in sympathy with the varying gusts of popular passion.

John Sandfield Macdonald was the idol of Glengarry. He could speak the Gaelic in the homes of the people, and neither appeal nor threat, even from their spiritual leaders, could detach his co-religionists from his standard. Scotch Catholic though he was,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1865.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1883.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

he was superior to all narrowness of creed, and even Scotch Protestant Liberals, in whom still burned the fervour of Knox, forgot his creed in his nationality, and so long as his Liberalism was held inviolate adhered to his fortunes with simple and unquestioning fidelity. Broken by disease in early life, still for a score of years he played a great part with unfaltering courage under the very shadow of death, and when the curtain fell on his little tragedy he left to his country a public fame unsullied by any fellowship with political ill-doing, and a record of useful and faithful public service.

VII.

Mr. Edward Blake, who had led the Liberal party in Ontario since 1868, succeeded to the Premiership and was First Minister from December, 1871, to October, 1872. He held the office for only one session of the Legislature, and amongst the chief acts of his Administration were a measure of railway aid, an increase in the grant for education, a bill abolishing dual representation, and a measure appropriating a part of the revenues of registry offices for public purposes. In consequence of his measure abolishing dual representation Mr. Blake was forced to decide whether he should sit in the Local Assembly or the Federal Parliament; and he and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie elected to go to the House of Commons. For many years afterward Mr. Blake was one of the great forces in Canadian affairs, but fate seems to have willed that he should never again give his name to an Administration in this country. This, it seems to me, means immeasurable loss to Canada. Mr. Blake has the mind and the genius of a great administrator. It may be that he is not so well equipped for the part of a leader in Opposition. In truth it seems an ill caprice of fortune that set this managing and governing mind to a long warfare in Opposition in Canada and to a far less hopeful struggle for an unpopular cause in the Imperial Parliament. One doubts if this continent has bred a more opulent mind than that of Edward Blake. He ranks with Webster and Hamilton and Beecher. His early appearances as a young lawyer in the courts and before the Parliamentary committees were astonishing exhibitions of intellectual opulence. He was first nominated for Parliament by a convention of the Liberals of South Bruce, held at Riverdale on April 11, 1867. The Hon. Archibald McKellar was present in the interest of Mr. Blake's candidature, not so much as the representative of Mr. Blake as of the leading minds of the Liberal party, who had recognized his great ability and were eager to have him accept a seat in the Legislature. Mr. Blake made his first speech in the campaign at Mildmay, and the second at Walkerton. At each meeting he was accompanied by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. It is said that Mr. Blake's speech at the Mildmay meeting was a revelation to the local Liberals, and was the birthspring of an enthusiasm for the candidate that bore down all resistance, and inspired every worker with an energy that set the riding aflame. They tell of one stern old Reformer who came out of the meeting with his face luminous and saying over and over again, "A gran' mon; a gran' mon; he canna be kep' back. Pit him in! aye, we weel thot. We couldna keep him oot. He'll pit himsel' in." But it was a desperate fight. At Riverdale, on the night of election, there were some hours of doubt and anxiety. The returns came in slowly, and the first figures were not as favourable for Mr. Blake as was expected. Mr. Blake himself was profoundly concerned, and his friends showed much more plainly their intense and painful anxiety. When the full figures did come to hand it seemed impossible for the committee in their state of eager excitement to figure out the result. One made a majority for the Conservative candidate. A second figured out a majority of three for Mr. Blake. A fourth raised his majority to some other figure. A fifth got some other result. No safe conclusion seems to have been reached that night. It was the same

at the Conservative headquarters. Finally, however, Mr. Blake told his friends that he would risk a speech on it anyway, and he went out on the platform of the hotel and, amid tumultuous cheering, returned his thanks for the victory achieved. The official returns gave Mr. Blake a majority of seven. Close, we may say, but still very satisfactory in a constituency that was deemed safe for the Conservative candidate. In the same election he was returned by West Durham to the House of Commons.

HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY.
*Premier of the Province of Ontario.*

VIII.

Throughout the stormy days of the Pacific scandal Mr. Blake's voice rang through the country, and his stern arraignment of Sir John Macdonald, in the great debate which closed with the Conservative leader's resignation of office in the fall of 1873, is one of the most overwhelming speeches ever delivered in the Canadian Parliament. That and many of his later speeches would take high rank in any Parliament in the world. He had office in the Mackenzie Administration, and under his direction very important steps were taken in the assertion of the self-governing rights of Canada. His was the measure which demanded for the Canadian Parliament the authority to pass upon the legislation of the home Government providing for the extradition of criminals in so far as such legislation affected Canada, and asserting the right of Canada to make independent extradition arrangements with the United States, and by negotiation with the Colonial Office he secured a revision of the instructions to the Governor-General by which that Imperial officer was shorn of independent authority in Canada and made the obedient mouthpiece of the Canadian Ministry on all questions other than those of Imperial concern. The Mackenzie Government in negotiating the Brown reciprocity treaty and in the fisheries arbitration persuaded the home authorities to give Canada direct representation on the Imperial Commissions, and later, as leader of the Opposition, Mr. Blake submitted a resolution declaring the right of Canada to negotiate her own commercial treaties. In fact, the assertion of the full self-governing power of Canada was the dominant note of Mr. Blake's work as a Federal Minister and as leader of the Liberal party, and it is interesting to speculate how the relations between Canada and the mother country would have developed if he had become the head of a Canadian Cabinet. There are some evidences that Mr. Blake is not wholly satisfied with the colonial status of Canada. A quarter

of a century ago, in a memorable speech, he seemed likely to become the pioneer evangel of an Imperial federation. He was thought to be in touch with *The Liberal*, a bright and progressive journal, organ of a group of advanced Liberals, which enjoyed a short but luminous day, in the early years of Confederation, and was at least friendly to the idea of Canadian independence. But whether or not Mr. Blake ever gave serious countenance to a movement for independence, it seems safe to conclude that he is a Federalist rather than an Imperialist, and that in any plan of federation he would very clearly assert the self-governing rights, the positive political equality, of the colonies. Not once during the years that he has sat in the Imperial Parliament has he broken silence with the language of Imperialism. There is, perhaps, a chord of sympathy with the idea in the speech he made at a Jubilee dinner a few weeks ago, but even there he suggests the theory of self-governing autonomous kingdoms for Ireland and the colonies rather than a great central Parliament vested with authority over the widely-separated parts of the far-spreading British Empire. His ideal is full and free local self-government, and few public men of any time have been more faithful to their ideals than Edward Blake.

IX.

Mr. Blake was in poor health, and so was not at his best during the term of the Mackenzie Government. He seemed to lack heartiness for his work and to be sparing of his public services. In 1873 he joined the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio; he withdrew from the Government in 1874, he became Minister of Justice in 1875, resigned that office in September, 1877, to accept the Presidency of the Council, and early in 1878 again withdrew from the Cabinet. He was out of the country during the campaign of 1878, which ended so disastrously for the Liberal party, and, as evidence of the overwhelming strength of the Conservative reaction, his own seat in Bruce was lost and for a time his voice was not heard in the Commons. But the agitation within the Liberal party for his return to Parliament was eager and persistent. It found voice in many of the leading Liberal journals, private letters poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and he found it impossible to resist the organized demand of his party. He was elected for his old constituency of West Durham in Nov., 1879, and at the close of the session of 1880 he became leader of the Liberal party of Canada. Then began the great struggle between Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald for the first place in the confidence of the people of Canada. Twice Mr. Blake went down before the Conservative leader, and then, worn out and broken in health, he withdrew from the contest and victory remained with his great rival until the latter met at Earnscliffe the foe that mortal man has never vanquished. This is perhaps not the place to discuss the methods of rival politicians, nor to analyze too closely the causes of Mr. Blake's failure. It is doubtful if history will speak well of the redistribution measure of 1882, or of the franchise measure of 1885. But even under equal conditions Sir John Macdonald would have won the election of 1882. Business was good in older Canada, the Northwest was in the throes of a boom whose tracks can still be traced in broken foundations, dismantled castles and phantom town-sites all across the Western country, and all over Canada protection seemed justified of its works. A remarkable expansion of manufacturing industry and a condition of abounding business vitality united the staple interests of the country in support of the new fiscal policy, and in the face of these conditions Sir John Macdonald was invincible. But there is no question that the mass of Liberals had an abounding faith in Mr. Blake, and it was with something like a shock that Liberals learned that he had not summarily unhorsed Sir John Macdonald in the Dominion as he had summarily overthrown John Sandfield Macdonald in Ontario. It was unfortunate for Mr. Blake that more was expected

of him than mortal man could hope to achieve.

X.

Mr. Blake's failure in 1877 was due to the very strenuous hostility of the protectionist manufacturers, the lavish promises of public works by the Administration, a policy with which the Liberal leader would have no compromise, and the deep feeling excited by the second Northwest rebellion. While Mr. Blake's position on the execution of Riel may have gained him some support in Quebec, there is no doubt that in the English-speaking Provinces the enthusiasm of many thousands of Liberals was checked, and probably many votes that he would have received under other circumstances were not cast or were given to the candidates of the Government. It may be that the Government's administration of Northwest affairs was faulty, feeble and even corrupt, but the truth is the country did not believe that there had been neglect and failure of duty grave enough to justify rebellion; in general estimation Riel was a plotter, an adventurer, if not a murderer, and behind his turbulent figure stood the martyred Scott. In the main public opinion then and now justifies the execution of Riel, and on this issue, which bulked so largely in the campaign of 1887, Mr. Blake fought in the teeth of public sentiment. But he fought magnificently. There is nothing in the political literature of Canada, if we except his own speeches against the bargain with the Canadian Pacifi Syndicate, equal to his great series of addresses in Parliament and in the country on the execution of Riel and the mismanagement of Northwest affairs by the Macdonald Government. His voice was heard in every constituency in Ontario and at many points in Quebec, but while he forced a sullen recognition of his great powers from the most venomous and inveterate of opponents he could not overcome the prejudice and sentiment of the country. It is the simple truth, too, that the Liberal treasury was empty, there was no party fund even for legitimate expenses, while his adversaries, as later events have shown, distributed an enormous campaign fund throughout the country. Then Mr. Blake had strongly antagonized the Orange Order, a great political force in Canada, and its lodges naturally enough laboured with untiring zeal to accomplish his defeat, while his strong and eloquent championship of the cause of Catholic Ireland brought no corresponding political advantage. Some of us question why home rule for Ireland should be made a chief issue in the affairs of Canada, but Mr. Blake, by devoting his time, fortune and intellect to that cause, has proved his passionate attachment to the movement for Irish self-government. Mr. Blake felt this second defeat very keenly, and towards the close of the Parliamentary session of 1887 he resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, with energy exhausted and health impaired, and at the general election of 1891 he did not seek re-election to the Canadian Parliament. A year later he accepted a seat in the Imperial Parliament as the Irish member for South Longford.

XI.

Now and then one may hear the shallow remark that Mr. Blake was a failure in Canada. The truth is that on almost every great question of public policy time has justified his position. Mr. Blake and Sir Oliver Mowat made Canada a federal union in spite of Sir John Macdonald. On land policy and railway policy he saw beyond his time, and the future holds for him a still ampler vindication. In his gospel of generous dealing with French and Catholic he was the apostle of a better era. In his Spartan integrity he gave us a noble example of the best type of British statesmanship. He was austere. We thought him cold. We felt in Sir John Macdonald the kinship of a common humanity. We felt that Mr. Blake was always "on the side of the angels." As an intellectual figure Canada has had few sons that she could match with Edward Blake, and smaller men felt sometimes that his imperial mind betrayed itself in intellectual im-

SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH.

*Formerly Leader of the Ontario Opposition; now Chief Justice of the Province.*

patience, if not in intellectual arrogance. We knew that he had Gladstone's moral elevation, but were not so sure that he had Gladstone's moral enthusiasm. We did not understand that in the one the enthusiasm was displayed, in the other concealed. A master of Parliamentary strategy, an unequalled power in the House of Commons, loved by his followers on the Liberal benches as devotedly as ever Sir John Macdonald was loved by his supporters, he still could not get so close to the people as his great rival, he could not make a worshipper here by a shrug of the shoulder, there by a shake of the hand, yonder by a skilful word that would penetrate to the very core of a man's self-esteem. As ambitious as Sir John Macdonald, he did not seem to confess it so frankly, and many a time his towering ability was checkmated by the simple manifestation of Sir John Macdonald's humanity. Laurier and Macdonald are the greatest party leaders that Canadian politics have developed, but for sheer intellectual force Edward Blake is at least not the inferior of either, and in that penetration and resource which belong to the purely legal mind, he probably has no peer in Canadian history.

XII.

As a speaker Mr. Blake has remarkable force and fluency. His faults are that he is too exhaustive, and that he tends to over-preparation and over-elaboration. But in law, in the direction of the affairs of the University, in all that he undertakes, he is thorough. He cannot overlook a point or abridge any branch of an argument, and the characteristics which mark his work before the courts also distinguish his addresses to Parliament and from the platform. It was said that as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons he left nothing to his lieutenants, and that he undertook the condensation and presentation of a mass of detail that could have been safely committed to other hands. There is point in the criticism. This is something which must be learned by the leaders in every field, and if Mr. Blake had been able to distribute the work and responsibilities of the leadership he would have borne better the physical strain of his political labours. Then, he seemed to speak under a sense of restraint, with a check-rein upon his emotions. He has a keen and searching wit, at times a thoroughly happy humour, but he used it sparingly. He has a remarkable power to rouse men and send their blood leaping and plunging, but as a rule he confined himself to calm, restrained, convincing argument. He persuaded to conviction rather than

stimulated to enthusiasm. He seemed determined to win men by their reason and to spare their emotions, to show always the temper of a statesman and never that of an agitator. This was admirable, but sometimes it was not good politics. Once at least in the House of Commons he slipped the rein, and the incident has never been forgotten. During the memorable struggle over the franchise bill the House had sat without rising from 3 o'clock on Thursday until midnight on Saturday. The Government knew that Mr. Blake would not speak for even five minutes into Sunday morning, and it was determined that he should not be allowed to close the debate. A Conservative speaker got the floor, and under instructions not to allow Mr. Blake to get on his feet before midnight, spoke up to five minutes of 12 o'clock and then sat down, amid the cheering of the delighted Ministerialists. But Mr. Blake jumped to his feet and filled the five minutes at his command with fiery eloquence and swift denunciation of the tactics of the Government, crowded columns into sentences, gave himself utterly to the fervour of the moment, and at the stroke of 12 dropped into his seat amid such a tempest of cheering and enthusiasm as Parliament has rarely witnessed. It was a wonderful performance, and it was a rare delight to see this great, calm, pitiless logician quite abandoned to human passions and emotions. It was seldom that we saw him thus. The picture we know best is that of a man of giant frame and serious aspect, towering and impressive, facing a great meeting, pouring out a stream of severe, classic English, broken into sentences of many parts and of curious complexity, but never obscure or incomplete, driving home his argument, piling proof upon proof and fact upon fact, now rising into noble eloquence, now stern with reproof, now big with counsel and prophecy, seeming always to stand as one discharging a solemn responsibility and holding to as solemn account the people who must determine the issue of the contest. Mr. Blake's pre-eminence in Canada was undisputed, and although an Irish member and a colonist, both disadvantages at Westminster, he has won his way to an honourable position in the Imperial Parliament. It is likely that he would stand out in clearer light and in less disputed eminence if he were an orthodox Liberal, a straight Conservative, or even represented an English constituency and gave himself freely to the discussion of English and Imperial questions. But even as it is his power is acknowledged and his authority respected. There is no doubt that his recent great speech on the over-taxation of Ireland had a cordial reception. I know it to be true that although the argument was necessarily severe and burdened with statistics, history, law and political economy, it was received with marked attention and consideration ; that many old Parliamentarians declared they had never known a greater performance ; that Mr. Blake had warm congratulations from all quarters, from Conservatives, Healyites, Parnellites and Irish Unionists, and that the speaker's success was unequivocal and complete.

XIII.

We need no better test of Mr. Blake's greatness than that he recognized the greatness of Oliver Mowat and Wilfrid Laurier. His was the determining voice that made the one Prime Minister of Ontario and the other leader of the Liberal party of Canada. In each case his judgment has been triumphantly vindicated. Sir Oliver Mowat is a native of Kingston, that nursery of Canadian statesmen, and in his earlier years served in the law office of Sir John Macdonald. He gave his first public service in the City Council of Toronto, and in 1857 was elected to the old Parliament of Canada as member for South Ontario. He was selected by George Brown for a place in the Brown-Dorion Government, and later was a member of the Macdonald-Dorion Administration. In the fall of 1864 he became Vice-Chancellor for Upper Canada, and this office he resigned in

October, 1872, to become Premier of Ontario. The office of Prime Minister of this Province he held for nearly 24 years, until July, 1896, when he resigned the trust he had administered so long and so well to become a member of the Liberal Administration then forming at Ottawa. The annals of free government give us no other political career of such unvarying and unbroken success. But we do not go far for the secret of his remarkable political fortune. Sir Oliver Mowat ruled always in the mood of the people. Frank, sincere and straightforward, he is still as wary a politician as ever lived. The temper of Ontario, like that of every other well-to-do community, is conservative. It is only in times of social distress, or under conditions of political tyranny that communities are radical. The progressive politician may sometimes lead a prosperous people, but a contented community never, of its own motion, drives on to great political reforms. Sir Oliver Mowat was always careful to keep step with public sentiment. Now and then he took a step in advance. But he kept the people in sight and always remembered that the stable, conservative elements of the population held the balance of political power in this Province. He was in sympathy with all advanced movement, but he knew that the wise reformer does not invite reaction by putting a passing clamour into legislation. It has often been charged that Sir Oliver Mowat was a Tory masquerading in Liberal attire, and a common view was that Sir William Meredith was a better Liberal than the leader of the Liberal Government. But Meredith was in Opposition; Mowat was in office. The politician in office is governed by the practical, the politician in Opposition by the theoretical. The programme of the first is based on what it is possible to achieve, and that of the second on what he would desire to achieve. Both Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir William Meredith are Conservative-Liberals, and Meredith in office, not from design, but from force of circumstances, would probably have been much less radical than Meredith in Opposition. Sir Oliver Mowat's chief service to Ontario, and the chief feature of his life-work from the perspective of history, is his part in determining the true bearings of the Canadian constitution. He stands as the pillar of federalism in Canada. His keen legal mind marked the limits of federal authority, and time and again he was sustained by the first court of the empire. In the field of legal legislation he was active, and no one doubts that he greatly simplified the law, cheapened litigation and expedited the machinery of the courts. But here there is still work to do, and, while we all acknowledge the value of Sir Oliver Mowat's amendments, some of us feel that the measure of change was out of proportion to the measure of reform. He was bitterly hunted through three general elections for his Separate School legislation and his generous treatment of Catholic institutions, and there is no better tribute to his own character and to the Liberalism of this Protestant Province than the signal failure of these inflammatory campaigns to move the great body of the electorate. For half a century this country has been periodically bedevilled by wars of race and creed, our Protestantism has been constantly on edge, and, with a leader less trusted and honoured, who knows but panic might have struck into the zealous Protestantism of Ontario, overwhelmed the Liberal Government, and perhaps imperilled the structure of Confederation?

XIV.

No doubt the rock of defence was the absolute integrity of the Mowat Administration. We may recognize Sir Oliver Mowat as a wily politician, watch his wary distribution of patronage, appreciate his keen analysis of political conditions and his keen scent for popular feeling, but these are simply the qualifications of an expert, and why should we condemn the politician because he has thoroughly learned his business? We have a right to ask that patronage shall be distributed without scandal. We have no right to

ask that it shall be distributed without judgment. But when we have set aside this class of criticism, the stock criticism of oppositionists, we must all admit that from the dawn of Confederation to this moment not one public scandal of real magnitude has marked the administration of the affairs of this Province, and to Sir Oliver Mowat, more than to any other man, we owe our gratitude for this splendid record of plain, honest and straightforward business government. He has made a standard by which all future Governments must be judged, and that standard is one of the best possessions of this community. It is true he enlarged the sphere of government, created new departments and new institutions, new offices if you will; but this is evidence of his progressive mind, not of his prodigality. We live in a humaner age, and we must meet its demands. We are saving the children, caring for the afflicted, reforming the criminal, and we must have the best reformatory machinery, the best institutional equipment, to hold our advanced place among Christian communities. So in these days of fast transportation the nations of the earth stand very close together, and we must have the best processes in agriculture, the best knowledge of conditions, the best facilities for production, if we are to keep step with our rivals and hold our own in the world's markets. The people are imposing new tasks and new responsibilities upon Governments, and under Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario these new tasks and duties were bravely assumed and well performed. Sir Oliver Mowat was an alert and vigilant politician. He did not profess contempt even for newspaper charges, and he was always careful not to let a false report get headway. He is not one of the most attractive of speakers, but his speeches read well, his argument is always lucid and straightforward, and no matter how long a debate may go on before he intervenes, he is able to introduce fresh matter and to bring new strength to the position. He was a firm but conciliatory Parliamentary leader, quick to meet a challenge, quick to make retort, but rarely dipping his tongue in bitterness, and seldom resisting a reasonable request from the Opposition. Creeping up to forescore years, we find him still serving his country, a good, wise, brave, kindly old man, beloved by the party in whose fortunes he has borne so triumphant a part, and held in honour and esteem by his fellow-countrymen of every race, creed and party.

XV.

In all the work of government in Ontario for over twenty years Mr. Hardy has done useful, honourable and distinguished service. His personality is unlike that of Sir Oliver Mowat, his political integrity is as great, his public record as free from blemish. He managed the public institutions of the Province wisely and well, he was a prudent and capable Minister of Crown Lands, he is an able and progressive Attorney-General. He is perhaps less wary than Sir Oliver Mowat, he may not have all of his old chief's patience, he may say no to the promoter and subsidy-hunter in blunter and more emphatic fashion. But the country loses nothing by these characteristics. He is very loyal to associates, but neither for private friendship nor party advantage has he ever sacrificed the public interest. The truth is that few politicians make so small profession before the people and yet so rigidly adhere to the strictest demands of business administration. Now and then his speeches betray an unexpected depth of sympathy and an insight into the real problems of life that are not always revealed in the practising politician. He has read deeply and thought deeply, and has gone to the heart of many problems that most of us treat as reserved for social reformers and philosophic economists. He is a party man on the platform, but in Council and in his department he is a sincere and conscientious public servant. This estimate may not be accepted by his political opponents, although when he succeeded to the Premiership it was found that during twenty

years of administration of important departments he had not put his hand to a transaction that would not bear the closest and keenest investigation. Mr. Hardy at his best is one of the finest platform speakers that has ever appeared in the politics of Ontario. Sharp, strong, fluent, with a biting sarcasm and an excellent gift of humour, he has an unusual power of rousing the enthusiasm of a party assemblage, and in his younger days he struck hard blows at his opponents and perhaps did little to moderate the temper of political controversy. In later years he has softened the tone of his platform addresses, and in Parliament he has shown a power of lucid statement, force of reasoning and superiority to mere partisan subterfuge that make his the most authoritative voice in the Legislature. He is perhaps a more progressive Liberal than Sir Oliver Mowat, and under his Premiership we may look for a sympathetic hearing for labour, for agriculture, for the workers of shop and field, for all interests upon which depend the welfare of the masses ; but we need not look to his speeches for the rant of the demagogue, nor to his legislation for the recognition of impracticable theories and the all-healing projects of political pre-millennialists. Nor will he be stampeded by inflammatory clamour from press or platform. He will give the country a practical, progressive business administration, and will rest his case on the average common sense of the community.

XVI.

Mr. Hardy has carried through the Assembly probably one hundred and fifty bills, covering the whole field of Provincial legislation. He was for many years Chairman of the Municipal Committee, and it is doubtful if any other man in the Province has such a thorough knowledge of our municipal system. His name is connected with important measures amending the railway law of the Province, with amendments to the Division Courts Act and with an act reducing the number of grand jurors. His was the measure providing that in civil cases ten jurors may give a verdict. He carried through the Legislature the act establishing the Provincial Board of Health. He has made many improvements in the administration of justice in criminal matters, and has done much to perfect the laws touching insurance and the organization of joint stock companies and waterworks and gas companies. Measures respecting private lunatic asylums, an industrial refuge for girls and the reformatory for boys, and an act relating to religious institutions became law under his supervision. He has fathered measures touching distress for rent and taxes, providing for the establishment of houses of industry and industrial farms and respecting the offices of Police Magistrate and Sheriff. His name is associated with much of our advanced legislation for the regulation of the liquor traffic and the enforcement of the liquor laws of the Province. In the Department of Crown Lands he has promoted measures providing redress for damage to lands by flooding, touching the floating of timber down streams, free grants and homesteads, culling and the measurement of saw logs, the examination of cullers, the settlement duties by purchasers of land and a lien for wages by woodmen. An important measure passed in 1892 for the protection of the Provincial fisheries is the work of the Attorney-General. He established the Bureau of Mines, and his hand has shaped most of our recent mining legislation. As showing the progressive character of his mind, it is enough to say that perhaps no other community in the world has made such wise provision for reserving for the uses of the public a fair percentage of the revenues from the mining country. His were the measures establishing the Algonquin National Park and the Rondeau Park in Kent. In 1892 he consolidated the municipal and assessment acts. He introduced the measure reducing the number of County Councillors, a first important step toward the reduction of our excessive governmental

machinery, and he is responsible for the law affecting cities of over 100,000 population under which the Board of Control was established by the Council of Toronto.

A native of Brant, Mr. Hardy was first elected to the Legislature from South Brant at a bye-election in 1873, and has held the seat through six general elections. He joined the Government as Provincial Secretary in 1877, and was Commissioner of Crown Lands from January, 1889, to July, 1896, when he succeeded Sir Oliver Mowat as Premier and Attorney-General of the Province. He did not accept knighthood a few months ago, not, I fancy, out of any special aversion to titles, but simply because he prefers the democratic simplicity of Canadian citizenship. Whatever may be our party affiliations we may surely rejoice that this able native Canadian holds so well the chief place in the first of the Canadian Provinces, that his public record is one of which Ontario need not he ashamed, and that great as was the loss sustained by the withdrawal of Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir William Meredith, we need not fear but Mr. Hardy and Mr. Whitney will well maintain the dignity and character of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

*J. S. Willison.*

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## A TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

WE children of another clime,
Yet hail thee Queen of "Mother-land."
We view the glories of thy reign—
Thy wise and just command.
And in this land, America,
We cry: "God bless Victoria."

God bless and save thee, noble Queen,
We honour thee as best we may;
The honours which the years have brought,
Grow brighter with each day.
And we, though of another name,
Join in thy praise and loud acclaim.

We've watched with pride the sixty years,
That thou hast ruled as England's Queen;
As monarch, wife and mother, thou
A model to the world has been.
In this thy year of Jubilee,
We join the praise the world gives thee.

Victoria, the Great, the Good;
Long may thy years of ruling be;
For when at last thy race is run
The world entire will mourn for thee;
A mourning such was scarcely given
To other mortal under Heaven,
As will be paid to England's Queen,—
The best the world has ever seen.

*Elizabeth D. Jewett.*

Hampton, Conn.

# THE FINGER OF THE DEVIL'S HAND.

*With Three Illustrations by H. W. Murchison.*

IN the summer of 188—, I, Philip Gray, an overworked parson whose parish lay in the East end of London, had accepted the offer of a young artist to share, for a month, the lodgings he had taken in a farmhouse in the little village of Fairfield-by-the-Sea, in Hampshire, England.

Accordingly, after a somewhat tiresome journey, the last ten miles of which had to be performed in the carrier's van, we found ourselves walking, in company with Farmer Bray, our host, along the village street, which ran near to, and parallel with, the coast.

Philip Morton greeted the farmer heartily. He had spent some time with him a few years back, and was welcomed as an old friend. Bray was a handsome, stately man of sixty—my own age—but a life of much stress and toil made me appear ten years his senior. Morton was twenty-six, a tall, vigorous, young fellow; not handsome, but with a face that somehow made you feel he wore "the white flower of a blameless life."

We stopped at the farm-house, a long, low, rambling building at the western extremity of the village street. It was covered with ivy, and pink and white roses which nodded in at every diamond-paned window. A garden in front of the house filled the air with perfume; an orchard lay behind, protected from the sea-breezes by a high wall. A little door in this wall admitted one to the beach, and beyond was the sea.

"Nell," called the farmer, as he threw open the garden gate. A young woman of about twenty-five answered his summons, and escorted us into the best parlour, where a simple but tempting meal awaited us. When we had done ample justice to it, we lighted our pipes and went into the garden.

It was a lovely night in June. Before us lay, bare, clean fields, from which the hay had been newly cut. Still farther north, the wheat, fast ripening, lay in sheets of golden green. The perfume of the wild rose and honeysuckle filled the air. The sounds of insect life, the parting songs of the birds, the murmur of the sleeping sea, alone broke the charmed stillness.

Morton had already told me all he knew of his host. The farmer had been twice married. The girl I had seen was the only child of his first wife. The second wife had died in giving birth to a daughter, and this child had been brought up by the mother's friends in London, and had only once visited her father's home. Ellen, on the contrary, had never left it.

The farmer and Ellen joined us after a time, and we all sauntered down to the beach. I looked at Ellen with some interest, as she walked on by Morton's side. She was tall, finely proportioned, and well developed. Her hands were roughened by work, and her cheeks were sunburnt; but the face was a striking one. The brow was the brow of a poet, high, broad and thoughtful; the dark hazel eyes were clear and deep; the lower half of the face was not equal in beauty to the upper part. Her hair, dark, glossy, and plentiful, was brushed away from

her forehead and coiled at the back of her head.

The tide was out when we reached the shore. The beach, covered with stones, sea-weed and flotsam and jetsam of all kinds, looked dreary and uninteresting.

"There is the 'Finger of the Devil's hand'," said Morton. "Isn't it an appropriate name?"

About six feet from the high water mark, and, save for one point, covered by the water at high tide, was a mass of rock. It bore, indeed, some resemblance to a huge upturned hand, clenched, save for the index finger, which pointed upwards.

"Climb up!" suggested Mr. Bray. We followed him cautiously over the slippery stones. At the base of the rock he showed us rough steps, and a rude balustrade of iron chains and rods. We ascended. Fastened by iron clamps to the "Finger" was a strong iron pole, from which an iron cage, well above the highest water, swung and creaked in the breeze; other chains hung from the pole. The farmer seized one, and fastened it about his waist. "Nell, here," he said, "has three times done this, and filled yon cage with wood soaked in paraffin oil. It makes a blaze that lasts long enough to warn off a boat. Till we built this make-shift lighthouse many a good little craft, caught in a sudden squall, had been dashed into splinters by these rocks. It's pretty calm in this bay, but the rocks can't be seen at high water, and that's where the danger lies."

We looked at Ellen; she did not blush, or seem embarrassed. "I have done it three time, as father says," she observed quietly. "He has done it thirty."

"I hope you'll have a pleasant summer here, Mr. Gray," said the farmer, as we re-entered the orchard. "We shall have no other visitors except yourselves, only my daughter Clarissa is coming in July to spend her holidays with us."

Later on in the evening, in passing from the parlour to my own room, I saw Ellen sitting idly by the kitchen table, her hands clasped under her chin, her face upturned. I was struck afresh by the severe beauty of her brow and cheeks, and by a certain mournful pathos in the dark eyes—a look of wistful longing that made me wonder what her life could lack.

The golden days of June slipped away one by one. The ripe corn stood waiting for the sickle. The scent of the honeysuckle grew richer; the song of the nightingale more passionate. It was a luxury to be alive—and idle. I found the simple, patriarchal life of the old farmhouse delightful. In Ellen's grave presence was an undefined and nameless charm; and I discovered the secret of the look of unrest and sadness in her eyes.

This girl had inherited from her Puritan ancestors a strong and keen and almost passionate sense of duty; a conscience so refined and sensitive that it permitted the neglect of no known duty, excused no weakness, palliated no offence. Through some freak of heredity she had also come into the world possessed of a love of beauty for its own sake, which, under happier circumstances, might have made her an artist or a poet. But, taken early from the village school to be her father's housekeeper, and given charges and authority beyond her years, she had never arrived even at the borderland of that world of art and poetry which would have yielded her so much of joy. To her mind it was a sinful weakness that made her long to stand idly at her window gazing at the surging sea and listening to the music of the waves. She half grudged herself the time she spent among her flowers; she was doubtful altogether of the lawfulness of the joy with which sunset and dawn, the song of the birds, the perfume and colour of the flowers, the grand outlines of the hills, the marvel and mystery of the ever-changing sea, the glory of autumn sunsets, and the hush of summer nights, would fill her soul. She had read nothing but her Bible, her prayer book and the Pilgrim's Progress in all her busy life.

She had never known educated people. The only relaxation she permitted herself after our arrival was an hour's perfect idleness in the evening. Then, her apron cast aside, a fresh print gown, dainty and trim, robing her stately form, she would join us and give herself up to the sounds and sights and scents of the summer night.

As I have said, our life was delightful; we grew as intimate as people do on ship-board, and intimacy ripened into friendship—especially between Morton and Ellen. The resources of her nature, as contrasted with the limitations of her life, awoke in him keen interest. He never wearied of pouring the treasures of his knowledge and insight into her receptive mind. He carried her with him into the realms of Art and Literature, and I watched the hunger in her eyes die out, to be succeeded by an infinite satisfaction. On her face was a quiet joy and rest, as though, after long waiting, she had found some gift that the grudging years had till now withheld from her pleading hands.

On the third of July Clarissa came. Farmer Bray performed the ceremony of introduction with pardonable pride. His second daughter was a beauty, a tiny, fragile-looking creature with golden-brown curls clustering on her white brow and the nape of her pretty neck, light hazel eyes, set under delicately marked brows, and a complexion like roses and lilies. She wore a pink print gown, ruffled and trimmed in a way that made Ellen's dress look homely and countrified.

"Do you like the seaside?" asked Morton, his artist's eyes resting with delight upon her rose-leaf face.

"I like Margate and Brighton; I don't like this," she answered, looking contemptuously around her; "no shops, no band, no promenade."

We all laughed. Somehow, as we rose to take our usual stroll to the beach it seemed natural that Morton should go on with her and that we three should fall behind. The west was still glowing as we reached the shore; to our right lay green fields and sheets of golden gorse, that stretched down almost to the purple sea, while over head "the stars hung out their fires."

I looked at Clarissa. Her eyes wandered over the magic panorama. No! not one responsive gleam was awakened in them by all she saw. "Look at the 'Point,'" said Morton, indicating a long tongue of land about a mile and a half away. "There are two good shops there, Miss Clarissa; but in a week you won't want shops."

"That point is like the 'Land's End' on a small scale," I remarked, and Clarissa's face suddenly lit up.

"Oh, Mr. Morton!" she cried, "you painted that picture of the 'Land's End' that was in the Academy this year. Now I remember."

"You have seen the Academy?" said Ellen, wistfully.

"So must you next year," said Morton, turning to her.

"I could hardly be spared," she said, hesitatingly, a great joy in her eyes.

Clarissa's laugh pealed out—"Ellen in London!" she cried, mockingly—"What would she do without her chickens and cows?"

We found our environment completely changed by Clarissa's arrival. To me, the charm of our days was somewhat broken in upon by her childish gaiety. The gravity which had characterized even our pleasures before she came was gone. The sense of "living between two eternities," which one felt keenly in Ellen's presence, and of which Morton had often spoken, was a thing of the past. Clarissa *would* talk nonsense at all times, and Morton seemed to enjoy it. So did her father. Nor was I insensible to her charm. It was pleasant to watch her flitting like a bright-winged hummingbird from one merry provocation to another. But I never cared to hear her torment Ellen, as she often did, more particularly when Morton was by. I wondered sometimes that he could have so completely forgotten all that was inspiring and delightful in her grave presence before this winsome

creature came to us, this human mocking bird, in whose presence all serious things seemed out of place. For Ellen's sake I often wished her bright-eyed sister had stayed in London; for, day by day, her face lost all that it had gained of joy and peace during the earlier part of Morton's stay; and day by day a gloom, that had not been there before he came, took the light from her eyes and the spring from her step.

DRAWN BY H. W. MURCHISON.

"I looked at Ellen with some interest as she walked on by Morton's side."

On the mornings that followed Clarissa's arrival, Morton and I usually went to the stile leading to the woodland path. Here Clarissa soon joined. I read aloud or talked, while Morton painted the picture for which Clarissa had easily been induced to sit. In the afternoons we all separated, to meet again at the evening meal. Morton and I had abandoned the parlour for the farmer's own table. After supper came our evening walk; and this hour seemed by common consent to be given up to Clarissa. My heart ached for Ellen, shut out, it seemed, from a world her sister shared with Morton. I could see she had never felt the limitations of her life so keenly.

So July, with its burning noondays, its langourous afternoons, and its sultry nights, went by.

"I fear we shall have a storm," said the farmer one evening. "Mr. Morton, I should be very glad if you would row to the Point to-morrow, and ask Farmer Davis if he can spare two men for a day or so, and bring them back with you. The boat holds three comfortably."

Morton assented. Then it was decided that Clarissa and I should accompany him to the Point. We, however, would come back in the carrier's van, which passed the Point at six—Morton, meanwhile, rowing back with the labourers.

I reached the trysting-place a little late. No Clarissa was there, but Farmer Davis was talking to the carrier. In reply to my inquiries, he said that he had advised Morton and the labourers to drive over in his waggon, as a storm was evidently rising. Indeed, even now the sky was overcast with clouds, and

the west was glowing with an angry, lurid light. As they were starting, the young lady had come up and asked Mr. Morton to row her home. He had expostulated, and at last she had walked away and he had driven off with the men.

I could not go home without more definite knowledge of Clarissa's whereabouts than this. So I had to let the carrier depart without me, while I sought the cottager in whose charge Morton had left the boat. He could only tell me that the young lady had asked him to row her home—that he had refused—that she had declared she would row herself. He had been called away and detained for half an hour. On his return, the young lady had gone and the boat too!

There was nothing for it but to trudge the three weary miles that lay before me. When I reached the farmhouse, it was to learn that Mr. Bray had gone to see a labourer who lived north of the wood, that the men and Morton had come, and that Morton had immediately gone out again.

"Her hands clasped under her chin."

I sought Ellen in the kitchen As I entered it, the storm broke. The first drops of rain came heavily down. The wind rose suddenly. The waiting sea threw herself into the battle; and soon the white-capped waves dashed themselves fiercely against the rocks, to the accompaniment of lightning that blinded, and thunder that deafened, and rain that fell in torrents.

Ellen listened, with a face growing white, to my tale. Then she left me. In a few moments she returned.

"Dick has gone to see if any of the men will go to meet her," she said; "but they will not."

Her voice was hollow; her hands were interlocked; all the lines of face and figure were tense and rigid. I groaned aloud. That bright, merry child, at the mercy of the merciless waves, alone! Still the storm raged—still we stood there silent—till, suddenly, the wind fell—the rain poured less heavily—the black clouds drifted asunder.

Ellen caught my arm.

"If—IF she waited in the creek beside the Point, she has been safe all the time and can come on now," she whispered. "Come with me."

She led the way to an attic at the top of the house—caught up a seaman's glass—gazed eagerly out, and then handed the glass to me. I looked out upon the still seething waters.

Yes! yes! just rounding the head of the Point was a tiny boat holding gallantly on her way towards us. I could see only one figure in it, and could not identify that; but no other boat would be about.

"Thank heaven!" was all that I could say, as I dropped the glass. Ellen turned away.

A few minutes later I looked down into the orchard beneath, and saw Ellen place a large basket on the ground. I saw her agonized face as she looked upwards.

The storm was over. The clouds, wind-rent and scattered, showed the exquisite blue of the sky and the glittering stars between their jagged

edges. From every bush and flower and tree the rain-drops hung, transformed into diamonds by the light of the moon, now sailing triumphantly, as though all this peace were of her making, along the cloud-strewn sky.

I looked from the little boat, now coming swiftly and steadily onwards, to the scene below. Ellen was leaning against the trunk of a great tree, her hands grasping a bough above her with apparently painful force. She seemed struggling with some restraining power that held her back from——what?

Suddenly the fierce anguish seemed to soften. A long, low cry broke from her. She fell on her knees. I heard her sob. The bough, released, sprang back, scattering a million bright-hued drops over her. Lower and lower she crouched, until she was almost prostrate on the rain-wet earth.

I turned away from the window. This was no time for an onlooker. It was the Gethsemane moment of her life.

When I did look out again, Ellen, carrying her basket, was walking lightly and rapidly down the orchard path. I saw her go right on into the midst of the waves that broke in white foam about her feet. And then I knew with what temptation she had been battling in the orchard. The little boat might have escaped the storm, only to be wrecked within a few feet of home, upon the Finger of the Devil's Hand.

The waves dashed around her; but she put her foot upon the first step of the stairway, and caught the iron chain. Once she was nearly thrown back. Then a sudden blaze shot up. Higher and higher it mounted, as she piled fresh wood in the iron cage that alone was above the dancing waters. And not too soon—for the little boat came on so swiftly and so close, that had the warning flame been two minutes later she must have struck upon the submerged rock.

Ellen watched the little craft float onwards to the beach, watched the two drenched forms—for there were two—set foot upon the welcome earth. Then, her drenched garments clinging painfully to her, she began her difficult descent.

"Ellen was leaning against the trunk of a great tree."

At that moment I heard the farmer's voice below. Descending, I told him briefly what had passed. He ran down to the beach with great strides; and passing Clarissa and Morton with hardly a word, went on to meet the daughter whose faithful love and duty had cheered all the long years of his widowed life.

Molly had great fires in all the rooms, and soon Morton, the farmer, and myself were gathered round a table right royally set forth with harvest fare. Ellen had changed her dress rapidly and had carried Clarissa, now sobbing like a tired child, to her own room. As I passed the door I saw Clarissa clinging to those strong, tender arms, saw Ellen's face, calm as the now

peaceful sea—and after a fiercer storm—bending lovingly over the wilful child, whose broken words of penitence she silenced with the soft pressure of her lips.

Morton married Clarissa Gray. And if he never attained to the full stature he might have reached with such a help-meet as Ellen would have proved, he would never with her have had his patience and manliness and tenderness so tested and so proven. To have borne patiently the downfall of many hopes, to have survived cheerfully the loss of a cherished ideal, is to have achieved no small victory in life's most difficult battle. Perhaps too, some day, it may be that he and all of us shall receive our "might-have-beens" fresh and beautiful, and everlasting.

*Lee Wyndham.*

## NOVEMBER WINDS.

THE wind has a mournful voice,
Like one who has lost all hope,
And can never more rejoice.

It is roaming from dawn till gloom,
Moaning from gloom till dawn,
Chanting a wail of doom.

Why is the wind so sad,
Filled with a dark despair;
Will it never more be glad?

Yes, when the April rain,
Journeying over the wild,
Wakens the Spring again.

Then will the wind, retuned,
Murmur its songs of bliss—
Perfect as ever crooned.

Perhaps in some far-off Spring
My life shall be quite retuned—
Made perfect each jarring string.

*Bradford K. Daneils.*

SCENES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

*The Khybar Pass, looking south from Fort Ali Mesjid, showing fields irrigated by Mountain Streams.*

SCENES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

*A Gun of the No. 3 Peshawur Mountain Battery, under Lieut. Gordon.*

*With Drawings and Illustrations prepared by F. Brigden.*

## I.—WHY THE RAID WAS PLANNED.

DURING the years 1865 and 1866 Canada was kept in a state of feverish anxiety on account of anticipated and expected invasions by a hostile armed force. The Fenian Brotherhood, a society composed of Irishmen resident in Ireland and America, had resolved to strike a blow in aid of Irish freedom. Canada was the only recipient of an actual stroke, and yet Canada had never done anything to impede the progress of Irish freedom;* nevertheless, because this country was an outlying, unguarded portion of that Empire which girdles the world, the Fenians chose it as a good place where they might pinch Great Britain with little fear of being pinched back.

In November, 1863, there was held in Chicago a convention known as the "First General Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood," when it was decided to have a fixed organization in America† with one definite object, the national freedom of Ireland. The Fenian Brotherhood had been organized in both Ireland and America a few years earlier, but its exact history is not known, nor is it important for the purposes of this article. The society, as it showed itself in '63, '64, '65 and '66, was simply an extreme movement among the many forms of agitation adopted by those persons and generations who throughout the present century have cherished the hope of being able to undo the Union of Ireland and Great Britain which was consummated at the beginning of the century.

The Chicago organization of Fenians (the original "Fenians" were Irish militia used for coast defence in early centuries) was a rather powerful organization, and we find that it held a Fair in 1864 to which the then Postmaster-General of the United States contributed twenty-five dollars. Fernando Wood, a member of the House of Representatives, also contributed a hundred dollars, and the Speaker of that body gave twenty dollars. Brig-

* In a sermon delivered on June 10th, 1866, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston said that Canada had never done Ireland any harm; but, on the contrary, afforded to thousands of Irishmen happy homes, free altars, and civil and religious liberty; he also declared that "these Fenians were not true Irishmen and not true Roman Catholics, and that their conduct was ruffianism of the most despicable character." D'Arcy McGee, also, in a letter written a little later, declared that "this Fenian filibustering was murder, not war."

† A rather full history of this organization is to be found in *All the Year Round* for the 4th of June, 1864, quoted on pp. 9-16 in "The Fenian Raid," a pamphlet with map, published in 1866 by W. C. Chewett & Co., King Street East, Toronto.

W. R. ROBERTS.

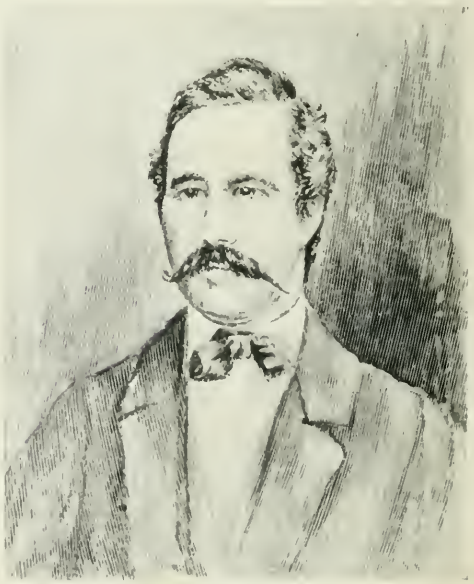
*President of the Fenian Organization in New York, 1866.*

adier-General Montgomery, Major-General Pleasanton, Colonel Milligan, and other leading soldiers sent money. General Miles D. Sweeney gave $1,000 to the cause very soon afterward. This shows that the society must have had a large membership and been rather influential.

There was also a society in New York with headquarters known as the Moffatt Mansion, in Union Square. Here there was a split into two factions: one that followed Col. John O'Mahoney, the original organizer of the American Brotherhood, and one that acknowledged Mr. Roberts as leader. The O'Mahoney faction planned a raid on Campo Bello, a small island belonging to New Brunswick and situated at the mouth of the St. Croix River, in the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. Three British war vessels and some New Brunswick volunteers, assisted by the United States authorities, prevented the expedition, which was formed in April, 1866, from doing more than burning up two well-stocked stores and tearing down a customs' house flag. The other faction was determined to invade Canada, Mr. Roberts being backed up in this project by the General Sweeney of whom mention has already been made.

This year of 1866 was an opportune one for such agitators, for the Civil War being over there were plenty of hardened soldiers from the armies of both the North and the South who would much rather continue soldiering than go back to peaceful vocations. These men made willing and able recruits. The United States Government, moreover, was very busy and none too anxious to protect Canada; hence the Fenians relied on being able to take an armed force out of that country in spite of such a proceeding being a breach of the Law of Nations. They hoped to have the honour of helping to release Ireland from her bondage to the British Crown, and organized an Irish Republic with a President and a Senate, of which the aforesaid Moffatt Mansion was the headquarters.

In Canada there was considerable anxiety. The inhabitants eagerly scan-



GEN. O'NEIL.

ned the columns of newspapers, in which were printed all sorts of rumours of great invading armies, immense supplies of ammunition, and even of great battles. Invading forces were reported to have crossed Lake Huron, River St. Clair, Niagara River, the St. Lawrence, and the Quebec boundary line. In reality only about 1,000 men invaded Canada, and they remained less than three days; and it is to the story of this real invasion to which attention will now be directed.

DR. KEMPSON'S HOUSE AT FORT ERIE.

*Dr. Kempson was Reeve of Fort Erie and his house was the first point to which O'Neil conducted his force on arriving at the village on the morning of Friday, June 1st.*

But first, in order to show more clearly the nature of the Fenian spirit, and that even their leaders could trump up no excuse for their murderous raid on Canada, the proclamations* of Sweeney and Roberts are here inserted:

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

SITE OF FIRST FENIAN CAMP ON NEWBIGGING FARM.

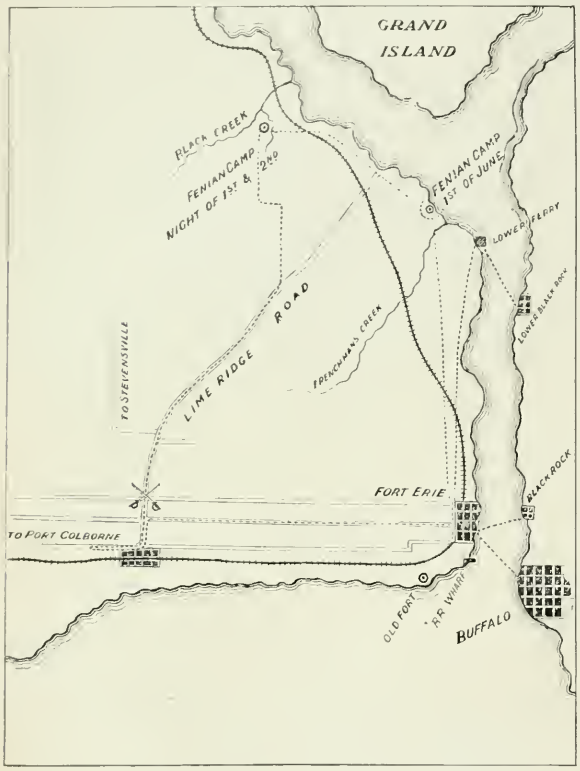
PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL SWEENEY.

"We come among you as the foes of British-ruled Ireland, exiled from that native land of ours by the oppression of British aristocracy and legislation, our people hunted down to the emigrant ships, or worse, to that charnel of government institutions, the poor-house; our countrymen torn from their families and friends, and hurled in droves into the prison pens of England and Ireland, our country subjected to a foreign tyranny which disfranchises the masses of the Irish people, and makes poverty and misery the sad rule of their condition, covering our fair land with paupers' graves and wretched hovels, eliciting from the liberal minds of England expressions of shame for the Government and indignation for the people.

"We have taken up the sword to strike down the oppressor's rod, to deliver Ireland from the tyrant, the despoiler, the robber; we have registered our oaths upon the altar of our country in full view of Heav- 1, and

*These were prepared so that they could be issued as soon as the Fenians arrived in Canada. They were never needed; but some newspapers in New York betrayed the confidence Sweeney imposed in them, and afterwards published the documents of which they had advance copies.

sent up our vows to the throne of Him who inspires them. Then looking about us for the enemy, we find him here—here in your midst, where he is most vulnerable and




SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE FENIANS.

convenient to our strength; and have sworn to stretch forth the armed hand of Ireland and grapple with him. The battle has commenced, and we pledge ourselves by all the sacred memories of struggling liberty to follow it up at any cost to either of the two alternatives—the absolute political independence and liberty of Ireland, or the demolition of our armies.

"We have no issue with the people of these Provinces, and wish to have none but the most friendly relations. Our weapons are for the oppressors of Ireland.

"Our blows shall be directed only at the power of England. Her privileges alone shall we invade, not yours. We do not propose to divest you of a solitary right you now enjoy. We will assail and assume only the rights that are claimed and enjoyed by the Government of Great Britain, the right to make her American possessions the field and base of operations in a war against an enemy. We come to instal ourselves in her prerogatives, and turn them against her in war for Irish freedom. We are here neither as marauders nor robbers, for plunder or spoliation. We are here as the Irish army of liberation; the friends of liberty against political subjection, of freedom against despotism, of democracy against aristocracy, of the people against their oppressors, of the ballot against the privileges of class, of progress and development against might and wrong; to conduct this contest in a manner worthy of the high object we aim for, and the sublime sentiments that actuate us. In a word, our war is with the armed power of England, and not with the people; not with these provinces; against England upon land and sea, until Ireland is free. And all who raise an arm to defend her, to frustrate or defeat us, belong to the common enemy, and as such will be dealt with. As we know how to recognize the services of our friends, so also do we know how to punish the depredations of our foes. Our work for Ireland accomplished, we leave it to your own free ballots to determine your national and political standing and character, and shall rejoice to see, and assist to make, these almost limitless colonies spring from the foot of a foreign throne as free and independent, as proud as New York, Massachusetts, or Illinois. To that yearning for liberty and aspiration after national independence which swells the breast of every true son of every land, to your own manliness, we leave these questions for settlement, confident that the dwarfed development of your vast resources and natural wealth under the chilling influence of English supremacy, in wretched contrast with the national dignity and stupendous material prosperity of your neighbouring people of the United States, under the stimuli of self-government and democratic institutions, constitutes a stronger argument in favour of co-operation with us, and of the revolution in your political condition which this comparison suggests, than any discussions of the questions involved which we could offer here.

"To Irishmen throughout these provinces we appeal in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity and Irish misery and suffering; in the name of our murdered sires, our desolated homes, our desecrated altars, our millions of famine graves, our insulted name and race, to stretch forth the hand of brotherhood in the holy cause of Fatherland, and smite the tyrant where we can in his work of murdering our nation and exterminating our people. We conjure you, our countrymen, who, from misfortunes by the very tyranny you are serving, or from any other cause, have been forced to enter the ranks of the enemy, not to be the willing instruments of our country's death or degradation. If Ireland still speaks

to you in the truest impulses of your heart, Irishmen, obey her voice. If you would not be miscreants, recreant to the first principles of your nature, engraven upon the very corner stone of your being, raise not the hand of the matricide to strike down the banner of Erin. No uniform, and surely not the blood-dyed coat of England, can emancipate you from the natural law that binds your allegiance to Ireland, to liberty, to right, to justice. To the friends of Ireland, of freedom, of humanity, of the people, we offer the olive branch of peace and honest grasp of friendship. Take it, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, take it all, and trust it. To all who marshal to the call of the enemy and rally under his standard or aid or abet his cause, we give the sword in as firm and earnest a grip as ever did its work upon a foeman. We wish to meet with friends; we are prepared to meet with enemies. We shall labour to merit the confidence of the former, and the latter can expect from us but the leniency of a determined though generous foe, and the restraints and relations imposed by civilized warfare.

(Signed), "T. W. SWEENEY,
"*Maj.-Gen. Com.*
"*the Armies of Ireland.*"

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PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

"To my Countrymen—Brothers! Arouse, Irishmen! A glorious career has been opened for you. The green flag has waved once more in triumph over England's hated emblem. Onward! is the order, and let Ireland and Victory be the watchword. Pay no attention to what may seem defeat. Everything is working glorious, and if you but discharge your duty to your native land our final triumph is certain. God and Justice is on our side. Have iron wills and brave hearts, and Ireland will be once more great, glorious and free.

"In love and hope
"I remain your countryman,
"W. R. ROBERTS,
"*Pres t. of Fenian Brotherhood.*"

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II.—DETAILS OF THE FENIAN ATTACK.

By Thursday, May 31st, 1866, there had collected in Buffalo some 1,500 Fenians, with a full supply of officers, about 2,500 stands of arms and plenty of ammunition. Sweeney, Roberts and Col. O'Neil were present, but Sweeney and Roberts do not seem to have crossed the border. Many of the men came from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Louisville, and were first seen in large bodies when passing through Cleveland. The Buffalo papers claimed that they were mostly Southern soldiers, but this may safely be doubted, as the South had no quarrel with England at this time.

In Buffalo these men were scattered through the Irish portions of the city, and their conduct showed their fondness for liquor and for fighting. The Buffalo authorities seem to have taken some precautionary measures to prevent the Fenians crossing the Niagara River into Canada, but these proved insufficient. The Canadian authorities, however, were fully warned, although there were enough rumors afloat to make all news very confusing.

During the night of May 31st the Fenians straggled out of Buffalo, and by 3 o'clock on the morning of June 1st had collected at Black Rock, on the Niagara River, a little below Buffalo. Between 3 and 5 o'clock they crossed the river on scows with the aid of one or two steam tugs, and landed, about 1,000 strong, at Lower Ferry Dock, about a mile from Fort Erie. The Fenians, being then in Canada, at once began active operations. They lacked three necessaries, food, horses and artillery, and the two former were at once eagerly sought after. They moved up to the village of Fort Erie (sometime called Waterloo) and demanded of the reeve, council and citizens, food for 1,000 men. This having been procured and the neighbourhood thoroughly reconnoitred, they went back down the river to Frenchman's Creek, at a point a little below where they had landed in the early morning. They encamped on the Newbigging farm, and entrenched themselves as best they could. Here they remained all day foraging and scouting; finding enough sympathizers to supply them with full information of the actions of the authorities and the nature of the country. In fact, their great topographical knowledge of the district, gained either before or after landing, stood them in good stead during their retreat.

About 9 p.m. on the evening of June 1st they evacuated their camp and moved down the river towards Chippewa. After going two or three miles

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MAJOR GILLMOR,

*who was the senior officer of the Queen's Own Rifles in 1866, was with them at Ridgeway, and was afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the Battalion.*

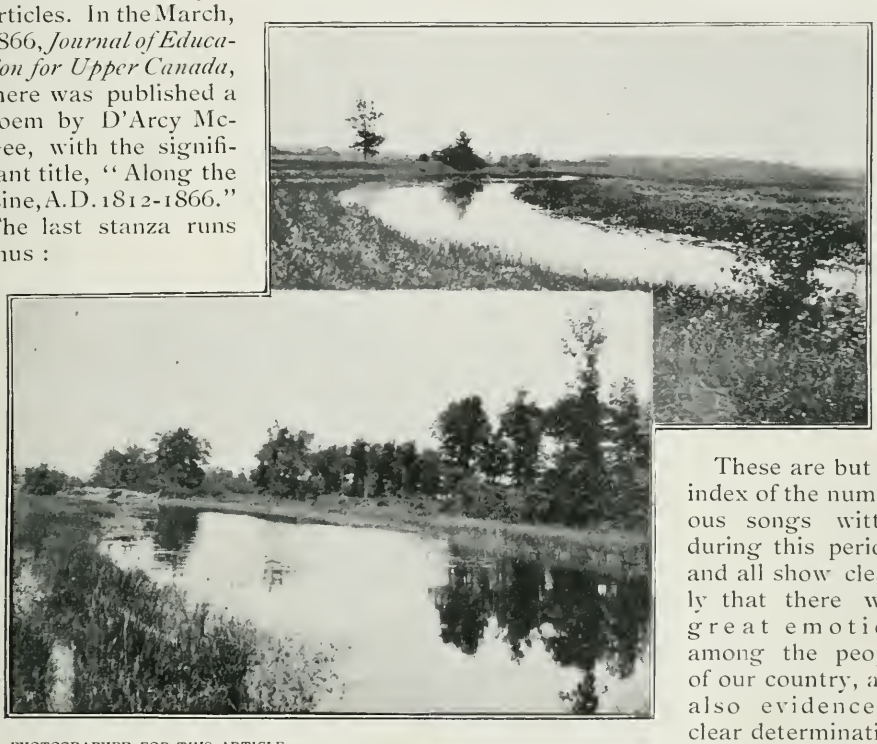
they turned westward and encamped on the high bank of the Black Creek, near to the railroad, which runs along the bank of the Niagara River between Niagara and Fort Erie. Possibly they thought that a force from Chippewa might attempt to come up in the night along the railroad, and they were there prepared to attack it, when it would not be expecting attack.* A little later they appear to have ascertained from reliable sources that the Canadian force at Chippewa and that at Port Colborne would, if they were united, be invincible. Their policy was, by getting in between the forces, to prevent their junction, and, if possible, defeat them in turn. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the morning, Col. O'Neil moved his force south-westward, keeping his right flank protected by the Black Creek. Passing beyond the creek, they moved along the Limestone Ridge, a sloping bluff some thirty or forty feet high, their right flank now protected by several miles of open fields.

It happened, as will be explained afterwards, that the Canadian forces at Port Colborne on Lake Erie, and at Chippewa on the Niagara River, had actually been ordered to unite at Stevensville on that morning, viz., the morning of June 2nd. Col. O'Neil thus, either by design or by accident, found himself between the two forces already preparing to unite. He was also, as he must have known, marching to meet the weaker force. As he neared the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway, which runs along the north shore of Lake Erie, between Port Colborne and Fort Erie, his scouts heard the Port Colborne force detraining at Ridgeway. O'Neil at once made preparations to receive it as it came up the Limeridge Road. He chose his position so as to have the full advantage of the high bluff to which reference has been made. Here was fought the Battle of Limeridge, a fuller description of which will be given farther on. After the fight the Canadian force retreated, and the Fenians pursued them a little beyond Ridgeway, after which the invaders marched back by the Garrison Road to Fort Erie. Here they came upon the Welland Field Battery and the Dunnville Naval Brigade, and a second skirmish took place, in which the advantage again rested with the Fenians.

*Lt.-Col. Denison, in his admirable work on this raid, remarks on p. 66: "Had Colonel Peacocke pushed on by rail on Friday night with a pilot engine (that popular idea of an advanced guard), as some of the press have been abusing him for not doing, he would have received the summary chastisement his recklessness and want of judgment would have so richly deserved."

## III.—THE ARMING OF THE CANADIANS.

During the early months of the year 1866 Canada was all agog with rumours of a possible Fenian invasion and the patriotic sentiment of the people was fully aroused. The newspapers were filled with despatches and patriotic articles. In the March, 1866, *Journal of Education for Upper Canada*, there was published a poem by D'Arcy McGee, with the significant title, "Along the Line, A.D. 1812-1866." The last stanza runs thus :



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

VIEWS ON BLACK CREEK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SECOND FENIAN ENCAMPMENT.

Steadfast stand, and sleepless ward,
Along the line! Along the line!
Great the treasures that you guard
Along the line! Along the line!
By the babes whose sons shall be
Crowned in far futurity.
With the laurels of the free
Stand your guard along the line!

In the April number of the same journal appears a poem by a Hamilton lady, entitled "Ten Thousand Volunteers to the Front." Two stanzas are as follows :

To the front; to the front;
Ye dauntless sons of a dauntless race
There are foes invading your lands,
There are chains for your freeborn hands,
There are arms prepared to drag
From the midway heavens our flag.
Steadily, furiously turn each face
To the front; to the front.

. . . . . .

Canada will ne'er forget
How her earnest call was met,
How in one night's quiet life
Armies were prepared for strife—
Loyal Irish, Britain's sons,
Canada's ministering ones;
Forming three-fold cords to chain
Wolf-hounds and their skulking train.

These are but an index of the numerous songs witten during this period, and all show clearly that there was great emotion among the people of our country, and also evidence a clear determination on the part of the people not to allow any foreign power to gain a foothold in this part of Her Majesty's dominions.

On the 19th of April, Chief Justice Draper, on opening the Spring Assizes at Toronto, delivered a remarkable charge.* He explained that a reference to public matters on such occasions was unusual, but that when certain crises arise a painful duty is cast on judges. After pointing out that Canadian-Irish are contented, and with all other Canadian citizens desirous of avoiding war, and that the "intended invasion" will be most unjust, he says :

*See "Journal of Education for Upper Canada," Vol. XIX. pp. 62 and 63, for full text of his address.

"But if such a storm be gathering on our horizon, thank God it will not find us divided among ourselves, or unprepared to resist the invader . . . whatever our national origin, we are all Canadians. To a profound and zealous adherence to our constitutional rights and liberties we add a personal devotion to our Queen, honouring her as the head of our government, loving her as the mother of her people, praying God for the prolongation of her reign and for her domestic happiness and welfare. . . . There can be but one reception for the invaders, a stern and pitiless opposition to repel the aggression—striking for Queen and country, for law and liberty, for wives and children; and may God defend the right!"

Early in March soldiers and citizens had been called to arms by rumours of invasion which spread like wildfire through the country. The excitement was intense—and such intense words from a dignified Chief Justice were but the echo of the bursting spirits of a loyal and determined people.

In a letter to the Colonial Secretary in London, dated March 9th, 1866, Lord Monck, in commenting on the calling out of the volunteers, remarked:

"I may also mention that offers of service continue to be received at headquarters to an extent far beyond the number of men required, and I have no doubt should the occasion unfortunately arise, the supply of volunteers who would present themselves for the defence of the country would be limited only by the numbers of the male population capable of bearing arms."

Again, in a letter dated June 8th, Lord Monck comments on the admirable spirit displayed by the people, and stated that within twenty-four hours after the second call for the volunteers, 20,000 men were under arms.

As early as November 10th, 1865, Sir John Michel decided to call out some nine companies of Lower Canada volunteers to guard the frontier of that part of Canada. The Executive Council of Canada by a minute of March 7th, 1866, resolved to call out for duty 10,000 men, and this was done on that day by telegraph to the different stations. This force was kept under arms for some days in anticipation of an invasion on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. However, no enemy appeared at that date.

It was, however, the call to arms on Thursday, May 31st, which declared that some of the rumours were true and that hostile armed troops had actually invaded the beloved "Land of the Maple Leaf." On Friday, June 1st, the greater portion of Upper Canada's military force was called out, and volunteers from Toronto and Hamilton were rushed forward to that portion of the frontier where the brave and heroic Brock had some eighty years before fallen in the hour of victory, and where the boom of Niagara's Falls was soon to be supplemented with the roar of the deadly instruments with which man protects himself against the onslaughts of those who nurse malice and hatred.

The Province of Ontario (then Upper Canada) has never since witnessed such excitement.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto were the first to be moved. They assembled in the early morning, and at half-past six embarked on a steamer for Port Dalhousie, from there to travel by the Welland Railway to Port Colborne to protect the Lake Erie entrance to the Welland Canal. Two more companies of the same regiment followed later in the day. Three companies of the 47th (regulars), and a Battery of Royal Artillery left at noon by the Grand Trunk Railway, going via Hamilton. The 10th Royals were ordered to move in the afternoon and they left at 4 p.m., having with them two more companies of regulars (47th). From Hamilton there were sent forward 200 men of the 16th (regulars), the three companies of the 47th. and the Battery from Toronto, and the 13th Battalion. The latter battalion went forward to Port Colborne, as did the York and Caledonia Rifles from Toronto.

When this day's movements were completed there were two forces ready for action; the one at Port Colborne as follows:

Lieut.-Col. Booker.
The Queen's Own Rifles, 480 men.
The 13th Battalion, 265 men.
The York Rifles, } 95 men.
The Caledonia Rifles, }

and the other at Chippewa as follows:

Colonel Peacocke.
200 men of 16th Regiment.
200 men of 47th Regiment.
A. Battery, Royal Artillery.

The next morning at 4.30, Colonel Peacocke was reinforced by:

The 10th Royals, 415 men.
The 47th Regiment, 150 men.
The St. Catharines Volunteers, 350 men.

With the aid of the maps the reader will thus see the situation on the morning of that celebrated June 2nd. Colonel Peacocke had pressed forward from St. Catharines to Clifton on the Niagara River in order to guard the Suspension Bridge, and afterwards had moved up to Chippewa in order to protect the bridge over the creek at that place. Away to the south-west, at Port Colborne, on the shore of Lake Erie, was the second force as enumerated above. At Black Creek the other angle of the triangle were the Fenians under O'Neil. The Canadians were divided, but Colonel Peacocke, who was chief in command, had conceived a plan to unite the two forces and had already sent Capt. Akers, R.E., from Chippewa to Port Colborne with orders to Lieut.-Col. Booker to meet his senior officer and the Chippewa force at Stevensville at 11 a.m. If these plans had been accurately carried out by both there would have been a great battle somewhere near Stevensville, in which all three forces would have had a share.

Lieut.-Col. Booker at first decided not to carry out the orders which Capt. Akers had conveyed to him, but to proceed by the railroad to Fort Erie and surprise the enemy, whom he believed to be encamped on the Newbigging farm. The foolishness of this proposal was afterwards seen when it was learned that the Fenians, at the very time at which this Canadian colonel hoped to surprise and capture them, were marching inland from Black Creek.† Booker apparently did not count on their stirring from the Newbigging farm. But after his own plans had been communicated to Colonel Peacocke, and before he had moved from Port Colborne, he was ordered to adhere to the original plan. He decided to do so and to march his command to Stevensville. At first glance it would seem that Booker had made, in reality, no wrong movement, but in preparation for carrying out his own plan, he had sent Capt. Akers down the shore of Lake Erie on a tug, and when Colonel Peacocke insisted on the original plan being carried out, it could not be properly done without the man to whom Col. Peacocke had entrusted the plan of campaign. Capt. Akers must bear a certain portion of the blame, as there seems little doubt that Colonel Peacocke had sent him across to assist the volunteer force, and when Booker's force was attacked there was no officer of the regular force present.

In pursuance of the original plan, about five o'clock on Friday morning Booker took his men down the railway which runs along the shore of the lake towards Fort Erie, and detrained them at Ridgeway, preparatory to marching them to Stevensville. In going so far as Ridgeway he made what proved to be a serious mistake, in that he went too far east and brought his force too close to the enemy.

Booker had been ordered to meet Colonel Peacocke at Stevensville at 11 o'clock, but his own eagerness to have the volunteers share in the glory of any engagement which might take place, led him to leave Port Colborne an hour earlier than his orders required. The reason of that was this: he had, in pursuance of his own plan, before Colonel Peacocke's disapproval of it had reached him, entrained his force at Port Colborne; therefore, when Colonel Peacocke ordered him to carry out the original orders, his men already entrained were in a position to be moved at an hour earlier than the necessity of the plan required.

Booker thus arrived on dangerous ground at an hour which proved to be much too early, and the 13th Battalion

*See "The Fenian Raid," by Major George T. Denison. P. 32.

†A full statement of the reasons which led Col. Booker to plan a night surprise will be found in an article to be published in the next issue of this publication.

and the Queen's Own Rifles met the Fenians at Limeridge shortly before eight o'clock that morning, while Colonel Peacocke had only left Chippewa, some 20 miles away, at seven o'clock.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

SITE OF O'NEIL'S HEADQUARTERS AT LIMERIDGE.

*A house, now removed, was situated beside the fence in the middle distance. The first visible part of the lime ridge is seen at the upper left-hand corner.*

That is, O'Neil and his thousand Fenians met one of the Canadian forces while the other and stronger force was many miles away, too far to be able to render timely assistance or even to know that a battle was in progress.

IV.—THE BATTLE OF LIMERIDGE.

Limeridge, where Colonel Booker met the Fenians, is an elevation which runs from near Ridgeway in a general north-easterly direction towards the Niagara River. The Fenians had advanced south-westerly along this Ridge from the Black Creek, while Booker's force, after disembarking at Ridgeway, had gone north-easterly from the other end of the Ridge. The Fenians either knew the plans of the Canadians, or heard the bugles as the troops were being detrained; perhaps both. O'Neil prepared for battle by entrenching himself on high wooded ground along the Ridge Road. His advance party was placed behind a rail fence barricade at the first cross road north of the Garrison Road, his reserves being posted one-quarter of a mile farther north. Like a skilful general, he screened his men and awaited the attack.

Col. Booker advanced about two miles from Ridgeway along the Ridge Road and when near the Garrison Road sighted the enemy. The question here presents itself: Why did Booker at once engage the Fenians? He did not know their numbers, their position, or their equipment. He had no mounted scouts to bring him this information, nor had he any intelligence of Col. Peacocke's progress to meet him. There were still three hours before Col. Peacocke was due at Stevensville, and had he waited he would in about an hour have received a message which would have informed him of a delay which Col. Peacocke had been unable to avoid. His reserve ammunition had been sent back from Ridgeway to Port Colborne, and he had not horses enough to mount his staff.

The fact remains, however, that Booker did at once press forward to engage the enemy, and the battle of Limeridge began about eight o'clock. The Queen's Own Rifles were in advance with some of their companies in skirmishing order. They pressed on through the open fields in the direction of the concealed enemy, and in this exposed part of the battle grounds Ensign McEachren fell, the first of that gallant corps to give his life for his country. The Trinity College Company was on the left and the University and Highland companies on the right, and were not relieved during the fight.*

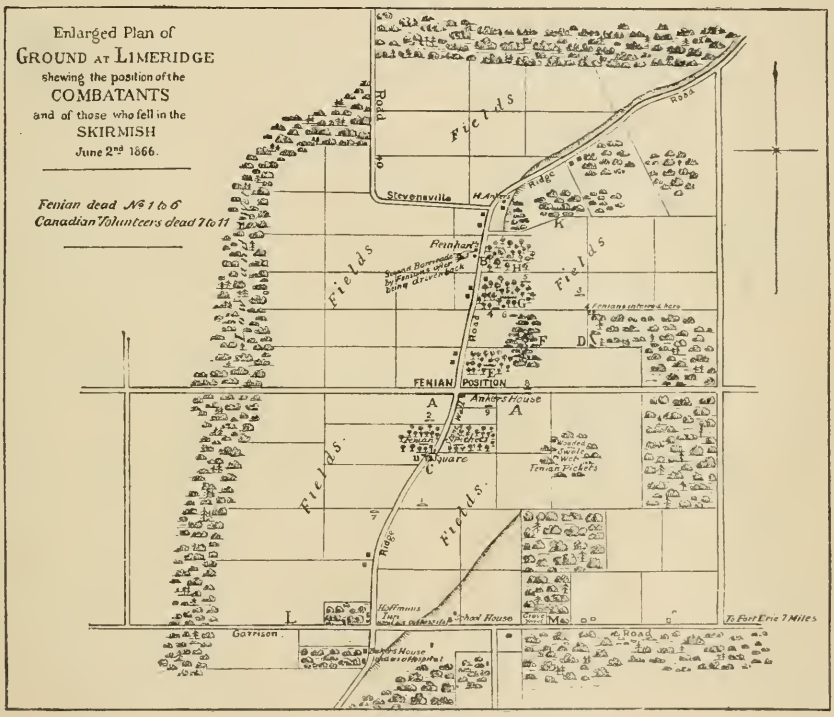
* Col. Denison's "The Fenian Raid," p. 43.

After advancing some distance the Queen's Own ran short of ammunition and the six companies of the 13th were sent forward into the skirmishing line. The enemy was driven back and finally dislodged from the first position at the cross-roads. While the Canadians were holding this position the whole Fenian force advanced, and at this critical moment the mistake of the engagement occurred.

Two or three horsemen galloped into view and there was a cry of "Cavalry!" A square was formed on the road, where

ers. Had Booker kept his force well in hand, and had he possessed mounted officers, the engagement might have resulted differently.

The retreat was comparatively well handled, the main credit apparently being due to the individual officers who remained with the rear guard, and with a few brave and determined men kept the enemy from turning the retreat into a rout. The Fenians followed, at a respectful distance, to a little beyond Ridgeway, but did not succeed in doing any further damage.




THE BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY OR LIMERIDGE.

several of the Queen's Own companies were resting in close column, and into this closer formation the Fenians threw a hot fire. There was no cavalry, and before the companies could be deployed outwards, a panic induced by the hot fire seized the troops and the retreat was sounded. The Highland and University Companies had pressed on too far, and were nearly cut off; but they saved themselves with the loss of several men killed and some taken prison-

The general impression among the younger and non-military part of the present generation is that the Queen's Own and the 13th were guilty of cowardice in this engagement. This impression is, however, unjustifiable, and not based on facts. These volunteers pressed on over open fields for over a mile in the face of a hot fire, and finally drove out an entrenched enemy. That they did not reach the enemy's second position and win a decided victory was

their misfortune and not their fault. They fought as bravely as ever volunteers fought, and no Canadian need be ashamed of their record. They were, however, badly handled; the officers, like the men, being insufficiently trained.*

O'Neil, in a speech made afterwards at his home in Nashville, declared that the Queen's Own fought bravely. "They advanced well and fought well for a short time. But they over-estimated the courage and unyielding spirit of their opponents, *who were tried soldiers.*"†

It is probable that O'Neil included the whole force in his remarks, as the 13th were fully as steady as the Queen's Own. Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Denison wrote at the time: "Both fought nobly. They were mingled in the retreat, some in front, some in the centre, and some behind, fighting bravely, covering the remainder."

The Queen's Own lost one officer, Ensign McEachren of No. 5 Co., one N.C.O., Sergeant H. Matheson of No. 1 Co., and Privates Christopher Alderson, M. Defries, W. F. Tempest, William Smith, J. H. Mewburn, M. McKenzie and F. Lackie. The wounded of this battalion included 4 officers, 1 N.C.O. and fifteen privates. The York Rifles had two men wounded, and the 13th Battalion one officer and six privates. The Fenians lost 6 men killed and a large number wounded.

The Canadians continued to retreat, and weary, hungry and dispirited, arrived at Port Colborne about noon. They had fought three hours and marched twenty-five miles on a breakfast of red herrings. Even after all this they did not get anything to eat until six o'clock that evening. A battle, a twenty-five mile march and twelve hours under arms, with a blazing sun above, all on a breakfast of red herrings! Such was volunteering in Canada in 1866.

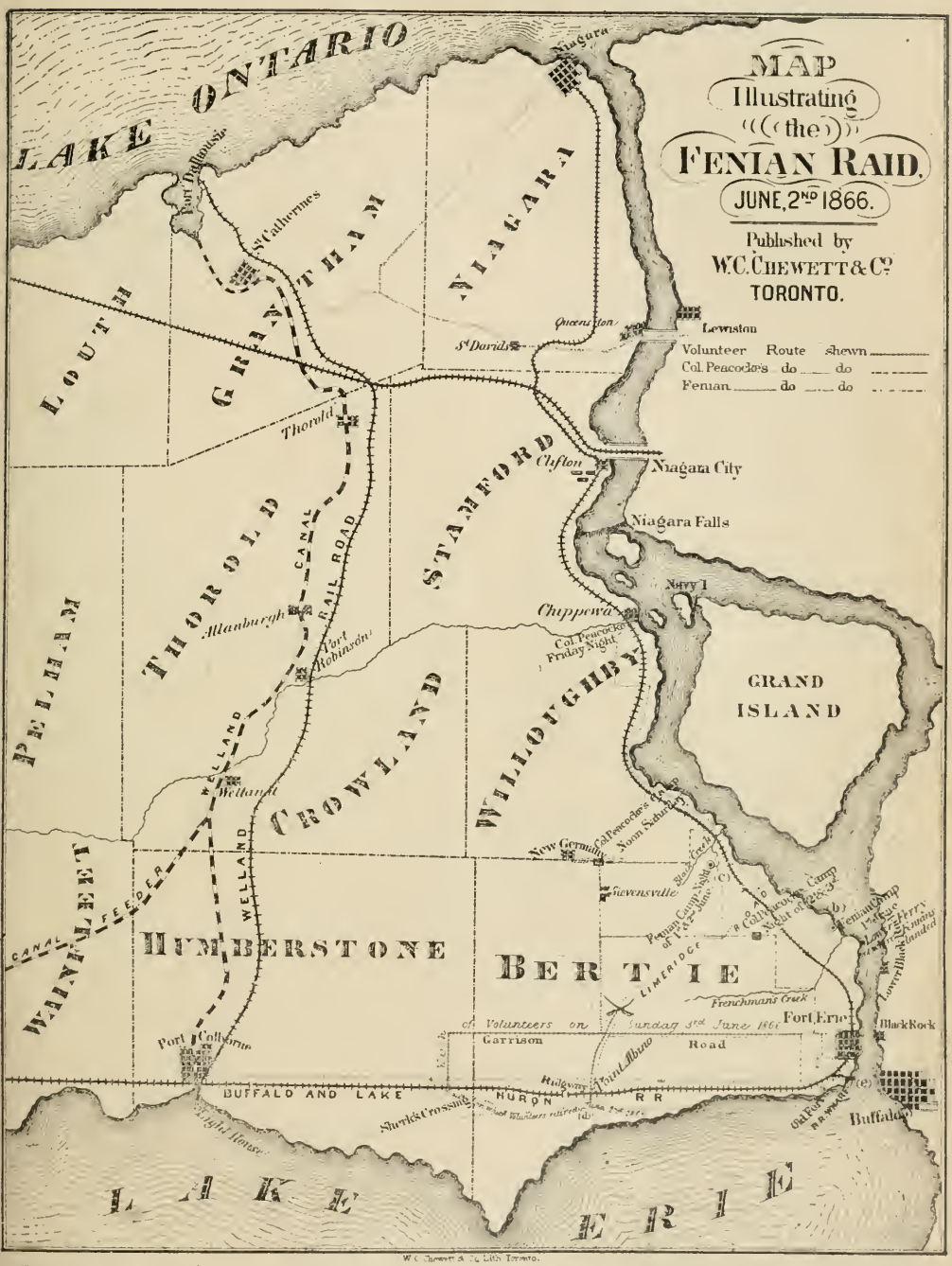
### V.—A SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

In accordance with the abortive plan conceived by Booker in the early morning of that eventful day, Lieut.-Col. Dennis, who had accompanied the Queen's Own from Toronto to Port Colborne, and Capt. Akers, R.E., had left that place at 4 a.m. on the tug "Robb." They took with them the Welland Garrison Battery, armed with rifles only, and part of the Dunnville Naval Company. While Booker was fighting the enemy these men arrived at Fort Erie. After waiting a while to see if Booker's force was nearing, Col. Dennis landed the artillery company and sent Capt. Akers and Capt. King with twenty-five men each in different directions. These afterwards met outside Fort Erie and marched northwards along the Niagara river bank, being taken on the tug again about two miles from Black Creek. The tug returned up the river to Fort Erie, where the force was again landed, some sixty prisoners who had been secured in and about Fort Erie being left on board.

After the skirmish at Limeridge the Fenians decided to avoid Col. Peacocke and return to Fort Erie. About three p.m., arriving suddenly at that village, they came on this previously mentioned force, consisting of 52 artillery men and 18 members of the naval corps, and engaged with them before they could retreat into the tug. The Canadians, though surprised, surrounded, and out-numbered about twenty to one, killed and wounded more than the Queen's Own and 13th had at Ridgeway, seven Fenians at least being killed. Five of the Battery were wounded. Capt. McCallum with two men of his Naval Brigade, and thirteen men of the Artillery escaped along the bank of the Niagara river, being pursued over two miles. He finally got his contingent again on board the tug "Robb," which had left Fort Erie just as the Fenians arrived. The remainder of this force of seventy-five men were taken prison-

*"The volunteers advanced promptly at the word of command, and so valiantly did they demean themselves that they actually succeeded in driving back the enemy's advanced line for some distance. Considering that this was effected by raw levies, for the most part made up of young collegians and clerks, it was a gallant achievement, and for a time it seemed as though the volunteers would sweep all before them."—Dent's "The Last Forty Years," Vol. II., pp. 461 and 462.

†Quoted on p. 50 of "The Fenian Raid" published by W. C. Chewett & Co.




a Fenians landed June 1st
b Fenian Camp which they broke up at 11 o'clock pm. going down River to
c International R.R Ferry Wharf where a reinforcement of 200 Fenians fully supplied with arms, arrived just after midnight on the 2nd June; but were met back by O'Neil at a number of his (O'Neils) men, were then escaping to Buffalo by the same Tug and scow
c Fenians camped till 4 a.m. June 2nd and then moved towards Ridgway
d Fenians followed retiring Volunteers to this point
of Volunteers on Sunday 3rd June 1866

A REPRODUCTION OF THE CHEWETT MAP OF THE NIAGARA DISTRICT.

ers with the exception of Lieut.-Col. Dennis, who disguised himself and escaped through the lines, and Captain Akers who, being out on a scouting expedition when the Fenians arrived, was never in the fight.

### VI.—WHERE WAS COLONEL PEACOCKE?

But the movements of Colonel Peacocke on this memorable day are yet to be described. He was the commander of all the Canadian forces under arms that day in that district, and, as we have seen, decided that his plan of campaign would be to unite the force at Port Colborne under Booker with his own force then at Chippewa. He intended to reach Stevensville between ten and eleven o'clock that morning. But while Booker was fighting the enemy within three miles of Stevensville at eight o'clock, Peacocke was only a few miles out of Chippewa. The delay in leaving that place was, as previously stated, due to the fact that the reinforcements which reached him early in the morning had brought no breakfast with them. The 10th Royals had left for the front without a full supply of haversacks and none of the volunteer corps were fully supplied with water-bottles. In fact, the whole volunteer force had been rushed into campaign work without the equipment of maps, cooking utensils, haversacks, water-bottles, ammunition transport wagons, artillery and mounted scouts, which is necessary to keep infantry efficient and to enable it to follow an enemy with success. The regulars, however, were fully equipped.

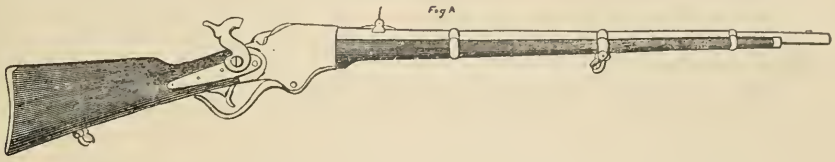
Labouring under the disadvantages of hot weather and a partial equipment Col. Peacocke arrived at New Germany near Stevensville about noon. Here he remained until half-past five o'clock, when he decided to press on to Fort Erie. Before he reached New Germany he had learned of Booker's defeat, and before he left that place he had learned that the Fenians had retreated on Fort Erie. As he was leaving New Germany he was joined by the Governor-General's Body Guard from Toronto, under Major (now Lieut.-Col.) George T. Denison. The column advanced some nine miles, when fearing an ambuscade in some woods which were reached at dusk it was halted, and the men rested all night on their arms.

In the meantime the Fenians in Fort Erie were hesitating. They had, however, been in two hot engagements, in the last losing at least seven men, and their courage had been severely tested. They had accomplished nothing definite, and a large force was advancing against them and pressing close on them. Their reinforcements had not crossed the river, and there were few encouraging signs. The result was a decision to withdraw from a country whose peace they had so murderously disturbed and whose citizens were rapidly arming themselves in the defence of their homes. They embarked on board of scows, but as soon as they reached the United States waters the scows were seized and placed under the supervision of the U.S. Revenue Cutter *Michigan*, and the men on board held under arrest. After a few days they were landed on United States soil and released. Several score of prisoners, however, were in the hands of the Canadian authorities, an evidence of the fact that, though Canadian blood had been spilt, and a Canadian force checked, the invaders had been defeated and driven out.

### VII.—SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

The morning of June 3rd (Saturday) found the Canadian shores free of Fenians with the exception of the prisoners. In the early morning, Major Denison and his troop galloped into Fort Erie in time to increase the number of Fenian captives by gathering in a few stragglers. Out in the river they saw scows crowded with men, and soon learned that these were the remnant of the great force which was to capture Canada, attack Great Britain, and free Ireland. Moored in the middle of the stream, under the surveillance of a U. S. official gunboat, they could not have looked much like a band of conquering heroes.

Following Major Denison and the Body Guard, Col. Peacocke and his column moved on Fort Erie, expecting at every moment to meet the enemy.



THE SPENCER REPEATING RIFLE USED BY NO. 5 CO. OF THE Q. O. R. AT RIDGEWAY.

He reached Fort Erie at nine o'clock without discovering the Fenians who had evaded him and were then safely in the hands of their friends.

About 8.15 that morning Col. Lowry, with a third Canadian force of about 500 infantry and 4 guns, advanced by train from Clifton to Fort Erie, arriving a few minutes before Col. Peacocke. Similarly the Port Colborne force (now under Capt. Akers, who had escaped overland the previous day), started for Fort Erie. This column, 1,000 strong, took the train to Sherk's Crossing and from there marched carefully into Fort Erie.

"By noon on Sunday about 3,500 men were concentrated on the heights above Fort Erie, while the 13th Battalion held Port Colborne, and a battalion of 450 men, under command of Lieut.-Col. Robert B. Denison, was stationed at Clifton to hold the Suspension Bridge."

So ended this brief campaign* which taught Canadians that trained volunteers with good officers are always necessary as a guard against invasion; that troops sent in the field without commissariat, artillery, † mounted scouts and full equipment are not very effective; that officers commanding units should have an accurate knowledge of the ground over which they are to move troops; and that staff and field officers should have horses and be able to ride them. These lessons were taught—whether they were learned is another matter.

Some 2,000 men of the Fort Erie force were retained there for three weeks, until all fear of a further invasion had passed away. The President of the United States issued a proclamation requiring all officers of the United States Government to do their utmost to prevent further attacks on Canada. The authorities of that country took steps to prevent any further breach of the neutrality laws, confiscating arms, arresting ringleaders and distributing railway tickets among the filibusterers who were a distance from their homes.

The prisoners taken by the Canadians were afterwards tried, but none were hanged. This clemency did not please the Canadian soldiers, and many of them still declare that if they ever again go to war in a similar way they will take care that there are no prisoners to be set free after the trouble is over.

*John A. Cooper.*

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* I have dealt only with the Ontario (Upper Canada) campaign; the movement of the troops in Quebec (Lower Canada) will be described by John W. Defoe in another article in a subsequent issue. There will also appear at once a contribution (in two parts) entitled "Reminiscences of Booker's Column," by Robert Larmour, who in 1866 was superintendent of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway.

† Lord Monck wrote a letter to the Colonial Office, on June 22nd, 1866, in which he said: "I desire to bring before your notice the advisability of strengthening the force of Royal Artillery stationed in the Province, by three or four additional batteries. This is the arm of the service in which it is most difficult for volunteers to acquire proficiency."

# CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES RUGBY.

FOOTBALL has been played for hundreds of years. In the time of the early Norman kings we see the soldiers of contending camps engaged during a truce or armistice in a friendly game of football. Then it was, as its name implies, *foot* ball. The modern Association game is the direct development of this ancient pastime. During the course of ages, however, other games have been instituted, until now we have beside the above-mentioned Association game, the English Rugby, Gaelic football, Australian football, Canadian Rugby and United States Rugby.

English Rugby is the forerunner of the United States and Canadian games, each of which in their respective countries have shown a special line of development. At present, the divergence is so great that an International match on equal terms is almost an impossibility. Yet, were such a thing desirable, but little legislation on either side would be necessary to bring the two games back to their pristine harmony. If I am not mistaken, McGill and Harvard once met in an International match. As matches of this kind are always an incentive to sport, bringing out the spirit of rivalry in its highest form, it is a pity that in the early history of the game this example was not followed regularly. Had such been done the game as played in the respective countries would have developed on similar lines and would now have been the same.

An endeavour will be made in this article to show the differences which are now to be observed between Canadian and United States Rugby.

A Canadian watching a game of United States Rugby will be struck at first by what is called in United States football parlance, the "system of interference." That is, he will see the runner-with-the-ball rushing down the field behind a phalanx composed of his fellow players, who interfere for him and aid his advancement of the ball. This, of course, would not be allowed in the Canadian game. Here is the original point where Canadian and United States football diverged, and it has been mainly due to this system of interference that the two games are now so different. Those who have not seen this system in actual operation might be led to believe that it would be impossible to stop such a formation. Such an opinion would be erroneous, as the defensive tactics have kept almost equal pace. The interference when perfectly and instantly formed is, however, a strong ground-gaining agency, but even at its best it may be broken up by a good end player bringing down the leader or diving through and tackling the runner-with-the-ball. Incidentally it may be remarked that this interference is one of the most exciting features of the American game. The crushing force with which a well-formed interference will wedge its way through the opposing ranks, or the resulting tackling by the ends, guards or tackles of the opposing side, make up a play which sends the blood with electrifying power through the arteries, and forces

an involuntary cheer from friends and foes alike.

The second main difference to be noted is the manner of putting the ball into play. The Canadian rule reads :

"When the ball is fairly held within the grounds, one of the side to which it belongs shall immediately bring it into play where it was held, by placing it dead in front of him, and any player may then put it in motion in any direction with his foot."

After a "down" in the United States game, the rules provide that the snapper-back is entitled to full and undisturbed possession of the ball. The opponents cannot interfere with the snapper-back, or touch the ball until it is actually put in play. The snapper-back is usually the centre, and his duty is to snap the ball with his hands back to the quarter-back, who passes it to the one who is to make the run with the ball or to the one who is to kick it.

In the Canadian game each side, theoretically, has an equal chance for the possession of the ball after it is put into play. In the United States game, the side which has the ball (barring a fumble) has a chance to run with it or kick it, while the ball can only be obtained by the opposing side by breaking through and blocking the ball on a kick, or by breaking up the interference and tackling the runner when a run is attempted. Thus, the possession of the ball is a greater advantage in the United States game than in that played by Canadians.

But some reader may exclaim, "Barring a fumble, may not the side in possession of the ball retain it to the crack of doom?" To guard against this, the rules provide that if the team in possession of the ball does not gain the distance of 5 yards in three "downs" or scrimmage, then the ball goes to the opposing side. To facilitate the measurement of this 5 yards, the whole field is marked off by lines 5 yards apart, thus giving to the field of play the appearance of a gridiron. Indeed, the United States football field is almost generally referred to as the "gridiron."

The two points noted above, viz.: the system of interference and the manner of putting the ball into play, are mainly responsible for the difference now to be noted between the games of the two countries.

The following points of contrast, though none of them as revolutionary in character as the above, have all aided in the gradual separation of the two games.

(1) The length of the field is the same, viz.: 110 yards, but the Canadian rules provide that the width shall be 195 feet, the United States field being only 160 feet wide. This greater breadth is necessary in the Canadian game because of the openness of the play, and the consequent frequent kicking of and running with the ball. Point (2) below is a further reason for this difference in width.

(2) Until 1880 a United States team numbered as many as a Canadian aggregation—viz., fifteen; but from then on, the former have allowed but eleven players. Because of the many mass plays and the trend of the game to a scientific development, it was thought that thirty players interfered with each other and rendered the game too confused and uninteresting both for the players and spectators.

(3) The United States game lasts 70 min., 20 min. less than the Canadian. The difference is offset by the fact that the Canadian rules allow in case of injury, etc., a delay of 5 min., while 3 min. is the limit across the border. However, because of the various tandem and wedge plays, and the interference for runs around the end, the American game is harder on the players, and, generally speaking, more time is taken out for delay.

(4) A comparison of the rules relating to the *scoring of points* is self-explanatory. The Canadian rule reads :

"A goal kicked from a try shall score 6 points, from a drop-kick 5, from a free-kick 4, from a flying-kick or free-kick by way of a penalty 2; a try shall score 4, a safety-touch 2, and a rouge 1."

The United States rule is as follows :

"The following shall be the value of each point in the scoring: Goal obtained by touchdown 6, goal from field-kick 5, touchdown failing goal 4, safety by opponents 2."

(5) In a *try for goal* the United States rule allows the points to count should

the ball pass directly over the uprights or posts. The Canadian rule lays down that the ball must pass *between* the posts (or the posts produced). This is a small point, and yet how many Canadian games have been lost or won through this apparently insignificant fact!

(6) In a *kick-out*, a drop-kick, place-kick or punt is allowed in the United States game, while the Canadian rules permit only a drop-kick.

(7) The ball must go at least 5 yards on a *kick-off* according to the Canadian rules, 10 yards being required in American football. Should it pitch in touch twice it shall be scrimmaged by the side not offending on the spot where it was kicked if a Canadian game is in progress, while if it were an United States match the ball would go to the opponents for a kick-off. Should they also kick it twice into touch, then the ball is scrimmaged in the centre of the field.

(8) The rules relating to *out of bounds* are different. The Canadian rule provides that in such a case

"One of the side to which it belongs shall immediately bring it into play at right angles to where it went into touch (a) by bounding it in the grounds, (b) by throwing it out, (c) by taking it out from 5 to 15 yards and then scrimmaging it, first declaring the distance to the referee."

The United States rule is as follows:

"If the ball goes out of bounds, whether it bound back or not, a player of the side which touches it down must bring it to the spot where the line was crossed and there—either I. Touch it in with both hands at right angles to the side-line and then kick it, or II. Walk out with it at right angles to the side-line any distance not less than 5 nor more than 15 yards, and there put it down for a scrimmage, first declaring how far he intends walking."

9. The United States rule relating to the *possession of the ball* when it goes out of bounds is rather simple, though hardly as fair as the Canadian rule. The former merely states that the ball shall belong to the side which touches it down. The Canadian rule reads:

"When the ball goes into touch off a player it shall belong to the opposite side; when it is carried into touch it shall belong to the side possessing it."

10. The *penalty for fouls* in both games is the relinquishment of the ball to the opposite side. As shown above, this penalty is more severe in United States than in Canadian football.

11. If a player is *disqualified or injured* in the United States game, a substitute is allowed to take his place. In the Canadian game, the rule is more severe, and rightly so, in so far as disqualification occurs. Here, for unfair tactics, rough play, etc., "the referee is required first to warn the player; if the offence is repeated then the referee shall rule him off for the whole game or for such time as he may deem expedient and no substitute is allowed." In case of injury, substitutes are allowed in the first half, but not in the second half unless by agreement of the Captains before the match. If the Canadian rule as to disqualification were adopted over the border and substitutes for all injured players allowed in the Canadian game at any period of its progress, it seems to me that both games would be the gainer. The United States penalty for disqualification is too lax, while the Canadian rule for injury to players places a premium on rough play. If the referee is given the power to say whether a player is shamming or really injured, and keep him in the game or not, according to his judgment, then such a rule as the one proposed is certainly fairer than the present one. The latter punishes a whole team because of an accident caused in many cases by the unnecessary rough play of the opponents, and seems unfair in many cases.

12. The penalty for hacking, tripping, etc., is in Canada a free-kick. In the United States, "a free-kick or 15 yards is given. In case, however, the 15 yards will carry the ball across the goal line, they may have half the distance from the spot of the offence to the goal line, but shall not be allowed a free-kick." The last clause in the United States rule is eminently just, but the present development of Canadian football will not permit its incorporation into their rules. Under existing conditions a goal scored from a free-kick

counts but 2 points. This, and the consideration of the great effect that such a rule has in encouraging clean and fair playing argues that the Canadian rule is best adapted for their needs.

The above are the points of difference a careful observer will notice between the games as played in Canada and by our neighbours to the south of us.

The effects of these differences are manifold, so much so that the two games, although having many points in common, are quite different both from the standpoint of spectators and participators therein. The style of play of different teams varied both in the United States and Canada; but still the general conclusion must be drawn that the Canadian game is the more open. I have seen Canadian games where there appeared to be nothing but one interminable scrimmage, and United States matches where kicking and running with the ball was wholly the order of the day. Still, as at present played, the various mass plays constitute the backbone of the American game, while open running and passing are the main features of the Canadian pastime.

Indeed, the mass plays in the United States game have become so common and universal that various rules and regulations have been made to reduce the evil, for such it threatens to become both in the injury to the players and to the game from a spectacular standpoint.

Mr. Walter Camp, the father of American football, as he is called, suggests a means to make the game more like Canadian football. He suggests that a team be required to gain 10 yards instead of 5 in 4 downs, to keep the ball in their possession. This, he says, "would naturally make a faster game and certainly give us plenty of kicking and some of the old long passing and the criss-crosses." This is a direct compliment to the Canadian game, which has kept more strictly to the traditions of Rugby, and developed in a more conservative manner.

We thus see that the United States game has less kicking, less running with the ball, consequently less tackling and less passing. The quarterback (outside of a trick play) is the only one who passes the ball. When passed, however, the United States player seems to hang to the ball like grim death. He will be torn in twain rather than relinquish it, but a simple double pass seems a difficulty which is well-nigh insurmountable. Indeed, in this particular, a United States player is a very child compared to his Canadian cousin, to whom accurate and swift passing is almost second nature.

The conclusion to be drawn from the above is that the Canadian game is the more exciting and pleasureable to the spectators. What Canadian youth will not tingle with excitement when he sees a runner going down the field dodging this one, evading that, shoving off the next, and then skilfully passing the ball just as he sees himself unavoidably tackled? Or what sweet maiden's heart will not rise in her throat when she sees a runner skilfully brought down, her sympathy for the runner and admiration of the tackler struggling for supremacy and bringing a warmer glow to her damask cheek? The frequency of such plays as this creates the absorbing interest in the game!

This openness of play makes a difference in the manner of men who play the games. The Canadian players are more agile, better dodgers, and better tacklers than their United States cousins, and, in general, the teams are lighter. In other words, mere brute force does not play so important a part in the Canadian as in the United States game.

Mr. Walter Camp makes this a further argument for more open play. He says: "What we do wish is to make the play more open. Not because close play is more fruitful of injury, nor because it is not scientific, but because it rather makes of mere brute force an ascendant quality, and tends to the introduction of plays that show too wide a discrepancy between mind and matter."

There is one point, however, in which the United States game is greatly superior to the Canadian. That is in its scientific development, as seen on the field of play. Because of the system of interference, and the manner of putting the ball into play, absolute certainty is given to the possessors of the ball that they may try any desired and preconcerted attack on their opponents. At first sight it would seem as if everything were in favour of those on the offensive. But experience has brought the defensive tactics to a corresponding pitch of development. Now, when two first-class teams face each other, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, *i.e.*, the absolute perfection and rapidity of the play, alone guarantees a gain. They are like two armies facing each other. If the captain of one team exposes his forces to the artillery of the other he is lost, but he may turn the tables by skilfully throwing up earthworks in an advantageous position and making him sound the retreat. In fact, it is surprising with what precision and rapidity an American team will execute their plays, and how quickly they will be met by their rivals.

From the above it will be inferred the greatest stress is laid upon team work. Indeed, in this particular the United States teams are ahead of all others.

In one other respect, a result of the above point, the Canadian game is, in my opinion, superior to the United States, viz. : that it is not so injurious to the players. Owing to the mass plays, tandem formations, etc., the United States game is positively dangerous, and many are hurt. The Canadian game is no child's play. It is rough enough even for the most bloodthirsty spectator ; but in it the limit of roughness for a game is about reached. The element of pleasure and recreation should predominate in any game, and when this is imperilled by dangerous plays these latter should be legislated against and done away with. As stated above, the latest rules in United States football have been directed against the mass play evil, but as yet, because of the ground-gaining power of these formations, the rules have not been severe enough, and, one way or another, crafty coaches have always succeeded in creating new formations almost as destructive as the old.

Summing it all up, we would say that as a game scientifically considered the United States is the better, in that it offers greater facilities for scientific development. From a spectacular and players' standpoint, however, the Canadian game must be given the preference. Open running with the ball, its consequent tackling and kicking, are the points best appreciated by any crowd. As these occur more frequently in the Canadian game, it is, consequently, the more interesting to watch. The Canadian players themselves have more real sport than their United States cousins, because, although the game is rough enough to suit the most hardy, still, it cannot be called dangerous, and on this account the element of pleasure is more pronounced. Thus, in all that goes to make up a game, Canadian Rugby is the preferable and deserves all the popularity to which it has attained in the past few years.

*Geo. W. Orton.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## IV.—THE THIRD CUSTOMER AND THE JADE IDOL.

HAGAR was a shrewd, clear-headed girl, who, having been educated in the hard school of Jacob Dix, knew the value of money and the art of driving good bargains. Otherwise she was uncultured and uneducated, although, to speak truly, she had a considerable knowledge of pictures and china, of gems and silverware. But a schoolboy knew more than she did as regards bookish information. She was ignorant of geography, as that science had been taught neither in the gipsy camp, nor in the Lambeth pawnshop. China was to her—ware, and not a vast empire of the East. But when the third customer came to pawn an idol of sea-green jade, Hagar learnt something concerning the Celestial Kingdom.

The man was a sailor, with a coarse face reddened by wind and salt-water, and two twinkling blue eyes which peered at her shrewdly from under shaggy eyebrows. He had strong, white teeth, which glistened through a heavy moustache, a head of fair, curly hair, and a heavily-built figure, well-supported on stalwart legs. His rough trousers of blue serge, his black pilot jacket with brass buttons, and his gaudy loose cravat were all redolent of the ocean wave. Rings of gold in his large red ears added to his queer aspect; and he rolled into the shop like one to whom the firm earth is strange after the swinging and pitching of a ship.

The mariner cast uneasy glances over his shoulder as he entered the shop, and finally swung into one of the sentry boxes like a vessel coming to anchor. Here he took off his gold-banded cap and wiped his rough brow with a red handkerchief of Chinese silk. Hagar, with her hands resting lightly on the counter, waited for him to speak, and was rather surprised when he still kept silent, and still continued to glance over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Finally she lost patience.

"Well, what can I do for you?" she asked sharply.

The mariner leant across the counter, and spoke in a hoarse voice like the

* Copyright. This story will run through twelve issues, a complete chapter being given in each number.

roaring of waves. "Nathaniel Prime is my name, miss," he said, almost in a whisper—"Nat fur short; and I'm third mate on board a tea ship as trades from Hong Kong to London port and back again."

"Well, Mr. Prime," said Hagar, as he paused, "what do you want?"

Nat pulled a small parcel wrapped in a blue check handkerchief out of his pocket, and plumped it on the counter. "I've a small article here, miss, as I wants to lodge with you for safe-keeping."

"Oh," said Hagar, adapting this speech to her own ideas, "you want to pawn something. What is it?"

"It's Kwan-tai—that's what it is, miss?"

Hagar drew back. "What gibberish are you talking?" she asked, frowning.

"Chinese," replied the mariner promptly. "Kwan-tai is the god of war in China, miss. This"—he unrolled the handkerchief and displayed a particularly ugly idol—"is his image. I got it from his temple in the Street of the Water Dragon in Canton. Jest look at it, miss—but wait a bit." He rolled back to the door, stepped on to the pavement, and looked to right and left. Apparently he was satisfied with this survey, for with a complacent whistle he returned to continue the conversation. "I thought that blamed Chinaman might be arter me," said he, slipping a plug of tobacco into his capacious mouth; "he'd knife me like to get that d—d thing there."

"Knife you man! What do you mean?"

"Why," said Mr. Prime, "this China monkey—Yu-ying is his name—wants to git that there god; so, as I don't want a bowie exploring my inside, I think it's good biz to leave it with you for safe keeping."

Hagar put down the idol and stepped back. "So you want to transfer the danger to me?" she said dryly. "No, thank you; take that ugly thing away."

"Now, don't you make any mistake, miss," said Nat, pushing back the idol in his turn. "Yu-ying don't know as I'm on this lay. All I wants is to leave Kwan-tai in this here shop for a week. There ain't no danger in that."

Hagar picked up the god again and considered. It was a revoltingly ugly figure carved out of green jade, and had diamonds for eyes, crossed legs, and two large, fan-like hands crossed on a protuberant stomach. Not a desirable article to possess, save as a curiosity; but no doubt it had some sacred significance in the almond eyes of Yu-ying; hence his desire to obtain it, even at the cost of a man's life. For a moment or two Hagar hesitated as to taking Kwan-tai in pawn; but as there seemed to be no immediate danger, and might not be any, she resolved to trade. Hagar was so far Hebraic that she never lost the chance of making a bargain; but then, according to some folk, the Romany are a branch of the ten lost tribes.

"I'll give you thirty shillings on it," she said abruptly.

"Thirty bob it is," assented Nat promptly, "as all I want is to leave this 'ere idol in your diggings fur safety. If 'twas pawning, I guess thirty quid 'ud be nearer my price. I reckon that there piece of jade is worth two hundred pound!"

"I don't know the market value of jade," retorted Hagar impatiently. "All my business with you is to lend money on the thing. It's thirty shillings or nothing."

"Don't I tell you it's a deal?" said Mr. Prime, shifting the quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth. "Give us a scratch of the pen to say as you've got Kwan-tai in the locker."

"Name and address?" demanded Hagar, making out the ticket.

"Nathaniel Prime, mariner, 20, Old Cloe Street, Docks," said the sailor. "It's a pub, y'know, miss—The Nelson. I'll stand you a drink if you looks me up, and proud to do it for a slap-up gal like yourself!"

"Here's the ticket and the money, Mr. Prime. If that's all your business, get out sharp!"

"Sharp's the word," said the obedient mariner, slipping the thirty shil-

lings into his pocket; "and if Yu-ying comes smelling round here, jest you up anchor and steer for me at The Nelson. I'm the bad man from the back of beyond when that heathen's about!"

Mr. Prime nodded in a friendly way to Hagar, and rolled out of the shop door. She heard him singing a chanty as he left Carby's Crescent, and it was only when the roar of his lusty voice died away that she bethought herself of the diamond-eyed idol. Kwan-tai was a very ugly deity, but curious and attractive in his way; so, for the furtherance of business, and to see if there was any truth in Nat's story about Yu-ying, the girl placed the Chinese god in the shop window. He smiled as complacently there, out of his almond eyes, among the dusty wrecks, as formerly he had beamed on his worshippers in the Street of the Water Dragon in far Canton.

Now, if there be one vice above another which ruins the female sex, it is that of curiosity. Here was Hagar told a surprising fact concerning the idol Kwan-tai, and at once she resolved to test if Nat's story was true. By putting the jade god in the window she afforded Yu-ying a chance of seeing it; and then, if he wanted to possess the talisman—as it apparently was—she expected that he would enter the shop and offer to purchase it. Not for a moment did she think that he would kill her, or even attempt her life. That statement she believed to be an embellishment of Prime's to adorn his queer story.

"And I don't believe a word of it!" said the doubting Hagar. "However, the jade idol is exposed in the shop window, and we shall see what will come of it."

Greatly to her surprise, trouble came of her folly, and that speedily. At noon next day she was eating her simple dinner in the back parlour, with the door leading into the shop open, so that she might hear the approach of possible customers. Most of the inhabitants of the Crescent were within doors at the midday meal, and the little square was quite deserted. Suddenly Hagar heard the crash of glass, and sat paralyzed for the moment in sheer astonishment at the unusual sound. When she recovered her wits and the use of her limbs, she ran rapidly into the shop, and beheld the warning of Nat Prime verified to the letter. The middle pane of the shop window was broken, and the jade idol was gone. With an ejaculation of surprise Hagar sprang to the door, and saw a blue-bloused figure racing down the narrow street which led to the thoroughfare.

"The Chinaman! the Chinaman!" cried Hagar, giving chase. "Thief! stop—stop—thief! Yu-ying! Yu-ying!"

Followed by a crowd, which had collected like magic in answer to her cries, Hagar sped as lightly as a deer down the alley. But she was no match for the nimble Chinaman. When she reached the crowded street, Yu-ying—as it doubtless was—could not be seen. She appealed to the bystanders, to a stolid policeman, to the cab-drivers; but all to no purpose. Certainly they had seen the Chinese thief flying out of the Carby Crescent *cul-de-sac*, but no one had taken particular notice of him. Hagar ran this way, that way; looked, questioned, considered; all in vain. Yu-ying had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up, and with him the jade idol of Nat Prime. Blaming herself for her credulity and headstrong folly in putting Kwan-tai into the window, Hagar returned crestfallen to the pawnshop. Having placed a temporary barricade before the broken pane, and having sent for the glazier to mend it, Hagar sat down to consider what was to be done relative to the theft.

Assuredly Prime would return at the end of the week to redeem the jade god, and Hagar did not know what excuse to make for its loss. Without doubt Yu-ing had followed Nat to the shop on the previous day, and had ascertained the fact of the pawning. He had watched his opportunity to steal the god, as he evidently preferred this illegitimate way to buying it in a proper

manner. Probably Yu-ying, with the astuteness of the Chinese character, guessed that Hagar could not and would not sell it; hence his raid on the shop window. However, the idol was gone, and Hagar judged it wise to advise Nat Prime immediately of the loss. It might be that he knew the whereabouts of Yu-ying, and could tax him with the theft. Thinking this the best course to adopt under the circumstances, Hagar wrote to Prime at the address he had given her. Then she prepared to receive him, and to make the best of a bad business. In her letter she made no mention of the theft.

It was two days before Prime appeared in person to answer her note; and he explained his negligence by stating that he had been down at Cardiff to visit a friend. Then he asked to see the jade idol, and assure himself of its safety. When Hagar told him of its loss, and of Yu-ying's exploit, his rage was frightful. He swore volubly for ten minutes; and such was his command of bad language that he scarcely repeated himself in delivering a string of oaths. In his subsequent conversation it may be as well to omit these flowers of speech.

"I knew that blamed Chinaman had followed me!" he said, when somewhat calmer; "if y'd mind, miss, I went to look if the coast wor clear. He must ha' sneaked round the corner. Cuss all Celestials, say I!"

"I am sorry the idol is gone, Mr. Prime——"

"Now, miss, don't 'ee say another word. How was a young gal like you to best a Chinky? Why, Yu-ying 'ud have the teeth out of yer 'ead afore ye cud say knife!"

"Still, I am to blame, persisted Hagar. I should not have put the jade god in the window."

"Winder or no winder, it 'ud have been jest the same," returned Nat gloomily; "if Yu-ying hadn't got the god so easily, he'd have burgled the shop to get it. Aye, miss, and have cut your throat into the bargain!"

"Wy does he want this idol so particularly?"

"Fur the same reason as I do. Fifty thousand pounds is the reason!"

"Fifty thousand pounds!" echoed Hagar, drawing back; "the idol isn't worth that!"

"Not in itself, miss; but it kin get that cash. I reckoned to have it myself, and chuck deep-sea sailing; but now I opines that blamed John Chinaman's scooped the pool."

"Why don't you look up Yu-ying and tax him with the theft?"

"He'd on'y lie, miss; and as fur looking him up, I guess he's made himself mighty scarce by this time. But I'll go on the trail, anyhow. Good-day t'ye, miss, and don't you put trust in them Chinese devils."

After which speech Nat rolled away with a philosophical air, leaving Hagar very regretful for having contributed to the loss of the idol by her negligence and perverse folly. All the same, she did not believe the statement about the fifty thousand pounds. Yet, as she might have argued, but did not; as Nat had told the truth concerning the desire of Yu-ying to possess the idol, so why should he not have spoken truly concerning the money? And, after all, Hagar knew no details likely to confirm the tale. On consideration she dismissed Nat and Yu-ying and the jade Kwan-tai from her thoughts, and considered that she had purchased a new experience at the cost of thirty shillings.

In the meantime, Nat was seated in the taproom of the Nelson, down the docks way, with a pipe in his mouth and a tankard of beer before him. For several days he had sat thus alone, waiting—as would appear from his expectant attitude—for some visitor. Four days after the loss of the idol he was no longer by himself, for in a chair near him sat a dried-up, alert man, clothed in black, with bright eyes and a keen expression. This individual was a gentleman—a doctor—and the visitor expected by Nat Prime.

"If y'd on'y come a week ago, I'd not have pawned the idol," sad Nat in a gloomy tone, "an' the blamed thing wouldn't have been lost."

"Yes, yes; I see, I see. But why did you pawn it?" asked the doctor fretfully.

"Why," said Prime drily, "'cause I didn't want my throat cut by Yu-ying; as long as I carried that idol on me my life wasn't worth a red cent!"

"How did Yu-ying learn the value of the idol?"

"He was a priest in the war-god's temple, I reckon. I've seed him do joss-pigeon a dozen times; and when he kim on board the *Havelock* as stewart I guessed as he wos arter the idol. But I slept with one eye open," added Nat triumphantly, "an' I guess he didn't best me till I put Kwan-tai into that blamed popshop!"

"But I don't see how he gained a knowledge of the iron box in London," persisted the doctor irritably, "or learnt about Poa's treasure."

Prime drank some beer, and leant forward to speak, emphasizing his remarks by means of his pipe stem. "Now, look'ee here, Dr. Dick," said he slowly, "what wos it y' told me a year ago, afore I went this trip to Chiner?"

"Why," said Dr. Dick thoughtfully, "I told you that my uncle had been at the sack of the Summer Palace in Pekin. Chinese helped to loot the place as well as the French and English. Among these a priest called Poa collected a number of small gold images of Kwan-tai to the value of fifty thousand pounds, and fled with them to England. He placed these in an iron box, and left it with a countryman of his own in London. After selling a few of the images he returned to China, and to his service as a priest in the Temple of Kwan-tai in Canton. He intended to send for the iron box and restore the images of the god to his temple; but, struck down by sickness, he was unable to carry out his intention. Fearful of being tortured for sacrilege if he told the truth, Poa wrote in Chinese characters a description of the whereabouts of the treasure in London, and placed the paper in the interior of a small jade idol with diamond eyes which stood in the Kwan-tai Temple in the Street of the Water Dragon. My uncle did some service for Poa, who, out of gratitude, told him the secret. Shortly afterwards he died, and my uncle, unable to gain access to the temple and steal the idol, was forced to return to England. He took up his residence at Christchurch, Hants, and died there, leaving a paper telling the story of Poa's treasure. I found the paper two years ago, and knowing you were trading to Canton, I came up to see you."

"Yes," said Prime, taking up the thread of the story, "and you asked me to get the jade idol out of that there temple. Well, I stole it, and I believe that pig of a Yu-ying saw me stealing. Any rate, he turned up aboard the *Havelock*, and somehow—I can't guess in what way—he learnt the whole yarn, and tried to git back the idol. I bested him on the voyage; and when I kim ashore I expected to find you and git the iron box right away. I——"

"I was ill," interrupted Dick impatiently. "I couldn't come up. You might have got the treasure yourself and then shared it with me."

"Now, that's blamed silly, doctor! I couldn't read the Chinese writing which I found inside the idol; and as you're a Chinese scholard, taught by your uncle, y' said, I waited fur you to kim up and read it. Fur safety, I put the idol in that popshop, and Yu-ying —cuss him—followed me and stole it. So I guess by this time he's got the whole lot of the golden gods."

"Probably; but how did he learn that they were in existence, and that the production of the jade idol was necessary to obtain the treasure of Poa?"

"Can't say, sir, onless that Poa told some of his brother priests."

"Poa died fifteen years ago," replied Dick sharply; "if he had told them on his death-bed, they would not have waited all this time to get the treasure."

"Well, I calc'late as they've annexed the same this trip," said Nat coolly.

While thus conversing, the landlord of the Nelson entered the taproom, and informed Prime that a lady wished

to see him. Rather surprised—for he had few female friends—Nat instructed that the visitor should be admitted. In a moment or so she appeared on the threshold, and, to his still greater surprise, Nat beheld Hagar.

"'Tis the popshop gal!" he said, rising. "And what might you want, miss?"

"To restore to you the jade idol," replied Hagar, taking the god Kwan-tai out of her pocket.

"Glory alleluia!" shouted Nat, snatching it from her grasp. "How the creation did you git it?"

"When I opened the shop door this morning, it was hanging to the knob by a string."

"Yu-ying couldn't make anything out of it, I guess. Here, doctor, see if the paper's inside."

Dick, in a state of considerable excitement—having been previously instructed by his uncle's paper how to discover the secret—unscrewed the head of the idol. When off, a cavity was revealed; inside the cavity a strip of rice paper, scrawled with Chinese characters in vermilion. While he was deciphering these, Nat turned to Hagar.

"Thankee, miss," he said graciously. "If we git the money, I'll give 'ee a pound or so."

"I don't want it," replied Hagar abruptly. "Give me the pawn-ticket and thirty-one shillings—that is, what I gave you and the percentage. Then I'll go."

Nat produced money and ticket from his pocket, and gave them into her hand. "But I'd like to do summat fur your gitting that idol back," said he wistfully.

"Well, Mr. Prime," said Hagar, pausing at the door with a smile, "when you get the fifty thousand pounds you talk about, reward me by coming to the shop and telling me the story. I should like to know why Yu-ying stole the god; also why he restored it."

"I'll tell 'ee, never fear, miss; and a rum yarn it is. Y' won't take a dram, miss? No? Well, good-day! good-day and thankee."

When Hagar retired Nat came back to the table, and found that Dr. Dick had ascertained the meaning of the Chinese characters. They gave the address of one Yeh, who kept an opium shop—or rather den— in Vesey Street, Whitechapel.

"We must go there," said Dick, rising, "and interview this Yeh. I dare say he has the iron box in charge."

"I guess some Chinky of sorts has the box," assented Nat, "but 'twon't be Yeh. If Poa lef' the box along o' him, I guess he's dead and buried by this time. Even Chinamen ain't immortal."

"Yeh or another—what does it matter, Prime? All we have to do is to show Kwan-tai's jade image to the custodian of the box, and it will be handed over to us."

"That's so," replied Nat, glancing at his watch. "Seems as we've got the whole arternoon to engineer the job. Let's grub a bit, and start right away for Whitechapel."

While at the meal, Prime seemed thoughtful, and did not respond very enthusiastically to Dr. Dick's delight at discovering the whereabouts of the treasure. Dick commented on this.

"You don't seem over-pleased, Nat," he said in a piqued tone, "yet your share will be twenty-five thousand pounds; and you ought to be both contented and delighted. What's your trouble?"

"Yu-ying, doctor. I don't trust that heathen a cent. What did he give back the jade god for?"

"Because he couldn't find the secret of opening it," replied Dick; "and seeing that the image was no good, he restored it to its proper owner."

Nat shook his head. "As a priest of the temple, Yu-ying is the proper owner of that there god," said he doubtfully. "I stole it, y'know, so 'twasn't mine; not much. No, doctor; there's something queer about the biz. Guess this Chinky's rubbin' it in with salt."

"What do you mean, Nat?"

"Why," said Mr. Prime coolly, "'twouldn't surprise me to find as how

Yu-ying has lifted the lot of them gods of gold, and he's sent back Kwan-tai so as we kin take a squint at the empty box. It 'ud be like a Chiner d—l to play low in that style."

"I hope not, I trust not!" cried Dick, turning pale. "But we had better make certain of what has been done. Come, Nat; let us start for Whitechapel at once."

Still shaking his head, for a long acquaintance with Chinamen had inspired him with a wholesome mistrust of the race, Nat paid his bill, and set out for Whitechapel in the company of Dr. Dick.

"You take my word for it, doctor," said he when they were in the train, "there's a big sell waiting for us at the end of this trip. I guess 'twasn't honesty has made that Celestial give back the jade idol."

On arriving at Whitechapel, the two adventurers had some difficulty in discovering Vesey Street; and it was quite an hour before they ascertained its whereabouts. It proved to be a narrow and dirty alley of no great length, midway in which was placed the dwelling of Yeh. A red-painted sign, sprinkled with golden Chinese characters, announced that the house was "the Abode of a Hundred Blessings," and that Yeh was a dealer in goods from the Flowery land. Dick translated this for the benefit of Nat, who could speak, but not read, Chinese, and commented thereon.

"Either the original Yeh is in existence, or this is a son of his," he said, and on Nat grunting assent they stopped at the door of the house which they fondly hoped contained the treasures of Poa, the golden idols of the Imperial dynasty of T'sin.

In answer to their knock, a sleek, soft-footed China boy, dressed in a blue indigo-hued blouse, and with his pigtail down, appeared to admit them. Nat, as more experienced in Chinese speech, explained that they wanted to see Yeh. After some hesitation, the boy conducted them through a long dark passage into a rather large room piled up with goods, in the midst of which moved three or four Chinamen. These packages were the ostensible reason of Yeh's business; but at the back of the shop, through another dark passage, there was an opium den. The boy spoke to a spectacled Chinese merchant about the two Englishmen, whereupon he came forward and addressed them in his own tongue.

"What can your vile slaves do for the lords who honour his despicable house?" asked the suave Celestial, with all the flowery humbug of Chinese speech. Nat, conversant with such rhodomontade, replied in a familiar fashion, "Your humble guests would see the learned and respectable Yeh."

"He is my worshipful father," said the Chinaman with a bow. "And what would the gracious lords with the reverend Yeh?"

For answer Nat pulled the jade idol out of his pocket; at the sight of which the son of Yeh went as green as the god's image. Down he fell on his knees and knocked his forehead three times on the floor; after which, without wasting time in explanation, he conducted the two Europeans into the opium den. Here, on a kind of elevated platform, and under the grotesque face of a particularly ugly Joss, sat Yeh, the merchant, a very old and wrinkled man. He wore heavy spectacles with tortoiseshell rims; also a thickly-wadded blouse of red silk embroidered elaborately with gold thread. Like his son, he was greatly struck by the sight of jade Kwan-tai, and, like him, made genuflexions.

"The learned Poa was my much esteemed friend," he said, bowing to the Europeans; "with me he left an iron box, to be delivered to him who showed me the image of the mighty war-god. But Poa did not say that the sacred jade god would be shown twice!"

"Oho!" cried Dick, in disgust. "Yu-ying!"

"You know the name, I see," said Yeh, a trifle grimly; "this priest of the temple in the Street of the Water Dragon is your much-admired friend?"

"Yes, yes," said Nat eagerly; "we gave him the jade box so that he

should come and look at the iron box of Poa; but we did not tell him to take it away."

"He obeyed your commands, my lord," replied Yeh, rising stiffly; he looked at the box, but he did not take it away."

Dr. Dick jumped up with a cry of relief and delight. "Then the box is here!" he said in excited tones. "Take us to see it at once!"

"It awaits your noble presence in another room."

So speaking, Yeh, followed by the anxious adventurers, passed through a little door into a kind of strong-room, dimly lighted by a small grated window. In a corner, towards which the old Chinaman pointed, there was a large iron box painted black, upon the lid of which were inscribed some Chinese characters in white paint. From a nail above this Yeh took a small copper key and presented it to Dick with a bow. Then he turned to go. "My lords can look at Poa's secret alone," said he, backing with many bows to the door.

"Who am I that I should meddle with the business of those favoured by Kwan-tai?"

On being left alone the two men looked at one another in some surprise and a little doubt. "The job's been easier than I thought," said Nat, after a pause. "All the same, I guess as Yu-ying's got some trick to play us."

"Impossible!" replied Dick, going on his knees before the box. "Here is the key, and within, no doubt, we shall find the golden gods of T'sin."

"Well," said Nat with a nod, "if everything's square, I'll never cuss a heathen Chinee again. Open the box, doctor."

The key turned easily in the lock, and Dick flung back the lid. In an instant a jet of fire spouted out with a great roar. The two men, the room, and the greater part of Yeh's dwelling were blown to shreds. They had expected to discover a fortune, instead of which they found dynamite and a terrible death.

Two months after this, when London had almost forgotten the mysterious explosion in Vesey Street, Whitechapel, a Chinaman was reporting himself to the priests of Kwan-tai's temple, Canton, in this fashion:

"Most holy men," said he, pointing to a number of golden images which lay on a lacquer table before him, "here are the images of Kwan-tai, the gods of the Imperial House of T'sin, brought back from the dark land of the Outer Barbarians by your servant Yu-ying. When your greatnesses found the confession of the evil priest Poa that he had stolen the gods, and had confided the secret of their whereabouts to the jade image of Kwan-tai, you ordered your unworthy slave to search and find the treasure, so that it should be restored to the temple in the Street of the Water Dragon. But before your servant could depart to the Land of Darkness a foreign devil, also possessed of Poa's secret, stole the jade image which contained the name of the hiding-place. I, foolish Yu-ying, followed the barbarian in a tea-junk to his own land; but it was many days before I could get the jade image. Then the foreign devil pawned for gold the sacred idol of war, and it was placed in the window of the shop. I broke the window, most reverend priests; I stole the image, and going to the house of Yeh I recovered the golden idols which are now before you. But I wished to punish Yeh for his sacrilege in conspiring with Poa against Kwan-tai; and also I desired to kill the foreign devil who had thieved the jade god. To this end I removed the golden idols from the box, and in their place I left a dangerous powder of the barbarians, which they call dynamite. This I arranged with care, so that when the lid of the box was flung open it would rush out like the breath of the Fire Dragon, and slay those who came to steal the gods. As I intended, holy ones, so it happened, as I have learnt since. The foreign devil and a friend were shattered, and also the house of Yeh was destroyed. It was for this purpose that I restored the idol Kwan-

tai to the pawnshop; and thus did I lure the foreign devils to their deaths. Now, no one knows the truth, mighty servants of Kwan-tai, save yourselves. Say, have I done well?"

And all the sleek priests answered with one voice: "Yu-ying, you have done well. Your tablet shall be placed in the temple of Kwan-tai."

And while this explanation was being made, Hagar, in far-off London, was waiting for Nat Prime to hear the story of the jade idol. But he never appeared.

*(To be Continued.)*

## BE TRUE.

"But above all, to thine own self be true."—SHAKESPEARE.

"BUT above all, to thine own self be true."
No worldly gain, or power, or pride, or pelf,
Cures that deep pang which makes the traitor rue—
False to his conscience and his better self.

Hast thou a friend? Then let no lust of gains
Urge thee to wrong him in life's fevered race:.
Not e'en betrayal fear, that worst of pains,—
'Tis pain, but not disgrace.

Fear not the scoff of coward and of cheat;
Shun false success, by guile or treachery marred;
Be sure at last thy truth with truth will meet,
And thou have thy reward.

*Reginald Gourlay.*

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## DAY DREAMS.

UNDER the soughing pines beside the drowsy stream,
Where locusts drone the livelong summer's day,
And birds make love or give themselves to play,
I lie upon a fragrant leafy bank and dream,
The pleasant day-dreams, which like the sunbeam,
That for an instant breaks the leafy covert's shade,
Yet ere its presence is fully felt doth quickly fade,
To be replaced by other bright and passing gleam;
So run my thoughts in gayest fancy free,
From love, to castles in the air or Sunny Spain,
Then back to memories of sweet love again,
And all the world is full of melody.
O happy hours! from dreary care thus set apart
To con the tender lessons of the heart.

*G. M. Fairchild, Jr.*

# THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

## V.—OUR M.P.

*With Three Illustrations by F. H. Brigden.*

OUR M.P. is a grand man. Of course when he is home amongst us he is a little bigger than when he gets down to Ottawa, where there are men of his size, and more. Politically speaking, he is a back bencher, and a good many of us realize it, though we found it out at Ottawa and not in his own county that ran him and built bonfires when he was elected. It's strange, but most people go down to the Capital with the idea that their particular member must be well up to the button-pressing place; and it is quite a shock to find that he is not a shining light, that few people know who he is or what his county is, or the scratch he had to make his last election. But I am not disparaging our member. He is an honest man and we are proud of him for that. Granny Sykes said she guessed he was too honest to get mixed up with all their goings-on, and that it was altogether likely they'd let him almost run things if it wasn't that he was just too good for their bad ways. We are behind the times, the summer visitors tell us, for we hold that a man should be clean-mouthed, clean-handed and clean-lived first, and then if the world doesn't want him for its great places, it is the world that is wrong. A man who dirties himself with the world's concerns to buy its favours has gone around the long way home. There are people who think a man ought to work at his business, or politics, or whatever he is at, first, and develop character and live religious next. We don't. We may be old-fashioned, but the good people of our town have lived and died on those principles and, so far as we can know, they have had no trouble.

Our member's name is Brown—Richard Bagner Brown; the Bagner is after his mother, and a fine woman she is. His father died when Richard was only sixteen, and the eldest of six. The widow was ailing and as poor as Job's turkey, and their fifty acres was mortgaged. Many a stronger woman would have given up and died of "give-up," and the doctors would have called it heart failure, or cerebral hemorrhage, or some big name. But Martha Brown was brave. Through that fragile little body and behind that puny, peaked face there was blood with good grit in it, and that kind of sand is worth more than the kind you get up in Klondike.

Dick is like his mother. He has all her push and go, and he earned his right to nomination and election. He had come up from nothing, as you might say, and had worked his muscle and brain for all it was worth. We don't believe in worldly success as a measuring stick, but when a man has proved that he can make a living out of his head or his hands—a good, honest living without let or favour, and without wronging a soul—it does seem to us that he has earned a right to the respect of all people.

Things went well with our member. He was one of us, and we were proud to see his name in the paper, and we read his speeches and talked about them for days, and the children parsed them in school. That's one thing about our M. P's. speeches, they can be parsed. I've heard a good many that couldn't. All the members used to get a trunk of stationery (that's all to be done away with now, for we've got a good Government), and Richard always sent his trunk home to his mother. There were stacks of paper and envelopes, and note-books and pen-knives and card cases. Mrs.

Brown used to send for the neighbours to come and see all the pretty things, and Dick's little brothers and sisters were the envy of the whole school on account of the traveling ink-bottles and penholders, and folding scissors they had. Richard stuck to his church. He brought his mother in on his arm and kept the youngsters quiet during service. He was more than a pillar, he was a pocket, too—always ready to give, and if he could spare only a little he didn't feel ashamed that it wasn't so much as others gave. There were people who wondered how our member yoked his church pew and the political stump together, but he did, and neither of them seemed hurt by it. One day Silas Jones taxed him and laid around some remarks on the floor that seemed to mean Richard was a hypocrite. He didn't answer, and the old man persisted: "You don't believe what I believe, and you think I'm narrer, don't you now?"

"Yes, and what then?" asked Richard Brown. "Well, how can you stay in the church?" he cackled. He is a most irritating man when he laughs. I never heard tell of any one who could put so much contempt and threatening into one laugh as he can.

Then our member made a speech at him.

"Do you think you are the whole church?" he said. "It's my church as well as yours. I was christened in it, and my parents were christened and married in it; my grandfathers and grandmothers lived and died in it, and I'm of it, blood and bone. It may be wrong in places. I'm likely not quite right myself, but I'm not going to leave it because you think this and that and I think that and this. You can go on your way and I will go mine, and I shouldn't wonder if we would both fetch up at the same gate, even if one or other was side-tracked part of the way along."

It's a comfortable way to look at it, and with so many different natures and places and positions and temptations, I guess we need more charity than doctrines.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He brought his mother in on his arm."

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"Then our member made a speech at him."

As the years jogged along, and Richard Brown kept his seat in Parliament, and bought more land and improved it, and improved the house and built barns, and educated his brothers and sisters, and when his mother got old, we naturally looked for him to marry. Many a girl who had heard how gay Ottawa was for members' wives, and all about Government House and what you do and wear and see, kept her eyes on the member at church and at socials and such. But nothing ever came of it, and one day, to our great surprise, when we had about given him up as a settled old batch, home he came with a wife. She was a little thing with tiny hands and feet, a pair of dolly blue eyes, and lots of pretty clothes. She seemed to look up to her husband, and as for Richard, his eyes just followed her from pillar to post. We had it settled that she had philandered after him, for her pa was a member and they'd seen each other at several sessions. Then there came a day when the brightness all went out of his face and it grew set and hard, and then in a year the young wife died and Richard was so broken down we were all afraid he'd never go down to another session. He seemed weighted with more than the sorrow of losing her. He was broken more than bereavement breaks a strong man, and we knew there was something back of it. Some of the church folks went almost to headquarters to find out what it was, but two whole years we were in the dark.

It all came out, though, when little Nellie Brown was sixteen. She was a gay little thing, as chirpy as a robin in cherry time, and she fell in love with Paul Robinson—a good-for-nothing fellow, whose one good point was his manly love for her. Mrs. Brown was nearly distracted. Richard was in Ottawa, and she sent for him the day after young Paul asked her for Nellie. He came straight home, and, somehow, it got around town, and Jacob Stinson, who is thirty-two and looks more, came marching up to the Brown farm and told Richard he would like to marry Nellie himself. Now Jacob really did like the child, and he would have been good to her, as he was to other things he owned—horses and hens and sheep. But he had tried to make love to Nellie before and she had given him more than a hint of the quarter the wind was in. Jacob's idea of marriage, though, had a French top-dressing, and he seemed to think it was

more Richard's and Mrs. Brown's affair than it was Nellie's.

Our member had aged in the two years since his wife died—grown grey at the temples, and sallow and thin, and there was a flash in his eyes sometimes which meant that fires of the soul were burning.

"Do you think Nellie loves you?" he asked Jacob.

Jacob admitted that he knew she did not, but that girls would be girls, and they generally settled after marriage. Then Richard told him that a man who took a loveless bride in ignorance was to be pitied of heaven and earth, but that a man who let a girl marry him, if he knew there was no love in her heart, was a beast, and should be lashed, and Jacob struck at him and got two black eyes for the one he gave our member. Richard spoke bitterly, but his heart was sore, for he had his first difference with his mother that morning. She was all for Jacob. She said he was a nice, respectable fellow, and had a good home and a good name, and young Paul Robinson was the worthless son of a scamp father, and what could Nellie expect but sorrow if she married him. Then Richard told her something she had never guessed at. He told her that he had married his little girl-wife against her best wish — that her mother had over-persuaded her—that he did not even know she had ever had another real lover, and that when he found that she cared more for the memory of the other than for her husband, he could have killed himself.

"Poor little thing," he cried. "She did what they told her, and God was good to her when He took her away from me. I never had the divine right to hold her in my arms. The minister did marry us, but it was no marriage in the best sense."

Then Richard sent for Paul and talked to him, and the poor fellow broke down, and said he knew he did not deserve Nellie, but he loved her, and she loved him, and they both thought it was right to speak about it, and that he had just begged Mrs. Brown to give him a chance to prove he could be something.

He was only a boy, and Nellie, who was hiding in the cupboard, said he never looked so handsome as when he plead for a chance to make himself, and said he was willing to serve his seven years for his little sweetheart.

And then Richard Brown did an odd thing. He jerked open the cupboard door and drew out Nellie all flushed and mortified, and wet-eyed, and he said: "You shall have my little sister for

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He sent for Paul and talked to him."

your wife as soon as you have made a home for her." Of course Nellie and Paul blessed him, but Mrs. Brown fumed and fretted a good deal, and told the neighbours more than she had any call to. But going against our M.P. is like running into a stone wall; so finally she gave in.

Jacob never forgave him, and he worked against him in the last election.

There was no mistake about Paul. He only needed waking and setting on his feet. Nellie wakened him and Richard stood him up and encouraged him. Their marriage was a very happy one. Not that they're rich. They never have too much money, and Nellie has to turn her dresses and do most of her cooking, but they like each other, and nothing else matters much.

You'll see our member if you go to Ottawa—he's tall and stooped a little, and his face is white and wide and strong. I think it's a little proud and hard myself, but a man cannot suffer as he has suffered without bearing some marks of it, unless he is perfectly unselfish, and not many of us are that, so we needn't expect other people to be. I'm looking for great things from him—not great things that make a noise in the world, but things that count up above. If he never does anything more, he saved one woman from a loveless marriage, and lived up to the brotherhood of man when he showed poor Paul he trusted him.

Richard has the right ideas. He says that while we draw our skirts from poor soiled womanhood, we should never bow to loveless wives. There is no difference. A marriage for money is legalized traffic in virtue. It is a sin and a shame and a pollution. If there could be any legal help for it, maybe he could pull the strings a bit, but all the legislators can do is to undo the unbearable marriages, and sometimes the divorce cure is worse than the disease itself.

But good homes can never be founded in that fashion, and because of a mother's preaching down "a daughter's heart" our member carries a set face towards the world, and has a sore, sore spot in a heart than which never was one more true.

*Ella S. Atkinson* (*Madge Merton*).

## POND LILIES.

COME! My love, and let us go
Wandering where the lilies blow;
Floating in a lazy dream,
How their snowy blossoms gleam!
Come! And while away the hours,
Cares beguiling 'midst the flowers
Of the lilies blooming, where
Summer zephyrs gently stir.
Come! My love, and we'll gather
Lilies, white and gold, together,
Where their cups expanding bloom
O'er the stagnant water's gloom.

*C. T. Easton.*

# THE APOTHEOSIS OF PADDY LARRISEY.

*By the author of "Rod and Canoe in Quebec's Adirondacks," etc.*

FROM whatever point of view you regarded it, our parish was a flat contradiction of all the laws which are supposed to regulate the coming into being of a community whose only means of subsistence was the land. The elements physical and human were rugged and austere, with little to lighten the gloom of the fierce contest between them for supremacy.

A noisy, rapid-tossed river made possible a narrow valley enclosed with granite ribbed mountains. A road followed the tortuous river windings, and the farms ran up the mountain sides in three acre strips, as was the custom of the country. As the valley became populated, settlement pushed over and along the tops of the mountains—wherever a foothold could be obtained. A worthy Scotchman was the founder of our parish, the Government having conceded him a vast tract of wild lands in the rear of the old French parishes in the rich and fertile valley of the St. Lawrence River, and north of the City of Quebec. He had peopled it with all conditions and races of men, with the famines of the old world behind them, and the land hunger of the new world in their hearts. Few of the settlers had been bred farmers, but were of many trades and occupations. Cast upon the wharves of Quebec with no capital other than sturdy arms and a numerous progeny, the offer of land for almost the taking was not to be resisted, and once in possession nothing could root them from it. Yet, every acre had to be reclaimed from dense forest, and gaunt hunger would have stalked in their midst before the settlers obtained a sufficiency from the soil to supply their wants had not fish and game been abundant.

Spring came late, summer was short, and autumn merged quickly into the long winter of fierce cold and deep snows. We were forced to adopt some of the customs of our French neighbours, and our rude houses of logs, with few windows, kept out the winter's blasts, while the great oblong square, three-decker stove kept us warm. We dressed summer and winter in the *étoffe du pays*, and we soon adopted the long beef moccasins for our feet. In all other respects, however, we clung tenaciously to the customs of our respective countries. We were as Scotch as a Highland glen, as Irish as Killarney, or as English as Yorkshire, and the dividing lines were but a line fence, or a piece of bush. National prejudices and rancour were strongly implanted in us, and we made active contention to keep alive our ancient customs and to assert our dislikes. The dependency upon one another's good services in time of need or trouble might temporarily establish a truce to our hostilities in order that we might make cause against the common enemy —want and nature, but peace was never proclaimed.

When Moriarty fell sick at the potato planting it was Black Gordon and his boys who put his crop in for him, and shortly upon his recovery gave him a beating at the end of a dispute over a line drain. Moriarty retaliated by pulling Gordon out of the river that winter amid the floating ice, to the imminent peril of his own life, and Gordon felt no coals of fire heaped upon his head.

When the entire parish took sides and matters began to assume a critical aspect, the three clerical gentlemen who presided over the spiritual affairs of the people would suspend their own religious differences for the moment to preach a gospel of toleration and good will among men ; this was most edifying to listen to, but somehow failed of its purpose in the crisis of a municipal

election or a school-board meeting—for the same reasons perhaps that old McAnney failed to establish "pace" at such gatherings. He would skirmish upon the outer edge of the crowd with pockets well filled with stones, one of which he would let fly with telling effect whenever unobserved. The row then breaking out afresh old McAnney would force his way into the thickest of the fray, calling out in indignant tones: "Pace boys! pace! Remember wat the clergy do be after tellin' us."

Removals from our parish in those early days were rare. The pride of possession, and the attachment to the homes hallowed by the creation of our own hands and the sweat of brow, had set our roots firmly into the granite of the mountains, and we were not to be stirred except by the one great leveller —Death. It was a surprise, therefore, when Sergeant Robin Maxwell, late of Her Majesty's 78th, announced to his neighbour, Sandy McAlmon, as the two toil-stained men stood leaning wearily over the fence that divided their land late in the day of a September ploughing, that he was a-wearyin' wi' the struggle, and gin he could find a purchaser for the lan' he would 'een be a flittin'.

"Dods, mon," continued he, "a life o' sojerin' a'm thinkin' no fits a mon for farmin'. The soun o' the pipes, and the clank o' sword an' rifle are mair to ma taste than fechtin' wi' stumps an' wrastlin' wi' ploo. A claymore, Sandy, is handier in ma hand than ma axe."

Sandy was speechless for a time, regarding his neighbour as a man who had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and then he answered cautiously:

"A'm no sayin' your no richt, Robin, but it's a bonnie farm, an' it's a' your ain, an' you'r your ain maister."

"Ma ain maister," contemptuously replied Robin. "A'm a slave, an' a'm driven nair to death in chains of ma ain forgin'. Am gangin' to Quebec, Sandy, to enlist the noo."

The lurid flame of late sunset hung upon the mountain top, deep shadows crept into the little valley, while the mists from the new ploughed fields lay close to the ground, ere the two men separated, but Robin's determination remained unshaken.

A few evenings later he jogged slowly homeward from Quebec in a beatific condition of mind and body, which proceeded from two causes: a Queen's shilling lay buried in his pocket, and a little brown jug was ensconced in a position of safety and readiness between his feet in the front of the cart. When he overtook Paddy Larrisey trudging along somewhat unsteadily under the double burden of over-indulgence and a sack of flour, he invited Paddy to a seat beside him.

The drive is a long one, the roads were rough and the night grew dark and cold. At the turn of the road at Lee's corners a steep unfenced hillside made a close turn a necessity. Robin had just handed the reins to Paddy, and the jug was being uplifted to his mouth, when old Bess with a perversity born of all her sex deliberately went over the declivity, and men, cart, and horse rolled to the bottom in a confused heap.

It was Robin who first found voice. "Paddy," exclaimed he faintly, "a'm 'een maist deid, but a keepit ma thumb i' the mooth o' the jug, an' if you'll cam to me, Paddy, and pull me frae the cairt a'm thinkin' anither wee soop wod restore me."

"Holy saints!" answered Paddy. "Shure the top of the worrold's upon me, and the Divil is pullin' at me extremities; if the angels of Hiven can't get a lever to pry me out of his clutches I'm afeared, Robin man, its 'deid' you'll be for want of a drap afore I'm able to hilp you." There was a confused sound of struggle here, and deep groans from Paddy, as old Bess who had been lying a-top of the Irishman scrambled to her feet, and released from the cart contentedly commenced to graze.

"Shure me heart's dishplaced and me bowels is crushed by the dirthy baste," growled Paddy. "Robin man, have you got your thumb in the nick of that jimmie-john yit, for be gobs it's only me mouth around that same nick

that'll convinche me that me own's sthill on me shoulders."

"Ay Paddy," responded Robin, "but I'll no tak ma thumb oot ontil 'am loosed frae the cairt. Ma heed's a'tween the spokes o' ane wheel, an' ma two feet are tangled i' the ither. Its i' the stocks I am like the covenanters o' old, but a'm thinkin' nane o' them e'er haud a jug o' whuskey at his thumb aind. It's a mercifu' deespensation o' providence, Paddy, and as the bible says— "

"Shure av ye's goin' to be dishputin religion with me, it's divil the sthip I'll take to help you from your commernantin position. It's sthrange to me ears wat your bible says, but I know full well wat Father O'Brien will say to me for this night's doins."

Robin extricated at last, the two worthies sat them down in the dewy grass amid the wreckage, and, after a prolonged gurgling observation of the stars through the little jug, proceeded to make a night of it. The mellowing influences of the common misfortune and that of the little jug established a bond of amity between the two, which soon led to mutual confidences, but it was Paddy who first voiced the troubles which were seemingly as canker at his heart.

"Its tired I am wrestlin' with sthumps and advershity. Whin hunger's in your sthumack and hate at your heart it do be sore work. Faix, And its lop-sided I'm growin', Robin, with workin' on the mountain side, and me two eyes are cruked with followin' the road in' the dark. Shure the tongue of me niver lied 'till I tuk to chantin' the praises of me crops—which are mostly stones by the same token."

"Hoots, mon ! why dinna you cam awa' doun intil the valley?" said Robin, who now saw the chance for a purchaser for his farm.

"Kim into the valley is it," sniffed Paddy. "Uunless there's an earthquake followed by a landslide, or I kim into me esthates, in Oirland, which the rightful owners are kapin' me out of, its only the valley I'll see from me castle on the mountain."

"Weel, Paddy," responded Robin, "I'm thinkin' I micht sell the fairm gin I could fin' the richt man, an' I wud gie him time to pay for it."

"Troth, if toime will pay for the farm, Robin dear, I'm your man, so give us your fhist and we'll call it a bargain," gleefully answered Paddy.

Robin failed to see the covert qualification in Paddy's ready willingness to take the farm, and the bargain was soon struck. The two men soon afterwards fell asleep. Thus it came to pass that Paddy became the proprietor of Robin Maxwell's valley farm.

Robin's roupin' (auction) quickly followed, and the day following the roupin' the Larisseys moved down from the mountain. Biddy drove one horse before a rickety two-wheel cart, unon which was loaded the "childer," a diminutive pig in a crockery crate, and a dozen of squakin' fowl tied together in pairs by the legs. Biddy sat on the brace-bar of the shafts, bareheaded and bare-legged. Shoes and stockings were reserved in those days for church-going on Sundays, and then they were carried under arm until a close approach to the Lord's sanctuary warned us that it was time to put them on.

Paddy followed Biddy in charge of the household goods, a load as light as the owner's heart this eventful day: one creaky wooden chair for Biddy's use, or for guest service, when it always received a hurried wipe from the hem of Biddy's petticoat, a great three-decker, oblong, square box stove to stand in the centre of the one living-room, a home-made rough deal table, two split balsam benches, the family chest, three chipped and cracked "chiny" plates, and as many cups, a large iron tea-kettle, and a pot for boiling the pig's and "childer's" potatoes, several patch-work coverlets, and some *paliasses*, to be filled later with straw for beds.

Young Jack trudged behind driving the cows and the six months' old calf, which was possessed of an insane desire to bolt into every bit of bush, and which kept Master Jack actively employed.

Mrs. McAlmon, from her window, watched the Larriseys debarkation with a divided sentiment; pity for the ragged, neglected-looking children, and wrath towards the shiftless parents. Having no bairns of her own, she had taken those of the entire neighbourhood under her wing, and in time they came to know her as "Mammy McAlmon." As became a Scotch housewife, she was orderly and thrifty, with little patience or sympathy for those endowed with less of these qualities than she herself possessed.

When Jamie came in from the choppin' that evening, and had scoured himself in the basin on the bench outside the door, Janet met him at the threshold with a big jack-towel. While he polished his face to a shining finish, Janet opened the pent-up floodgates of her disgust with the new neighbours.

"Hoots, Jamie! but yon be queer fouk. Aboot an hour frae their comin' Biddy came ben, and she sat her doun, and I fair thocht she'd tak' root. I heerd some o' the bairns greetin' wi' hunger, an' I speered her to gang awa' to them, but she just said: 'Shure, mum, the sand forninst the dure do be fine and clean, and its much like Indian meal, it is. The childer, God bless them! will soon have a foine tasthe for it. Is it the loan of a drawin' of tay you could let me have, Mrs. McAlmon?'

"About two o'clock I pit some scones intil ma pocket, an' I hied me yon, an' Jamie mon, ye'll sair belie' me when I tell you what I speered thro' the winner. Paddy and Biddy were dancin' an Irish jig to Biddy's liltin', an' the bairns were haudin' their sides wi' lauchin, and not a thing touched in all a' the hoose.

"'Top of the day to you mum;' said Paddy, 'shure Biddy and I were tistin the flure and cheerin' the childer up a bit. Jack, you red-headed omadhoun, rin down to the fince and bring up a good dhry pole to sthart a fire with, for it's a cup of tay you'll be after havin' with us mum?'

"'Mony thanks,' said I, 'but when I come to tak' tea wi' you, Maister Larrisey, I'll sen' you word I'm comin'.'

"'Shure you'll be heartily wilcum, mum to the best we have in the house.'"

Jamie, sparing of words, groaned an acknowledgment of all that his wife had said, and went into his supper.

Paddy soon became a thorn in the side of thrifty neighbours, but his unfailing Irish wit, unvarying good humour, and wonderful power of mimicry, pulled him through many a scrape with a certain aplomb. The borrowing capacity of the whole family had no apparent limit; it certainly possessed no modesty. There was nothing they hesitated to ask for, and nothing was ever returned until sent for, and not always then. Paddy's fences were soon despoiled for firewood, and his horse and cow roamed at will. Old hats and wisps of straw replaced the glasses that were broken by the youngsters, and the barn door hung idly on one hinge. Paddy worked in a desultory way, but his luck, as he termed it, was always "agin" him. His neighbours, however, in discussing him, which was often, told a different tale, with many indignant and laughing comments, as they happened to view the particular case in review.

In the early winter of that year the smallpox raged with great violence in the French parishes to the south of ours. We quarantined against them with commendable rigour, and a passing French-Canadian received scant courtesy at our hands. Even the Indians from camps far among the mountains were invited to move on, while the dogs made noisy clamour at their heels. It was no time for ceremony or discrimination.

The night of the commencement of the great snowstorm, which is even now remembered because it blocked our roads for weeks aud cut off all communication throughout the parish, excepting by the use of snowshoes, there came a knock at Anderson's door. Anderson answered it in person, and there stood little Joe Barras, looking like a snow-man, so covered was he.

"You giv me place for stay; ver' bad night, no can see road?"

"Not in the house, Joe; we don't want no smallpox here. Find a place in the straw in the barn; and, Joe, there is an old buffalo robe on the battery floor to throw over you"—and Anderson closed the door on the storm and his unwelcome guest.

In the morning, when Anderson dug himself into the barn, Joe's snowshoe track led out of it. The children played there that day. One of them hid under the buffalo robe that little Joe had used. Smallpox broke out in the house within a week, and ere many days threatened the extinction of the entire family.

No one ventured into the infected house. The stricken ones, including the mother, were dependent upon the half-crazed father for all the care they received. Two of the children died, and it was the father who was compelled to perform all the sad rites for the dead. Our hearts ached for him, as we saw him pass with the two little rough deal coffins on the wood sleigh to the silent burial; but fear steeled us against exposing ourselves to the loathsome disease. We pitied without the tender of service. When Anderson from his door next day hailed a passing neighbour to say that he too was ill, we were paralyzed. Even Paddy Larrisey grew thoughtful, and for the nonce forgot his song and joke. In the evening he sat long with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, while Biddy moved about uneasily, but speechlessly, in an ecstasy of unknown fear. Paddy finally rose, and, without a word, put on his coat and hat.

"Where do ye be a-goin the night, Paddy dear?" anxiously enquired Biddy, who now found voice.

"To hivin, perhaps," tersely replied Paddy; "but do you take care of the children, Biddy, and God bless yis all." And Paddy disappeared into the night.

"O, Paddy!" wailed his wife after him, "come back, come back!" But there was no reply. As she stood straining her eyes into the darkness, there was a sudden stream of light from the Anderson house, and all was dark again. Her worst fears for Paddy were confirmed, and she uttered a loud cry of terror, which the "childer" in the house re-echoed.

Paddy's greeting to Anderson was a simple "Shure me heart's bled for you, man, and I've kim to help a-while; so into bed with you, and I'll take a luk around."

The state of things was about as appalling as the nature of the disease, but Paddy rose superior to the conditions, and ere the night had passed, in his rude way he had restored some order, and the house became filled with the sunshine of his presence. In the days and weeks which followed he laboured incessantly, and with a devotedness and gentleness that endeared him to each suffering member of the household. In the long nights of restlessness among the children, he quieted them with wonderful tales of the good fairies. To the parents he was a ministering angel of hope. If he slept at all it must have been with wide-open eyes and sitting bolt upright in a chair, for he was ever ready upon the slightest call. He gave little thought to himself. Daily he appeared upon the little hill and shouted words of encouragement to Biddy, with many messages for the "childer."

There came a day at last when Biddy, rushing breathlessly into our house, said:

"Faix, there do be a hilth doctor out at Anderson's, and Paddy says he's dishinfestin' the house, and Paddy's kimmin' home, though the doctor do be tillin him that he must burn all the clothes that do be on his back before he kin lave. Troth if he do it's the quare soight he'll be rinnin thro' the snow with only God's lither on him, for divil's the ha'porth ilse he'll have, for Jack, bad luck to that bhoy, cut off the legs of Paddy's Sunday pants."

After much search we finally overcame this difficulty in the way of Paddy's home-coming. It was worth while to see him strutting homeward

quite unconscious of his heroism, but full of the importance of a pair of black pants, a long-tailed coat, and an ancient clerical beaver, with a three weeks' growth of scrubby beard beneath it. When we cheered him as he passed, he took it entirely as a compliment to his gay appearance, and gracefully touched his hat in acknowledgment, giving it a rakish tilt as he replaced it.

Moriarty before the mass on the following Sunday shouted out in the impulsive Irish way: "Now, byes, since Paddy's alive to die in his own bid, it's a sind off we'll be after givin' him, and ivery man of ye's'll bring wan thing or the other to hilp him through the winter." And they all replied, "Amin!"

At the kirk door McAlmon voiced the sentiment of the assembled elders, when he said: "I'm no sayin' that Paddy does'na fash me at times, but his heart ye ken is i' the richt place, an' its a braw act, an' I forgie him the past."

What Anderson and his wife said Paddy never revealed, but the greatest thrashing that Phil. Muldoon ever received was at Anderson's hands for some disparaging remark he made about Paddy.

*G. M. Fairchild, Jr.*

## UNTO MY LADYE.

THERE is a ladye known to me
And steadfaste sunne-stronge eyne hath she
Mock-sober eyne that love makes free,
Love makes free.

My ladye's lippes I do declare
Are joy-cuppes knowynge no compare,—
O would that mine were restynge there,
Restynge there.

My ladye's heart is large and liefe
And womanne-tender. Thralle is chiefe,
Yfostered inne that favoured fiefe,
That favoured fiefe.

O ladye mine! O ladye mine!
That I shoulde bee your lorde is signe
Of wonder,—but ye sunne doth shine,
Ye sunne doth shine.

And so I pray that blessed bee
Ye queene of alle feminitee,
Faire ladye of my fealtie,
My fealtie.

*G. Herbert Clarke.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

AT any time it is no easy task to discern the true significance and drift of foreign affairs. Even the keenest observer admits that just now the matters of deepest import are being directed, in secret, by diplomatists. We have only the publicly recorded occurrences to guide us. In Europe, at least, secretaries of state and ambassadors do not herald their achievements with a brass band.

What the onlooker sees is that France, having concluded a treaty with Russia, is accommodating herself to good relations with Great Britain. The visit of the King of Siam to London and Paris is one sign of an understanding between the two countries in Asia. Simultaneously comes the announcement of a new treaty between England and China, defining frontier lines in that part of the world. In Africa, Lord Salisbury has yielded complete French control of Tunis, nominally for a low duty on cottons for fifteen years. The British price for the concession is unknown, but France thus far has responded with an offer to adjust outstanding difficulties in West Africa. The press of Paris have also been at pains to point out that the new alliance with Russia is not necessarily antagonistic to England, and that even were the British protectorate of Egypt withdrawn, France would not attempt to fill the vacant place. How far this portends a treaty of "benevolent neutrality" in the event of France taking advantage of the next war to resume possession of Alsace and Lorraine is matter for conjecture. But the steadily growing jealousy in Great Britain of German trade competition points to a contingency that will find the two western powers side by side, rather than to a resumption of the close relations formerly existing between England and the Triple Alliance.

In Germany, however, the very reverse is held to be true, and British statesmen are being assured that their policy must necessarily tend towards the old position. The German Emperor, meanwhile, is reviving the cordial understanding with his earthly allies, and proclaiming the intimate connection between his Imperial House and Divine Providence. The only perceptible response comes from the Austrian Emperor, and the visit of William to Hungary was the occasion of many mutual embracements between the two rulers and much talk of peace. The German Reichstag meets in a few weeks and will determine how far the naval programme of the ambitious Kaiser is to be carried out.

That the tranquility, if not the actual existence, of Austria-Hungary hangs upon the life of Emperor Francis Joseph is increasingly evident. The personal popularity of this monarch of 67 years of age binds together an empire so heterogeneous that its ultimate division seems certain. In Hungary he has been greeted as usual with the utmost enthusiasm, and his parting injunction to the Government to erect a series of statues to the patriots and other heroes of Hungary has soothed the national pride. Not less remarkable, as a visible token of the pacification of the Magyars, is the visit of King Charles of Roumania. The designs of his new Prime Minister, M. Sturdza, upon the Roumanian province of Hungary—Transylvania—are skilfully ignored, since the Minister has formally abjured the policy for which he agitated when in opposition. As Paris was "worth a mass" to Henri of Navarre, the sacrifice of an opinion is clearly worth a modern Premiership.

The duel of Count Badeni, the Polish Minister of Austria, with one of his fiercest critics in the Reichstrath, is one indication of the decline of parliamentary institutions there. The Emperor and the Church have graciously forgiven the offender, the public

applaud him, and it is not related that he is on bad terms with himself. That the German-Czech portion of the patchwork empire is torn by party strife is one of the disturbing elements in a situation already complicated enough. The financial statement, just presented, appears to remove for another year the problems that were expected to arise from a new system of taxation, and a re-arrangement of Imperial burdens.

Turning to Great Britain, the leaders of the Opposition—there appear to be several with equal rank and power —are found assailing both the domestic and foreign policy of the Government. The party has shown signs of revival in the constituencies, but a Ministry with a loss of only four seats in the first two years of its existence, and a majority in the House of Commons of over 140, can hardly be considered in any immediate danger. Mr. Morley has once more revived home rule for Ireland, but the Irish leaders do not respond to the greeting. They have been promised a partial fulfilment of their hopes by Mr. Balfour next session, and are evidently awaiting the new measures. With the skill of a tactician, civil and military, Lord Wolseley has taken advantage of the presentation of the freedom of Glasgow to remind the nation that their army is not even adequate to the needs of the hour. It took several years of agitation to convince the British people that their commerce, no less than their prestige, was menaced by a decline in naval strength. But England has never been satisfied with supremacy at sea alone. The achievements of Blake, Nelson and Rodney were supplemented by the genius of Marlborough and Wellington on land, and Lord Wolseley's plain meaning is that if some continental force like Napoleon rises again, and Great Britain is once more called upon to defend the liberties of Europe, she would be unable to face the emergency. The political economists have not banished war, because they have not extinguished national feeling or stifled national ambition, and it is by no means certain that the Peace Society have argued away the military instincts of the English race. Upon this Lord Wolseley builds, and with the Secretary of War, Lord Lansdowne, behind him, the significant warning at Glasgow may soon bear fruit.

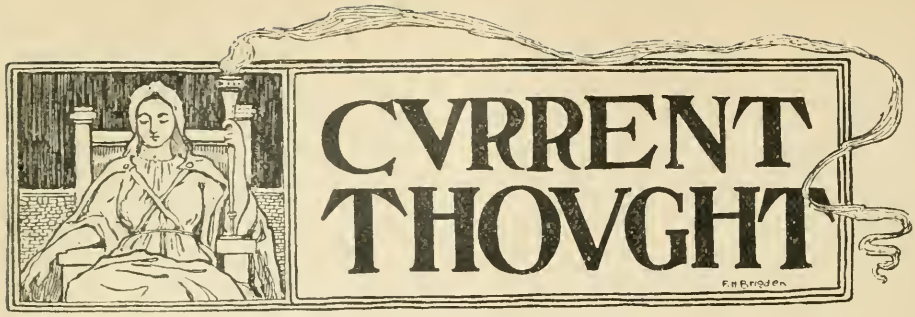
Despite conflicting intelligence, the war now proceeding at the Indian frontier goes far to prove the readiness of the British forces in the great dependency to meet a sudden danger. The politicians do not agree upon the causes of the outbreak. That it follows the famine and the plague, the advancement of British power further north, and the restlessness of the Moslems over the war in Greece is clear enough, each factor having some weight in the disastrous result. What the world sees is the instant mobilization of 50,000 British troops on the frontier, the speedy punishment of several of the tribes, and the steady fidelity of the native soldiery engaged in the service of the Queen-Empress. The loss of many brave lives, and the plunging of English homes into mourning, is poor solace for those who are the sufferers ; but it is the penalty of empire, and no whisper is heard that England should retreat before the enemy. It is the Sultan's revenge, say some. That worthy, it is true, always maintains his emissaries among the eighty million Moslem subjects of the British Crown. These emissaries, mostly of the ecclesiastical type, are prone to excite the religious passions of the Mahommedans in India, who did not conceal their joy at the defeat of the Greeks. That any serious disturbance of Moslem allegiance in India has occurred is denied stoutly by those who claim to know, and the valour of the native troops seems to bear out this view.

A partial revival of business in the United States has not wholly vindicated Mr. McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity. The new tariff was high enough, but it still fails to yield revenue sufficient for the national expenditure, and a deficit of twenty millions of dollars already confronts the

tariff-framers. There is a probability that the duties have been placed so high as actually to prevent importations, in which case inadequate revenue will continue to haunt the politicians who shudder at the bare thought of reducing expenditures. But the exports show a large increase, and what is termed the "balance of trade" is enormously in favour of the United States. It does not seem to occur to Washington legislators that foreign customers may begin in time to weary of purchasing from a country whose fixed policy is so unfriendly. Great Britain is a large purchaser of United States products, but there is not the faintest approach to reciprocity in tariffs. Internal trade in the republic is distinctly better, however, and disquieting rumours of a war with Spain are not sufficiently well-founded to dislocate trade. The Cuban situation is unquestionably embarrassing. It is fair to judge the diplomatic policy of the United States by what other powerful nations in the same position would do. The contiguity of Cuba forces the question upon the American Government, and the island has been wretchedly misgoverned. No foreigner who resides in or visits Cuba fails to sympathize with the Cubans as against the Spaniards. The prolonged war is an evidence that either Spain is unable to regain control, or that the campaign has been badly conducted. Generals Campos and Weyler have been re-called one after the other, and the suspicion which was attached to some of the British generals in the early stages of the revolutionary war of 1776 has been directed toward the Spaniards. The recent diplomatic interchanges are declared to have been marked by extreme consideration for the national pride of the Dons. It is even hinted that the naval manœuvres of the United States warships will, for the present, be carried out in waters as distant from Cuba as possible. In short, Spain is to be given one more chance to recover her rebellious colony. If she fails, the United States will find itself face to face with the gravest of international difficulties —the common European jealousy against interference with their transoceanic possessions, a feeling which has never slept, or which, when the armies of France had secured American independence in 1783, nearly turned those same forces against the extension of the new republic to the limits assigned by the treaty.

In the municipal election of Greater New York a trial of strength is taking place between the agitation for pure administration, personified in the candidature of Mr. Low, and the other elements of a less promising character. The constituency is now too vast for successful prophecy of the result. A victory for Henry George and the free silver Democrats would be an ominous portent of the next presidential contest. The President has currency reform to tackle yet, and this subject, with the annexation of Hawaii, will be two of the choice dishes to be set before Congress in December. There is again a report that Mr. Sherman will retire from the Secretaryship of State, a withdrawal that will cause no pangs at home or abroad. By the refusal of Great Britain to participate in a conference on the Behring Sea sealing question, along with Russian and Japanese delegates, the headlong diplomacy of Mr. Sherman has met with a check which greater care would have avoided. The United States desires to secure a monopoly of seal catching for its commercial company; this may be obtained, but not by either diplomatic juggling or browbeating.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*




## A FRENCH HISTORIAN.

M. B. Jordan writes of Hippolyte A. Taine, the French historian, in the September *Self-Culture.* His most important life-work is a history of France which is divided into three parts: The Ancient Régime, which describes the encroachment of the upper classes on the lower; The Revolution, which deals with the wrongs committed by the Red Republicans; and The Modern Régime, which comes down to us with one unfinished chapter and deals with the conclusion of the struggle.

Taine was born at Vouziers, 1828, and from his infancy was imbued by his intellectual relatives with the doctrine of the rights of man. His father taught him Latin and Greek, and his uncle made him familiar with English. At fourteen he knew Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser as few English boys of that age know them. He was afterwards educated at Paris for a professional career, acquiring much intellectual independence. He secured a position in a Government school, but this independence caused him to lose the favour of the authorities. His first great book was "Lafontaine and His Fables," and in it was the first distinct formulation of his theory,

"That every human being is born with certain tendencies peculiar to his race, which guidè his thoughts and actions; that all his deeds, whether good or evil, are to be traced to these innate sources. . . . . According to him, the function of criticism and the critic was exactly counter to those generally held. He looked upon man as a walking theorem, and insisted upon enduring criticism, and always set to work with fixed scientific formulæ. . . . According to his ideas, if we wish to study an author critically, we have only to ask three groups of questions: 1st, Where was he born? Who were his ancestors? What were the root ideas of his race? 2nd, Under what conditions and circumstances was he educated? What position did he hold in society? To what influences was he exposed? 3rd, What were the peculiar tendencies of his time and how was he affected by them?"

Taine travelled in the Pyrenees and wrote a book of travels called "A Trip Through the Pyrenees," which differed greatly from the ordinary book of travels in that it dwelt not so much on the beauty of the views, but on the causes from which their beauty sprang. He then wrote a book called "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century," and his first set of critical essays on La Bruyère, Racine, Balzac, Guizot, Saint-Simon and Michelet.

When he was thirty-two he went to London to study in the British Museum for his history. While in London he wrote "a most delightful and racy book of 'Notes' on his impressions of England—life, homes, schools, art, and lastly, its men—for as he says, 'At bottom the essential thing about a country is man. Through him the age may be deciphered and the men through the age.'" He also wrote a "History of English Literature," which is vigorous, truthful and impressive, but which was condemned by the French academy as being heretical in religion and philosophy.

"During the sixty-five years of his life, Taine was an indefatigable toiler and accomplished an almost unparalleled amount of work. The aim of his life was to substitute the reign of fact in literature for that of pure illusion. He once said that he always felt like bowing his head in the presence of a verified fact. His death closes an epoch in French literature, and, indeed, the literature of the world loses in him a most vivid personality and a fearless disciple."

### PRINCIPLES IN FICTION.

In the October *Atlantic Monthly*, James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," writes of "Two Principles in Recent American Fiction." The first, or Feminine Principle, has three essential characteristics: Refinement, Delicacy, Grace; and three non-essential: Smallness, Rarity, Tact. When a writer passes under the control of this principle,

> "He invariably selects the things that have been subdued by refinement, the things that have been moulded by delicacy, the things that invite by grace, the things that secrete some essence of the rare, the things that exhibit the faultless circumspection towards all the demeanours of the world that make up the supremely feminine quality of tact. . . . . The Feminine Principle, then, is twofold in its operation and significance; it is a law of election, it is a law of treatment. Like the real woman it is, if it once be allowed to have its will, it must have its way."

The effect of this principle was to produce in the United States a literature of the imagination, embodying certain fresh and characteristic New World ways, yet holding fast to the primary standards of good taste, good thought, and good breeding. It taught the United States prose writer that he must "learn first of all things the sacred use of language as masterfully as a painter learns the sacred use of brush and pigment, or a violinist the sacred use of strings."

This principle is still active, but not all-powerful.

> "Meantime, a novelty has made its appearance among us, and the curiosity, the enthusiasm, and the faith of the nation stand ready to be transferred to it. This stranger, this new favourite, approaches us under the guise of what is known in the art of the world as the Masculine Principle. . . . Its characteristics are Virility as opposed to Refinement, Strength as opposed to Delicacy, Massiveness as opposed to Grace. . . . Largeness as opposed to Smallness, Obviousness as opposed to Rarity, Primary or Instinctive Action as opposed to Tact, which is always Secondary or Premeditated Action; and all these things are true of this principle, whether it be regarded as a law determining the choice of material, or as a law determining the choice of method."

In but one race were these two Principles ever perfectly blended—the Greeks. "In Greek art alone, in its sculpture, in its literature, virility and refinement, achieved and maintained a perfect balance. There strength was made to gain by reason of delicacy, and delicacy to be founded on strength. There the massive could be graceful, and the graceful could be massive." Perhaps, admits Mr. Allen, the union of these two Principles may have also been as perfectly blended in Shakespeare's mind—but this was for the first time in the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, and possibly for the last.

In the United States literature of to-day, the Feminine Principle is being dethroned, and the Masculine Principle being more and more worshipped. A destructive and a constructive work are proceeding side by side. United States literature is less graceful and delicate than in the days of Irving and Hawthorne and Poe, and does not give so much heed to little things. It is exhibiting more masculinity and also more passion, and hence is more virile.

The great work before his country's literature, thinks Mr. Allen, is to combine these two principles as did Shakespeare and as did the Greeks. It would also be a grand thing for Canada were every writer to study and ponder what Mr. Allen has written, for Canadian literature, especially our poetry, is distinctly feminine.

### BACON—SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Bucke's article in the September *Canadian Magazine* has attracted much attention,* but some newspaper writers, notably in the Orillia *Packet* and the Toronto *Globe*, cannot see clearly why Bacon would wish to conceal his authorship of the plays. At our request, Dr. Bucke explains his view of it as follows:

It has often been asked: Why, if Bacon wrote the Shakespeare drama, did he conceal his authorship thereof, and, having concealed it, why did he desire the fact to be known after his

* A contribution to this controversy, from the pen of Professor Goldwin Smith, will appear in the December (Christmas) number.

death? Most of the Shakespeare plays were written between 1590 and 1603, while Elizabeth was living. Bacon was then 30-43 years of age, and aspired to political honours. To have been known as a writer of any plays would have been fatal to his aspirations; it is even probable that the mere suspicion of his authorship retarded his advancement materially. Moreover, these particular plays were too democratic to be looked upon with favour by the great in that age. Richard II., especially, was considered by Elizabeth as almost, if not quite, treasonable, dealing as it did with the overthrow and execution of a king.

Any one who will look into the subject so far as to realize how Lady Ann (Bacon's mother) would have felt had she known that her son was writing plays will never need to ask the question again. By many of the best people of that time, the writing of these plays by a man of Bacon's family and position would have been considered almost, if not quite, disgraceful.

Bacon accurately sums up the case in just thirteen words in his great prayer: "I have procured *though in a dispised weed* the good of all men." I take no stock in Bacon's alleged relationship to the Queen. I think all this, indeed, absurd, nor could Bacon derive honour from it if it existed. Bacon was noble in another and higher sense. Here is what he says of fame and such rewards as this life can give:

"For myself my heart is not set upon any of those things which depend on external accidents. I am not hunting for fame. I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of the heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this, I should consider both ridiculous and base. Enough for me the consciousness of well-deserving, and those real and effectual results with which fortune itself cannot interfere."[1]

At the same time, it was necessary that the world should eventually know who wrote the plays, so that these and his other works should shed light the one upon the other, and he left such clues as he knew must eventually lead men to the fact. He undoubtedly looked that the whole matter should be cleared up within a generation or two after his death; but the rebellion against Charles followed by the Commonwealth, accompanied as it was by the dominance of Puritanism, overwhelmed the plays so thoroughly that it took them some two hundred years to rise again to the surface.

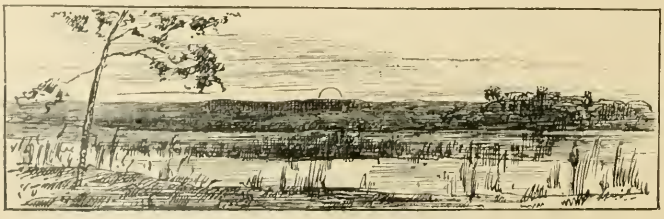
Bacon foresaw the coming deluge: "Not," he says, "that I apprehend any more barbarian invasions . . . but the civil wars which may be expected . . . to spread through many countries, together with the malignity of sects . . . seem to portend for literature and the sciences a tempest not less fatal, and one against which the printing office will be no effectual security."[2]

But though he saw it coming, it is probable he did not expect the waters to rise as high as they actually did. Almost as soon as the flood passed by, the question of the authorship of the plays arose and will undoubtedly be now debated until it is settled.

I do not say, neither do I think, that the actor Shakespeare was an impostor; and I cannot understand (if the Baconian argument is "plausible") how the anagram discovered by Dr. Platt can fail to strengthen it.

1 Proem—Life and Times of Francis Bacon—James Shedding; in two vols.; Houghton Osgood, 1878. Vol. I., p. 421

2 Ibid.



# EDITORIAL COMMENT.

BECAUSE this number of The Canadian Magazine marks the opening of the Tenth Volume, we have been bold enough to label it an "Anniversary number." The articles, illustrations and general appearance are—if we may be permitted to say it—rather above the average, and are an indication of the progress which the management is continually seeking to maintain. In everything our desire is to be a credit to Canadian journalism, Canadian literature, and the Canadian people—to produce a truly Canadian magazine. The Christmas number will be decorated with an entirely new cover, and will contain much special matter. Special attention is directed to the series of historical articles by Dr. Bourinot commenced in this number. These twelve articles will give the reader an intelligent account of every great event in Canadian history.

**The Reason.**

Just now Canadians are in a rather joyful mood. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has returned from London, and owing to the fuss that was made over him in Great Britain, and owing also to the rise in the price of wheat, the people have given him a royal welcome. Sir Wilfrid is at present the greatest among a body of citizens who have never felt their importance so much as at present. If there are any persons who are not really warm in their praises of him, it is those few pessimists scattered through the land who prophesied but a few years ago that a closer union of the Mother Country and the Colonies was impossible. Sir Wilfrid has assisted in bringing about this closer relation, and consequently these prophets are rather half-hearted. They hate to be out of the running, yet are afraid of being carried too fast and too far.

**A Joyful Nation.**

The news comes from London that Great Britain, in her diplomatic conduct in the sealing controversy, is taking the advice of the Government of the country most interested—that of the Dominion of Canada. That British statesmen should so lower themselves as to accept the advice of Canadian Ministers on a purely Canadian matter has surprised and disgusted the people at Washington. Their surprise may be excused, but their disgust will simply be understood. Canada will henceforth be heard in the diplomacy of the Empire, and United States encroachments on this continent will be less easy than heretofore.

Not only is Canada being taken into the councils of the Empire, but the attention of those possessing power and credit is being directed towards a country capable of supplying much to that great land of consumers across the sea. It is a question of exchange, and when the close study which it is now receiving shall have borne fruit, Canada will be transformed. The Government of Canada seems to be doing its part in explaining the richness and capabilities of the country, and those desirous of investing are certainly looking closely into the information. A favourable result is inevitable.

The man who feels that he is rising in the world is always jubilant, though naturally in a quiet way. The Canadian nation is in this position to-day, and on the crest of the rise is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is playing his part nobly, honourably and magnificently, and no person can grudge him what he has gained. Yet it is to be hoped that the crest of the rising wave of Canada's greatness will still be noticeable when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the

other prominent and obscure men of this period shall have been displaced by those now following in their footsteps.

When one reads the history of the world, one discovers that there have been countries ruined because of the selfishness of their citizens. If there is one thing more than another which has advanced Great Britain to her proud pre-eminence, it is that her citizens love their country as they love themselves. In Canada it is partially, but not wholly, true.

Politics and Defence.

The majority of our politicians and rulers are selfish, and this selfishness will wreck Canada just as surely as it has delayed her development if it be not presently checked. Some departments of our Government are administered more for the benefit of "the party," and the friends of the party, than for the benefit of the commonwealth. Occasionally a man in power rises above such degrading conduct, but he is soon relegated to some office where he can spend nothing but his small salary. Those in favour of the spoils system crowd him to the wall.

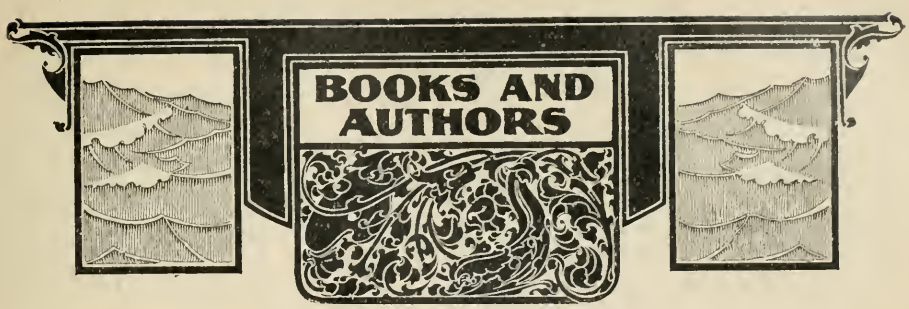
Canada's defence is weak for such reasons as this. Her militia department has been administered in a political instead of a military manner. Our best officers are knocked around from one place to another, and are forced to recognize that it is not military merit, but political pull, which will enable them to keep their positions. Canada has had as commanders-in-chief several capable officers from Great Britain, but every one of them has fallen into disrepute at Ottawa, and gone home disgusted with the incompetence and the greed of the Canadian politicians. It is doubtful if, after the present occupant is recalled, a capable British officer will be found who would be willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of our selfishness.

Last month, The Canadian Magazine advocated the drilling for twelve days of each year of all citizens between 21 and 26 years of age, and the cry goes up that the people would not bear the expense. Let me quote two instances of the expense they are now bearing: The cost of lighting the Fredericton Infantry School for 1896 was $2,027.39; while the combined cost of light for the London Infantry School, the Toronto Cavalry and Infantry Schools, the Kingston Battery Barracks, the St. John's Infantry School, and the barracks at Quebec, was $1,260.26. The second is different; at a recent military camp in Nova Scotia, one-half of a squadron of cavalry under pay had no swords with which to drill. These are but samples of the extravagance which the people permit, and from them and other examples which are disclosed from time to time, we feel quite safe in saying that if the Government were to increase the expenditure on Militia and Defence by a million dollars a year there would be no "kick" from the country. How could the people raise an objection? They could only raise a cry through the press; —well, the press is easily managed.

Referring to our remarks of last month, the *Military Gazette* makes a suggestion:

> "The ideas put forth in this article are well worth consideration. It is a question whether money could not be easily raised by increasing the militia and using the ballot to fill the ranks, compelling each man drawn to pay an exemption fee of, say, $2, if he did not desire to perform military service. In this way the cost would be equalized, one man giving his time and another his money."

A prominent officer, in a private letter, draws attention to the fact that the expenditure on Militia and Defence in Canada in 1895 was about 25c. per head of the population, whereas in Great Britain, during the same year, it was $4 per head. Why not increase the expenditure in Canada to a dollar per head, so that we would not be ridiculous? The increased number of men trained, and the increased thoroughness of the training, would be of enormous physical benefit to the Canadian race. Moreover, such an expenditure would be but a small insurance against the destruction of Canadian property by a hostile, invading force.




## ROBERTS' CANADIAN HISTORY.

WHEN I was a youngster at school, Canadian history was one of my bugbears. I would be told to commit to memory long lists of dates and events, but of the story of Canada I heard not a word. I was too young to read Parkman—and who of all the others who have written about Canadian history recognized its romance? My teachers did not thrill with the romantic story of the makers and making of Canada—and a teacher that lacks enthusiasm never teaches.

Last year Bourinot's "Story of Canada" appeared, and the writer then ventured the opinion that it was the best one volume history of Canada that up to that time had been written. Dr. Bourinot omits the useless—to the ordinary reader and to youths and maidens—dates and minor events. He tells the romantic story of Canada in a taking way, affording the reader a comprehensive glance over the different periods. Yet when there are romantic, thrilling and touching details required to complete the description of a campaign, a battle, or a constitutional struggle, Dr. Bourinot always gives them.

Charles G. D. Roberts, the enterprising and talented young Canadian who now occupies a prominent editorial chair in New York, has also given us a one-volume Canadian history.* To compare this with Bourinot's book would be a difficult task, and might be unfair to both. Bourinot is certainly more accurate in his details, and more constitutional in his point of view. Roberts' work is somewhat longer and deals with some of the minor events which Bourinot omitted. Roberts' style is perhaps more graceful, and the dramatic quality of his descriptions stronger and more impressive. In patriotism and loyalty both have acquitted themselves as true citizens, although the one is a servant of the Crown whose praises he sings and the other a literary exile on foreign soil; while, as historians, both have proved themselves to belong to the most advanced school.

To give an idea what Mr. Roberts crowds into his five hundred large pages would be impossible, except to state that it is a complete history of Canada from 1000 to 1895, A.D., with a final chapter on intellectual progress, material progress, present conditions and the outlook; but an example of his style may be in order. Take, for instance, the account of General Sheaffe's victory on that famous Oct. 13, 1812:

> On the death of Brock, the chief command fell on General Sheaffe, who was at Fort George. About noon he arrived at Queenston, bringing with him three hundred regulars of the 41st and 49th regiments, two companies of Lincoln militia, two hundred Chippewa volunteers and a small band of Six Nations Indians. These additions swelled the Canadian force to nearly one thousand men—a motley throng, but of vengeful and eager mettle. Ringing the American position with a circle of converging fire, Sheaffe led his men forward. The Americans fell fast. Their brave captain, Wool, was killed, and his place taken by Winfield Scott, afterwards to gain fame in the annals of American warfare. The Americans lay down and reserved their fire till the fatal lines were within forty rods of their muzzles. Then they fired as one man, a deadly and shattering volley—but it was powerless to stop the Canadian onset. In that grim charge the Americans were swept from the summit. Clinging, scrambling, sliding,

* A History of Canada by Charles G. D. Roberts, Canadian edition ; G. N. Morang, Toronto.

falling, the survivors made their way over the brow of the precipice, and on the narrow ledges between cliff and flood they surrendered unconditionally—eleven hundred prisoners of war. The battle was one at whose story Canadian hearts beat high; but in the death of Brock its triumph was dearly bought.

During the funeral of the slain leader the minute guns of Fort George were answered gun for gun from the American batteries of Fort Niagara, while the American flag flew at half-mast, a chivalrous tribute to an illustrious foe. On the Heights of Queenston now rises a tall shaft of stone in Brock's memory, which serves also as a far-seen remembrancer of Canadian patriotism. The sight of it should bring a blush to the cheeks of those Canadians whose doctrine proclaims their patriotism a matter of dollars and cents. The name of Queenston and the name of Brock are blended in our hearts. Nevertheless, the battle was finally won by Sheaffe, who got a baronetcy for his reward.

## NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1897.

One of the most learned and capable men in the neighbouring colony of Newfoundland is the Rev. M. Harvey, LL.D., F.R.S.C. He is the author of several articles on Newfoundland in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and of several works on the history of the colony. He is, in fact, its leading historian. His latest work is an excellent volume entitled "Newfoundland in 1897," put out to celebrate the Jubilee year, and also the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the island by John Cabot. It contains 200 readable pages, some twenty-five illustrations and a splendid map. The first two chapters deal with Cabot, and touch on the disputed points concerning his voyages. In Chapter IV. he deals with the makers and making of Newfoundland, after which a complete chapter is devoted respectively to railroad building, mining, agriculture and lumbering, fishing, the form of government, the revenue, the scenery, the geography, and international relations. In fact, the book, without giving tiresome and valueless details, presents an excellent view of Newfoundland, historically, commercially and socially.

The following is an example of the author's style:

John Cabot is a mere shadow looming dimly from the darkness of the past. He has been, till recently, almost forgotten, his great discoveries overlooked, and his services to England and humanity ignored. No honours have been paid to his memory, and it is only now, after a lapse of four hundred years, that the public conscience seems to be awakening to the injustice done to the name and memory of a great man, and that the wrong of centuries seems likely to be righted. "The great soul of the world is just," no doubt, but it is often uphill work to convince the world as to who have been its true benefactors and are entitled to its admiration and reverence. Too often the prophets and benefactors of the world are first stoned, and their sepulchres are built by after-generations. Cabot's hour has come at last, and the accumulated dust of centuries will be cleared away from his memory, and due honours paid to the man who pioneered the way for the English-speaking race who have now overspread the continent of North America.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Holiday books are to the fore, and as usual the best of them come from the British publishers, those from New York having less substance and being less wholesome.

"A Daughter of Erin,"* by Violet G. Finny, author of "The Revolt of the Young MacCormacks," is an Irish tale of much merit. It is a picture of life which will interest both young people and old people, and will not worry them with serious discussions of great problems. The story of the attachment between the dwarf and the cripple is rather touching. There are four full-page illustrations.

"King Olaf's Kinsman,"* by Charles W. Whistler, author of "A Thane of Wessex," is a story of the last Saxon struggle against the Danes in the days of

* London; Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Ironside and Cnut. It is full of such adventure as boys enjoy, and contains enough history to give it an educative character. Whistler's books are similar to Henty's, and can be fully recommended. This one is well illustrated.

Similar in character to the foregoing are "A Stout English Bowman,"* by Edgar Pickering, author of "Two Gallant Rebels," etc., and "The Search for the Talisman," by Henry Frith, author of "Jack O'Lanthorn," "A Cruise in Cloudland," etc. The former is a story of chivalry in the days of Henry III. of England, and in the days when a bowman was the leading type of the English warrior. It is full of adventure. The latter book is a tale of adventure in Labrador, not quite so full of war and fighting, yet detailing many adventures which befell two English youths on a tour of discovery in the northerly regions of Canada.

Every year Mr. Henty and his publishers send out three new volumes of historical tales for boys, and every year large editions of both the new and the old titles are sold. The year 1897 is to be no exception, and the new volumes are entitled: "With Moore at Corunna;" "With Frederick the Great, a Tale of the Seven Years' War," and "A March on London, or a Tale of Wat Tyler's Rising."† Mr. Henty is a voluminous writer, and manages to give a great many historical matters between each set of covers. The first of the three books above—I must confess to not having read the other two—strikes me as indicating a down-grade on the part of this famous author. Terence Connor, the young son of an Irish captain, is made an ensign at fifteen years of age, and inside of two months preserves half his regiment from destruction, and within a year won distinction under Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, and was promoted to a lieutenancy in the British army and a colonelcy in the Portuguese army, with the command of an independent corps of 2,500 men. That one so young could do so much in a short time is simply doubly-distilled nonsense. Moreover, the story does not necessitate the hero being so young. To have made Terence eighteen instead of fifteen would have rendered his exploits just as noticeable and much more probable. Further, Henty gives the same descriptions over and over again, by making the hero describe his exploits to his brother officers after they have occurred. This renders the story wearisome, and destroys in a measure the sympathy which the reader feels towards the hero. As literature, pure and simple, "With Moore at Corunna" is a very second-rate book, while as an historical novel, written to interest boys, it is undoubtedly much above the average. Henty seems to have reached the point where he unconsciously exaggerates in a ridiculous way the features which have made h s books famous. He has lived in an artificial world so long that he has forgotten how to be natural.



## JEROME, A POOR MAN.

When, about a year ago, Mary E. Wilkins' "Madelon" was reviewed in these pages, her inelegancies in style and her errors in syntax were noted. In her latest novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man," the talented authoress continues to show her disregard for the set rules which guide the construction of good English prose, but this wilfulness occurs much less frequently. Here and there occur such expressions as "Colonel Jack Lamson . . . cleared his throat, and *strove to speak in vain.*"

Jerome's father, Abel Edwards, had an invalid wife, hard luck, two children and a mortgage, and these possessions form the subject-matter of the story. Abel disappears very mysteriously one day, and only twelve-year-old Jerome knows that he has drowned himself in the pond. But the villagers speculate.

* London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, gilt edges, 5 shillings.

Mebbe," said Ozias Lamb, "somebody killed poor Abel for his mortgage. I dun'no' of anything else he had." Ozias laughed again.

All the other men looked rather apprehensively at him. His face was all broadened with sardonic laughter, but his blue eyes were fierce under his great bushy head of fair hair. "Abel Edwards has been lugging of that mortgage 'round for the last ten years," said he, "an' it's been about all he had to lug. It's been the meat in his stomach an' the hope in his heart. He ain't been a-lookin' forward to eatin', but to payin' up the interest money when it came due; he ain't been a-lookin' forward to heaven, but to clearin' off the mortgage. It's been all he's had; it's bore down on his body and his soul, an' it's braced him up to keep on workin.' He's been livin' in this Christian town for ten years, a-carryin' of this fine mortgage right out, in plain sight, and I shouldn't be a mite surprised if somebody see it and hankered arter it. Folks are so darned anxious in this 'ere Christian town to get holt of each other's burdens!"

Simon Basset edged his chair still further; then he spoke: "Don't s'pose you expected folks to up an' pay Abel Edwards' mortgage for him?" he said.

"No, I didn't," returned Ozias Lamb, and the sardonic curves round his mouth deepened.

"An' I don't s'pose you'd expect Dr. Bescott to make him a present of it?"

"No," said Ozias Lamb, "I shouldn't never expect the doctor to make a present to anybody but himself, or the Lord, or the meetin'-house."

A general chuckle ran over the group at that. Doctor Bescott, who held the Edwards' mortgage, was regarded in the village as rather parsimonious except in those three directions.

This quotation gives the key-note to the story. It is the story of a twelve-year-old fatherless boy, and his struggle against poverty and a mortgage. It is pathetic, stirring and eloquent, and in dramatic power almost equal to Hall Caine's work. Miss Wilkins' touch is almost as strong, and her work almost as virile, as that of our best male novelists.

## THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

One of the most talked about men of the times in the world of books is the gifted Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz, the recent publication of whose wonderfully graphic and powerfully dramatic story of the Neronic period of Christianity, "Quo Vadis," has so deep an interest in the literary world. A Canadian edition of this book has just been placed on the market by George N. Morang, Toronto. Sienkiewicz, although a prolific writer, has, until quite lately, been comparatively unknown outside his own country and Germany, where to some extent translations of his novels have been read. Since his "With Fire and Sword," "Pan Michael," and "The Deluge," a strong trio of romances, based on the history of Poland, Russia and Sweden, and his "Children of the Soil" and "Without Dogma," stories of modern Polish life, have been done into English his public has grown rapidly in numbers, to be yet further multiplied by the notable success and popularity achieved by "Quo Vadis."

Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, in Lithunia. His student days were passed at Warsaw. Several years of his early life were spent in California, where he acquired a stock of material for some of his shorter tales and for a number of interesting letters which found their way into the Polish newspapers and helped bring him to the attention of his fellow-countrymen. When not engaged in more serious literary labours, Sienkiewicz has found time to indulge his leaning toward journalism. Travel has been a source of much enjoyment and profit to him. He is credited with knowing Europe from the Urals to Gibraltar, while his acquaintance with Poland and its people is said to exclude not the smallest hamlet in that land of poetry and romance.

"A strong love of nature," says the *New York Herald*, "a spirit reverential yet tolerant, a broad human sympathy, keen power of analysis a glowing patriotism and a fervid imagination are qualities acknowledged by his literary confreres to be possessed in such a degree by Sienkiewicz as to justify the use of the much abused term genius in the case of this Pole, whose name from being almost unknown in this Western world has within a brief season become a household word."

# NATIONAL SPORT.

## GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The leading golf players of Canada seem to reside in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, the game being played very little in other cities and towns. Perhaps it will become more general; but it is not likely ever to become very popular in the ordinary sense, as the game is essentially aristocratic.

The chief tournament of 1897 was held at Dixie, near Montreal, during the last few days of September. The chief attractions were the individual championship struggle and the inter-provincial team match. Thirty-two players competed for the former; Gillespie, of Quebec, last year's champion, and Brown, of London, the winner at the Niagara tournament, were defeated in the first round. The final was played on the third day, W. A. H. Kerr, of Toronto, and T. R. Henderson, of Montreal, being the contestants. Kerr won with five up and four to play.

The inter-provincial team championship was won by Ontario by a majority of six.

On October 14th, fifteen fair golfers from Toronto met fifteen ladies from Montreal and Quebec, and defeated them in an inter-provincial match by a score of 29 to 22. A remarkable feature was that, during the second round, the best record over the Dixie links was broken by both Miss White, of Toronto, and Miss Bond, of Montreal. The record up to this time was 60 strokes, and Miss Bond cut this down to 55, and Miss White to 52 strokes.

Next year golf will be the great sport among the best Canadian people. As a ladies' game, it is *par excellence*.

## ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual field meeting of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, held on Sept. 25th, was a success in every way. But Canadian brawn and muscle was not equal to United States muscle and training, as the following comparison will show:

WON BY CANADIANS.

Putting sixteen pound shot,
Two mile run,
Pole vault,
Two mile bicycle race—4.

WON BY UNITED STATES.

One hundred yards,
Three mile walk,
One mile run,
Two hundred and twenty yards,
Running broad jump,
Running high jump,
Four hundred and forty yards,
Throwing sixteen pound hammer,
One hundred and twenty yard hurdle,
Throwing fifty-six pound weight.
Eight hundred and eighty yards—11.

It is rather discouraging to see our championships carried off in this way, and our athletic clubs ought to be thoroughly ashamed of this record. Not that they are wholly to blame, for such men as Wefers, Fetterman and Flanagan are really professionals, in that they are so taken care of by athletic associations that they find it unnecessary to have any very definite situation for the purposes of earning a living. Still, in spite of this handicap, Canadians should have shown up oftener. It is lamentable that we, of a hardy race, should not be able to exhibit to the world a higher degree of physical endurance and skill. Orton and Gray were the only two Canadians at the meeting who exhibited special ability, although young Alex. Grant's performance in the mile run marks him as an 1898 possibility.

Wefers is certainly a wonder. In the hundred yards he had no trouble at all. In the two-twenty he distanced his field, crossing the line strong in the record-breaking period of 21 sec. flat. In the four-forty he was strong up to the last five yards, when he wavered

enough to allow Long to beat him out. Everything considered, his performance in short distance running was the finest exhibition ever seen in Canada.

Many regretted that Orton did not compete in the mile with Cregan, but Orton was waiting for the double mile and was not sure enough of his strength to go up against such a man as Cregan. Brodie, of Montreal, was looked to to uphold Canadian honour, but he fell, and the Grants both beat him out. Stephen, of Montreal, ran well in the eight-eighty, and if properly handled might have won the laurel. Flanagan's performances as a weight-hurler fully justified his reputation.

A PROPER MOVE.

Principal Grant and the Senate of Queen's University, Kingston, have performed a worthy action in decreeing that the Rugby Football team representing that college shall train and play only bona fide undergraduates. The spirit which prompted such a move is exceedingly creditable to those concerned, and will be a valuable object-lesson to other bodies who are responsible for maintaining a proper amateur standing in amateur sport. It is a blow at semi-professionalism, and as such will be welcomed by all lovers of athletics. Queen's has long been an offender in respect of the amateur standing of its college team, and it is gratifying to know that Principal Grant has always felt that the position was improper.

THE WOODCOCK.

Reginald Gourlay, the well-known Canadian sportsman and writer, has an article on "The Woodcock and His Ways" in the sportsman's number of *Harper's Weekly*. He points out that, in his opinion, the extermination of the woodcock is certain, that this beautiful and eccentric bird is doomed to share the fate of the wild turkey. The main reason is the destroyal of covers, the axe being even more fatal to the woodcock than the gun.

"The American Woodcock is seldom found west of the Mississippi, and never on the Pacific coast or in the great Northwest country. He is still plentiful in some of the Southern Atlantic States, and is found in fair numbers yet in the New England and Middle States. Southern and Central Ontario, Canada, is, I think, the woodcock's last stronghold on this continent. Though he is pretty plentiful in Southern Quebec, in Northern Quebec it is too cold for him, and he is unknown. I have never heard of him north of the Laurentians, nor even in Muskoka, nor in the country north of Peterborough.

"The woodcock is a bird of singular, not to say grotesque, habits. A bird that feeds by night and rests by day, sees behind it without turning its head, has two distinct methods of flight (if not more), that gets its food by making shafts or 'bores' in the ground with its bill, and that is said to carry its young about on its back, may fairly be called eccentric. Though not more than half the size of the European species, he has much the same habits, and is quite his equal as a table delicacy. As regards difficulty in shooting him, he ranks next to the ruffed grouse or partridge, and is far less abundant."

Canadians should carefully distinguish the three birds: woodcock, snipe and woodpecker. The woodcock (*philohela minor*) has a short neck, its thigh entirely feathered, and is found in dense covers. The snipe (*Gallinago delicata*, or Wilson's snipe) has a longer neck and the lower part of its thigh naked. The woodpecker is a tree bird, with a sharp, chisel-pointed bill, and stiff-pointed tail feathers wh ch assist it in climbing.

THE OUANANICHE.

In this same number of *Harper's Weekly*, E. T. D. Chambers, the Quebec journalist, writes of the gamy Ouananiche;

"Nowadays, anglers who have done a little investigating on their own account, or who are familiar with the work of recent explorers, are well aware that nowhere in Canada is the ouananiche a land-locked salmon, and that far from being peculiar to Lake St. John and its feeders and outlet, it is a resident of nearly all Canadian rivers flowing southward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eastward through Labrador into the Atlantic Ocean, or following a northerly course in the direction of Ungava Bay.

"Ouananiche fishing is at its best in Canada from about the 20th of May to the 20th of July, and from the 20th of August to the close of the open season on the 15th of September. There is not much better sport to be had, especially by the novice, than that afforded by the early spring appearance of the fish in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan, the Metabetchouan, and La Belle Riviere, from the 20th to the 25th of May. This is also within a few days of the disappearance of the ice from the surface of Lake St. John."

## Canadian Christmas.

CROSS snow-capped hills, all sweetly soft and low,
A glad bell's chime comes to each ear to-day;
Near Heav'n 'twas born, O many years ago,
As was the star that showed the Wise the way.
Dawned has the morn when Christ, God's infant Son
In slumber rests; about the manger bare,
All reverently, nations one by one
Now homage deep to new-found Christ declare.

Canada bends all lowly at His shrine.
How pure she seems, our nation young and fair,
Radiant her face with happiness divine!
Inspired by Heav'n, she offers up this prayer:
"Saviour, we come to Thee; O watch and keep
Thy baby-land forever pure and good;
Make her and hers a nation, one, complete,
And lead her forth to radiant womanhood."

So chime the bells our nation's praise to God.

*A. P. McKishnie.*

DRAWING BY SIMONSKI.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## NOT DEAD YET!

THE whimsical theory that Bacon wrote the Shakespearian plays seems to be still alive, and even prevalent in certain quarters.

A friend, in whose literary taste and judgment I have great faith, called my attention the other day to the article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of September, entitled "Shakespeare or Bacon?" It seemed to have made an impression upon his mind. I turned back to the article, which, I have no doubt, as my friend said, states the Baconian case as strongly and exhaustively as possible, but, I must confess, without having my own view of the case altered.

Shakespeare was one of the favourite authors of Charles I., of whose travelling library the plays formed a part. Referring to this, Milton, in his "Eikonoklastes," says:

"I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduces the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place: 'I intended,' saith he, 'not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.' The like saith Richard, act ii., scene i.:

> 'I do not know that Englishman alive,
> With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
> More than the infant that is born to-night;
> I thank my God for my humility.'

"Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truths of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion."

Charles I. was sixteen and Milton was eight when Shakespeare died; so that they were nearly his contemporaries. Both had the best literary information. Is it likely that they did not know who wrote the plays?

In "L'Allegro" Milton writes:

> "Then to the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Shakespeare is here clearly coupled with Jonson as a dramatist. The phrase "native wood-notes wild" may seem rather strange and inadequate as applied to drama, but it is opposed to the "learned sock" of Jonson, and means that the works of Shakespeare were not classical, while Jonson's tragedies, like Milton's own works, were.

The Shakespearian plays are full of passion and humour. In Bacon's works there is not a trace of either. They are the works of a very calm philosopher and a cool-headed, not to say somewhat Machiavellian, politician. The book of Jests, styled "Apophthegms," is merely a compilation.

Turn to Bacon's "Essay on Love." It is written not only in the spirit of the coldest analyst, but in that of a sage and a man of the world who despised the passion:

"It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love: neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, 'That the arch flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self,' certainly the lover is more; for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, 'That it is impossible to love and be wise.' Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal; for it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded, either with the reciprocal, or with an inward, or secret contempt; by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for other losses the poet's relation doth well figure them: 'That he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas;' for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more frequent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends."

Can it be believed that the man who wrote this was the author of "Romeo and Juliet"?

In many of Shakespeare's plays there is obscenity, which we can hardly imagine Bacon condescending to purvey for the audience of the Globe Theatre.

Shakespeare, living very probably with some law-students, perhaps going into the courts, may easily have picked up some law-terms. On the other hand, could Bacon have imagined that Bohemia was on the sea, and that cannon were used in the reign of King John? Could he have fancied that there were nunneries in ancient Athens, and that Athenians fought duels?

The theological attitude of the dramatist is unlike that of Bacon. Bacon, though scientific, is serenely orthodox, as his prayers and religious treatises show. The dramatist is not so serenely orthodox, though his temperament is religious. This will be felt by those who are equally familiar with both writers. An author cannot wholly change his spirit and his general view of things in passing from one species of composition to another.

Bacon wrote some translations of the Psalms. Let anybody read them and judge whether their writer had the gift of poetry which would have enabled him to write the poetic parts in Shakespeare's plays.

The authorship of the Sonnets and of "Venus and Adonis" seems not to be disputed. Why could not the same man write the plays?

In several plays—two parts of "Henry VI.," "Henry VIII.," "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles of Tyre," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"—it appears that Shakespeare collaborated more or less with other playwrights. Supposing Bacon to be the author, who were those other playwrights? Is it likely that a man in Bacon's social, legal, and political position would have gone into partnership with playwrights and stage-players, considering what the status of playwrights and stage-players then was?

That Bacon for seven years of his life should have produced nothing is surely not very wonderful, considering what, amid all his political and legal avocations, he ultimately produced. Some time must be allowed him for gestation. The Shakespearian plays would in themselves have been the work of a lifetime, besides the complete diversion of Bacon's thoughts from the objects of ambition, on which his heart was evidently set. Bacon's

avocations, political, legal, philosophical and literary, leave no room in a life of sixty-five years for the composition of such a series of plays.

Shakespeare's omission himself to publish a correct version of his plays in his own name seems to be explained by the fact that he was a playwright supplying plays to the Globe Theatre, not an author producing dramatic poems for the reading public. The mixed authorship of some of the plays might be a further reason against his publication of them in his own name.

To account for a few similarities of expression in the voluminous works of two great writers of the same age it is not necessary to suppose an identity of authorship.

Dr. Bucke thinks that there has been found in a comic Latin word in "Love's Labour's Lost" an anagram importing that Bacon is the author. He extracts from the word, by a somewhat forcible process, the enfolded sentence: *Hi ludi, tuiti sibi, Fr: Bacono nati*, which he translates, "These plays, entrusted to themselves, proceeded from Francis Bacon." Bnt this involves a double solecism. The Latin word for 'play' is not *ludus*, it is *fabula;* and *tuiti* has an active, not a passive, sense, *tueor* being a deponent verb. Bacon wrote Latin and would not have committed solecisms. What could have been Bacon's object in wrapping up his claim to authorship in an ungrammatical anagram which might have remained undeciphered to the end of the world?

Mrs. Delia Bacon, who originated this fancy, was inspired, it may not uncharitably be supposed, by her natural regard for the name. She thought the plays too good to be written by any one but a Bacon.

*Goldwin Smith.*

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## A CHRISTMAS NOCTURNE.

THE stars are dreaming in the midnight skies,
The snow lies deep and white,
The earth is list'ning to the Angels' Song
That fills the silent night;
Soft, trailing garments sweep the starry heavens,
The world lies hushed and still,—
"Glory to God," their voices sing afar,
"Peace, and to men good-will."

Oh, wondrous song, whose glorious message came,
With Star and Little Child,
To that far land where shepherds watched their flocks
'Neath skies serene and mild!
Since the first night it sounded long ago
Across Judean plains,
Its power to move and thrill the hearts of men
Forever fresh remains!

Ring, Christmas bells, across the snowy wastes;
Peal from your steeples high;
Spread the glad tidings of the Heavenly choir's
Celestial melody!
Lift heart and voice, oh ransomed sons of men,
The joyful strains prolong,
'Till the whole world shall echo back again
The Angels' Christmas Song!

*Jessie A. Freeland.*

# THE WHITE COCKADE.*

*A Tale of The Young Pretender.*

SINCE, in the opinion of all reasonable men, no further attempt is ever likely to be made to place one of the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, at least by force of arms, I can now, without prejudice to anyone, tell the story of the strange adventure which brought me face to face for the first and last time with Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as the Young Pretender.

Late in the afternoon of the 22nd September, 1750, I received the following letter:

"DEAR FRIEND,—By the time this is placed in your hands I shall be at sea on my way to Antwerp. It is all over. Under the name of John Douglas the Prince has been in London for nearly a week, and nothing has come of it. There is no prospect of a rising. Gentlemen of quality and influence, however devoted to the Prince, have no mind to risk their lives and estates by marching on London unless supported by a strong body of regular troops, believing that exile, or more probably the scaffold, would be the sure and certain end of any such rash undertaking. To speak the plain truth, I am much of that way of thinking myself, and, having wife and child, will not draw my sword until I perceive some fair prospect of success.

"I write to warn you of that which concerns you nearly. The other day the Prince came unexpectedly to a party at Lady Primrose's, greatly to the consternation of her ladyship and of most of her guests. Indeed, he met with but a cold reception from any but your betrothed, Miss Kate Gordon, and her cousin, Andrew Macintyre, who were both present.

"Miss Gordon went down on her knee before them all and kissed his hand. It was very bravely done and moved him greatly, but, indeed, it was scarcely prudent. Macintyre followed her example, and I heard him whisper to the Prince that if His Royal Highness would deign to honour his poor house with a visit this evening (ye 22nd) he would meet with a very different kind of welcome. Learning that Miss Gordon would be present the Prince consented.

"Now, a word in your ear. This Macintyre is not to be trusted. I have information from a sure source that he is a spy in the pay of the Government, and that the man with one eye, the odious creature, Donald Fraser, who follows him about like a shadow, is, if possible, a more infamous wretch than himself.

"The house is in a lonely situation, and I am convinced that these scoundrels are concocting some plot to betray the Prince, and are making use of Miss Gordon's grace and beauty and well-known devotion to the Jacobite cause to entice him into a trap. I tried to give the Prince a hint of this, but he listened to me coldly, and, indeed, of late, he has become notoriously impatient of advice from his best and truest friends.

"That Miss Gordon should be made an accomplice in this villainous scheme will, I know, be hateful to you, and I doubt not you will do what lies in your power to prevent it.

"Yours most faithfully,

MATTHEW FIELDING."

My blood boiled as I read this letter. I was no friend to the Stuarts, and, indeed, cared little whether the Pretender was taken or not; but that Kate should be involved in this infamous plot was indescribably painful to me, and I resolutely determined that she should never be if word or act of mine could prevent it.

Yet, it was no very pleasant task for me to interfere in the matter, for there had already been a sharp quarrel between Kate and myself with regard to this Macintyre and her passionate devotion to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts. She was an orphan, and Macintyre, being her cousin, had undertaken to act as her guardian, a piece of presumption which I bitterly resented, for I had good reason to believe that he hated me and meant, by fair means or foul, to supplant me in Kate's affections and win her and her small fortune for himself. But he had been out with the Highlanders in '45, and the courage he had then displayed, and his hypocritical professions of attachment to the Prince, cast a glamour about him in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. Nothing I could say would induce her to put an end to their

* Published by special arrangement with the English publishers.

friendship, and we had finally parted with bitter words on both sides.

But Fielding's letter drove my anger to the winds. Come of it what would I was resolved to go boldly to Macintyre's house, and insist upon her leaving it at once. I would escort her to the lodgings of my aunt, Lady Chester, who would, I knew, receive her gladly.

So I buckled on my sword, procured a coach, and drove quickly to Macintyre's house, which lay some distance from the city. Within two or three hundred yards of the gate I alighted, and leaving the coach hidden in a lane near the road walked forward by myself.

In spite of my antipathy to Macintyre, I confess there had been moments when I could scarce believe him capable of the infamy of which Fielding had accused him; but, when in the gathering dusk I reached the gate in a high stone wall which encircled the spacious garden, all my doubts vanished at the sight of the isolated house, the lighted windows of which were barely visible through the thick foliage of the trees that surrounded it on all sides. No cry for help would be heard beyond the walls. The victim once inside that lonely building, sword or bullet might do its work and none be the wiser.

My heart beat quickly as I passed through the gate. Such a man as Macintyre was not unlikely to clutch at any means of getting rid of a dangerous rival, and I knew well that I carried my life in my hands. I thought I might be refused admittance, but the gate stood wide open, and no one appeared or challenged me. But that brought me little comfort. It is ever an easy matter to enter a trap. It is when you seek to leave it that the difficulties begin.

Still I went doggedly on, though as I approached the house I was confident that I could hear a faint rustling in the bushes to the right and left, as though invisible spies were stealthily dogging my footsteps. Then a thing happened that confirmed my worst suspicions. The door suddenly opened and was swiftly shut again, but not before I caught a glimpse of two or three figures slipping hurriedly inside. What could these things mean if they did not indicate treachery and foul play?

I am not ashamed to say that my limbs trembled, and the cold sweat stood on my forehead as, after a moment's hesitation, I set my teeth, and, stepping quickly forward, knocked at the door. It was opened by a man with a very evil and forbidding countenance, and but one eye. He was no other than Donald Fraser, the detestable parasite of Andrew Macintyre, against whom my good friend Fielding had particularly warned me. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that his greenish-grey eye sparkled with a kind of malignant triumph at the sight of me. I think a spider might so regard the fly that ventured innocently among the meshes of his web.

Yet he readily made way for me to enter, and went at my request to tell Kate that I wished to speak with her. He was gone some time, and I was sure that he was informing Macintyre of my presence, before carrying the message to Kate. It would have surprised me little had I been refused speech with her; but presently I could hear her fresh, girlish voice, high and sweet, and clear, singing "The White Cockade":

> I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
> My rippling-kame and spinning wheel,
> To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
> A broadsword, durk, and white cockade.
> O he's a ranting, roving blade!
> O he's a brisk and bonnie lad!
> Betide what may, my heart is glad
> To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

She sang it defiantly as she came down the wide staircase, a flush on her brave young face, her eyes shining with a kind of passionate enthusiasm, the sweetest maid, it seemed to me, in all broad England, and, to my mind, at that moment the foolishest. She seemed like a reckless child playing with fire, and I could have snatched away the white cockade she wore at her breast and crushed it beneath my heel.

Yet as she came near I was convinced that she was but playing a part, for more than once I noticed her glance apprehensively about her, and I felt her hand tremble as I clasped it in mine. Yet even at that moment, in a position, as I believed, of imminent peril, my heart leapt with joy to perceive that all trace of the coldness that had been for some time between us had passed away, and that she was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me.

"This is a pleasure I did not anticipate," she said, in a formal voice, and with a slight side glance at Frazer, who again stood leering beside the door. "Will you come this way, if you please?"

She led the way upstairs, and I followed her into a sitting room brilliantly lighted with wax candles as though for the reception of a distinguished guest. I closed the door behind me and was about to speak to her, when she laid her finger on her lips, and taking one of the candles, looked beneath the table, and behind the couch, and even opened the door of an empty cupboard and glanced hurriedly inside. She was very pale, and the candle trembled in her hand as she returned it to its place. Then she suddenly sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and broke into stifled sobs.

"Why, Kate," said I, "this is not like you. What is the matter?"

"Indeed, I—I scarce know, Frank," she faltered, raising her pale face and smiling faintly through her tears. "It is very silly and childish of me, but I —I am frightened. Andrew and his mother are out, and all the servants have been sent away, and I have been alone in the house for hours, with no one to speak to but that odious wretch, Donald Frazer—and—and I got nervous and began to think I could hear strange noises, whisperings at the door, and footsteps on the stairs, until I was quite sure there were strange men in the house. I thought one might be in the cupboard there, watching us and listening to all we said. I think it must have been fancy. If not, what can it all mean?"

"I fear there is no doubt of what it means, Kate," said I, "and the time has come to speak plainly. I have learnt that to-night the young Pretender, Charles Stuart, is coming here. I see you have tricked yourself out in all your finery, with the white cockade on your breast, to meet him. Oh, Kate, you foolish child, can't you see that this vile man, this glib, plausible, double-faced spy and traitor, Andrew Macintyre, is using your pretty face and innocent enthusiasm to lure the unfortunate young prince into a trap?"

In spite of her white face and startled eyes she did not exhibit the anger and incredulity I had expected. Was it possible that she had already begun to distrust Macintyre?

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed despairingly, "surely this cannot be true. I have thought of late he was growing lukewarm, that his zeal for the cause had cooled, but he could not be capable of such treachery as this—indeed he could not. I cannot believe it."

Nevertheless, I could see that in her heart she did believe it.

"The man is a spy," I said impatiently; "I have it from a sure source, and there can be no doubt about it. Moreover, there are men lurking in the garden, and about the house—I heard them rustling among the bushes, and saw them slinking through the door. They are here to seize the Prince, and we are powerless to prevent them. No one will believe in your innocence if you are present when the Prince is taken, and if you do not wish your name to become infamous, you must come away this minute. I have a coach waiting, and will take you to my aunt, Lady Chester. I will bribe Frazer to let us pass before your cousin returns, or, if necessary, run him through the body and trust to escape in the darkness."

She wrung her hands in agony.

"Oh," she cried, "that I, who would give my life to save the Prince, should have been tricked by this base wretch into betraying him. Oh, this man, this man! I did not think that such men lived in the world."

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "we are wasting time, and there is not a moment to lose. Your cousin may return at any moment. We must go at once."

"And leave the Prince to his fate," she exclaimed, "without making one effort to warn him? I cannot do it, Frank; indeed, I cannot do it. I should loathe and despise myself ever afterwards. I must do what I can to save him, and I know you will help me, Frank. You will help me, Frank, will you not?"

Now what was I to do? As I have said, I was no Jacobite. To interfere in the matter was against both my principles and my interest. If it became known that I had assisted the Prince to escape, I should embroil myself with the Government and ruin my career, if I did not risk my neck. But yet—ah, well, what man with any heart could listen to the cold dictates of prudence when moved by the sight of that innocent child's face, quivering with pain and shame, and those sweet, tear-filled eyes gazing beseechingly into his? I may have been rash, disloyal, what you will, but I could not do it. God knows that, however foolish I may have thought her in the past, I loved the girl infinitely more, if that were possible, for her fidelity to the unfortunate Prince in his hour of need. Yet I knew well that it was a desperate business, and like to end badly for both of us, however it ended.

"If we think of any plan that has the least chance of success I will do what I can to help you, Kate," I answered, "but for my part I can see no way but one, and that is to intercept him before he reaches the house. For God's sake let us get out of this vile place. The air chokes me. It reeks of treachery. Come, get your cloak, and—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed suddenly.

In the silence that followed I heard steps on the path outside, a loud knock, and then the trampling of feet and the sound of voices in the hall. Kate sprang to the door which commanded a partial view of the hall, and, opening it cautiously, looked out.

"Is it the Prince?" I asked breathlessly.

She turned and closed the door and leant against the wall, white and trembling.

"No," she faltered, "it is Andrew Macintyre with half-a-dozen strange men—coarse, brutal-looking wretches, with swords and pistols. Oh, Frank, what is to become of you? He hates you. He told me so to-day. He threatened what he would do to you if I did not give you up. Fraser will tell him you are here, and he—they may kill you. Hush! I hear his foot on the stairs. He is coming here. You must hide—somewhere—anywhere—in the cupboard—quick, get into the cupboard!"

"But Fraser will tell him I am here," I expostulated.

"Perhaps not," she exclaimed, pushing me in her excitement towards the door of the cupboard. "They are not so friendly as they appear to be. Quick, quick—he is coming!"

Yielding reluctantly to her entreaties I stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar so that I might see what passed. Then she sat down at a harpsichord, and began to sing a rollicking Jacobite ballad, as gaily and gallantly as if the Prince had been present with all the clans around him:

"I swear by moon and stars so bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie."

She was still singing when the door opened, and Andrew Macintyre came in. I fully expected to see him followed by his gang of hired ruffians, eager to cut my throat, but he was alone, and, to my astonishment, did not appear to suspect my presence. He was a handsome fellow, tall, and well built, though I never liked the cast of his features, his thin, cruel lips and cold blue eyes.

"Ah, Kate," said he, and I fancied I could detect a faint sneer in the tones of his voice, "I thought I heard you singing. Upon my soul your voice

sends the blood dancing through my veins. 'Tis more inspiring than a bugle call. If you would ride at the head of the troops singing your battle songs, with the white cockade on your breast, the King would soon enjoy his own again. With your voice to lead him to victory, who would not live or die with Charlie?"

His eyes dwelt on her with a look that made me grind my teeth and grip the hilt of my sword. I would have given all I possessed to spring forward and settle the matter with the cold steel; but I knew that with a shout he could bring his cut-throats upon me, and my death would leave Kate defenceless in his hands.

Kate was ever quick-witted and ready of speech, but the sure knowledge of his treachery, and the tragic situation in which she was placed, seemed to freeze the words on her lips. She bent her white face over the harpsichord, and I saw her fingers trembling as they wandered over the keys. I think 'twas the bitterest moment of my life. I could neither get her away from the house nor warn the Prince. I was not, I think, devoid of courage, and enjoyed some reputation as a swordsman, and yet I was absolutely helpless. I could do nothing that was not utterly reckless and foolhardy, and stood there grinding my teeth in impotent fury while this loathsome spy and traitor made love to my betrothed.

Macintyre glanced at the clock.

"Some few minutes to the hour at which His Royal Highness promised to be here," he continued in the same tone of subdued mockery. "Let us have another song, Kate. Let us have something to stir the blood, something about the gathering of the clans, and the fluttering of the kilts; the flash of the broadswords, and the skirl of the pipes. 'Twill raise the Prince's spirits if he hears you. He was dashed by the coldness with which he was received at Lady Primrose's. We must give him a heartier reception to-night."

I think from the malicious twinkle in his eyes that he knew she suspected him, and was playing with her as a cat with a mouse. Her cheeks flushed, and I thought she was about to give an angry reply; but with an effort she controlled herself and began to play a spirited prelude. But at that moment he held up his hand.

"Hush!" said he, "I hear voices at the door. I think he must have arrived."

He turned away and stepped hurriedly to the window. In a moment Kate was on her feet, darted an appealing look at me, pointed to him, and rushed to the door. I was into the room, sword in hand, before she reached it. But I was no quicker than he. I saw the gleam of his eyes and the flash of his sword before I was half-way across the room. He parried the savage lunge I made at him, and leaping aside with the agility of a cat, rushed after Kate. Through the door and along the passage she went like a deer, he close on her heels and I on his. When she reached the stairs she seemed to fly down them, and beyond her I caught a glimpse of the Prince stepping into the hall.

"Go back," she cried, "go back. You are betrayed. Go back!"

But she was too late. Clang went the heavy door, out from the adjoining rooms sprang half-a-dozen men with naked swords, and there in the middle of the hall, surrounded by a ring of steel, with the sobbing girl at his feet, caught like a rat in a trap, stood Prince Charlie.

Whig as I was, I cannot describe the sick feeling of pity and shame that overwhelmed me at the sight. 'Twould have been a fitting death for the hero of Prestonpans and Falkirk to die sword in hand on the battlefield; but it was heartbreaking to see him betrayed and trapped by this scurvy crew of spies and traitors. And still keener was my pity for the innocent child who was sobbing at his feet, crushed with shame that her devotion to his cause should have been made the bait to lure him to the scaffold.

He stood perfectly still, pale and with flashing eyes, but without a trace of fear.

"Well, Mr. Macintyre," said he, "this is a strange welcome. May I beg you to inform me what I am to understand by it?"

Brought face to face with the man he had betrayed, even Macintyre lost his nerve, though he tried to brazen it out.

"You may understand—" he began, and then his eyes fell and he looked moodily at the floor. "I think the situation explains itself," he said gloomily.

The Prince drew himself up and looked at Macintyre with unutterable scorn and contempt.

"It does indeed," said he. "I have had to do with spies and traitors before, but never with one who invited me to his house as a guest in order to betray me. But this time, thank God, you have over-estimated your cunning and my simplicity. You fool, do you suppose that I have walked blindfold into your clumsy trap? Look around you."

Almost before I realized what had taken place I saw Macintyre turn white, and heard the sword drop clattering from his nerveless fingers, while his accomplices glanced round about seeking a way of escape. All eyes had been fixed on the Prince, so that the men who now stood sword in hand at every door and at the head of every passage had come upon us unheard and unseen.

At a glance I recognized the faces of several well-known Jacobite gentlemen, both Englishmen and Highlanders, and I saw at once that Macintyre had been cleverly caught in his own trap, entangled in the very meshes of the web he had spun to entrap the Prince. These were the men who had lurked in the garden, who had stealthily entered the house, and the author of this plot within a plot—Donald Fraser—who had betrayed the betrayer, was now leering triumphantly at Macintyre from his post beside the door. Macintyre caught a glimpse of his grinning face, and his eyes gleamed with diabolical fury.

"You hound," he exclained, "this is your work!"

"Yes," said the Prince, coolly, "you forget what most of your kind would do well to remember, that it is as easy to set a spy upon a spy as upon an honest man, and much easier to find those who will betray him. I pretended to fall into your trap in order to trap you, lest good friends of mine should suffer in future by your treachery. It would be but bare justice to hang every man of you, but your lives shall be spared for the present if you instantly lay down your arms. Take their weapons, gentlemen."

The conspirators were so thoroughly cowed that they gave up their arms without a struggle. In the meantime Kate had whispered a few words to the Prince, and he beckoned me towards him.

"I find that I owe you a debt of gratitude for your conduct this night," he said, graciously, "and I sincerely trust that at some future time it may lie within my power to repay you."

Then he turned to Kate.

"As for such loyalty as yours, Miss Gordon," he said, "a poor exile has no fitting reward. Nay, I think the only reward I can give you is to release you from further service to a race so unfortunate as mine. Pardon me."

He took the white cockade from her breast and handed it to me.

"See," he continued, "I give it into the keeping of your future husband, and I pray that you will not wear it again unless he himself pins it upon your breast. My errand here is accomplished, and to-night I leave London Sloth and avarice have eaten away the loyalty of those who should have flocked to my standard. They wish to save their estates and will not thrust their own heads into danger, though they would be willing enough that the poor Highland lads should leave their bones on another Culloden Moor. But I will have no more useless bloodshed, please God, and so sail for France till better times. Farewell."

Kate could not speak for the sobs that choked her, and I—well, I feel no shame at the confession—knelt and

kissed his hand with tears in my eyes. 'Twas the last we ever saw of Prince Charlie, the bravest and most unfortunate of all the Stuarts.

Towards Macintyre and his accomplices he behaved with his usual clemency. They were released when it was too late for them to interfere with his departure.

I have still the white cockade Kate wore on her breast that night, but I think even she has lost all desire to wear it again ; for if what we hear of the once gallant Prince be true, his best friends might wish that he had died at the head of his brave Highlanders on Culloden Moor.

*James Workman.*

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# THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

## VI.—MRS. TEA-MEETING SMITH.

MRS. TEA-MEETING SMITH—that's what we called her, and she didn't mind it a bit. In fact, it seemed to perk her up some—it sounded so important. We had to do something, for the township was full of Smiths. There was a time when I almost believed it was true that all the people on earth were called Smith at first, and then, as they got wicked, their names were changed. The difficulty was that a closer acquaintance with the various Smiths led me away from that idea. Our family married into the Smiths some, and we got to know them real well—you do when you get related.

There was old Felix Smith and young Felix, and little Felix, the grandson. There were four families of Peter Smiths, and they were all red-headed. The tax-gatherer, the post-mistress, and the preacher had awful times with them, and I guess they mixed up the school-teacher and got one another's whippings when they were all boys together upon the street.

It does seem useless to name a human being so's he can come when he's called, and then go to work and call him some name that mixes him and his relations up. I go for calling him something that'll pick him out from six or seven youngsters, or else just christen him Bub, and save ink and breath.

Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was a Miss Polly Dawson, and when she married the Peter Smith who lives on the ninth line and is red-headed and has a yellow barn, we didn't know what to call her, as he hadn't painted the barn at that time. So gradually she got called Tea-meeting, and all the preachers thought she was mighty well-named. Whenever we wanted to raise church money she'd let everybody else say their say, then up she'd get and tell us we ought to have a tea-meeting ; and we generally had it. While our widow (I told you about her goings-on a couple of months or so ago) worked the church, Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was just a little to one side, and some said she'd quite a bit of scorn in her voice as she told us that she believed tea-meetings weren't so fashionable as yellow socials and such ; but, all things considered, she'd an idea we'd get more money out of them. Of course, we were pretty humble-minded about them, and it's no time to "rub the sore" when you should "bring the plaster" ; yet if we were in her place and had just her feelings—no better, no worse—it's more than likely we'd have said as much, and maybe more ; for some of us are a lot meaner than Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith.

We took people, mostly, at what we sized them up to be, counting in all we knew about them and all we could find out. Lots of the families had been

living right there for three generations and more. They could go up to the graveyards and read out the names of their great grandfathers and grandmothers, besides grand uncles and aunts. And we'd heard tell of them all, for country people like us talk more of folks dead and alive than those who see more to talk of, which may be far less innocent after all. Blood will tell, of course, and you get to know pretty well who to trust when you've studied them root and branch that way. Well, Polly Dawson, or Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith, as she's got to be now, was never out of the ordinary. Her people were good, honest farm folks, except one poor fellow, who'd had his head turned because he was smart, and went to the bad. They were all industrious barring him, and plodded along and came to church, and gave according to their means, died of old age, and had lots to their funerals. There didn't seem to be any hero-blood in Polly. She didn't look as if she'd chase a mouse far, and if anybody had been asked they'd have said she wasn't very courageous. But she was. It surprised us all the day she blossomed out and gave orders to the rest, and got minded, too; for minds recognize their masters as well as puppies do. It's marvellous how a woman with a little body and narrow eyes and skimpy, sandy, no-account hair and but precious small muscles could do it. How somever, that's further along. I must get the folks to the tea-meeting first.

We weren't very unanimous for a tea-meeting at the Ladies' Aid that October. Some thought it was too near the Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie Social we always had. Some were busy with their fall cleaning, and Mrs. Simpkins, our best cake-baker, was busy with a rag carpet, and she was the kind that works at rag carpets or any other thing till they're done. We knew her better than to expect she'd take two whole days off, besides her cooking, to help us. Then Mr. Perkins had bronchitis, and he always cut the hams for us. He did them just like tissue paper, and whenever other folks cut them we had to buy or beg one extra, for they couldn't make them go so far. Mrs. Larkin cut the bread, and she had a felon; so things didn't seem to be looking like a tea-meeting at all. But Mrs. Smith was determined, so gradually we all fell in and worked hard.

There are people who don't believe we women work hard at getting up tea-meetings, but they don't know. There are two big days' work besides the afternoons spent in finding out who'll cook what, and getting up the programme. As a rule, too, there are more to come and help cut cake and wait on tables than take pains to come the day after and wash dishes, and set them all away in the cubby-hole under the choir-gallery.

Take it all in all, there's a deal of hard work in lifting a church debt. There are those who tell us that churches never prosper out of debt. I haven't it in me to believe that. Seems to me they'd "grow in grace" more if they hadn't to put in so much time raising money. I'd like to see it tried.

For some reasons it was a pretty good time for a tea-meeting, for the moon was right and most folks had got their new fall clothes. Country-people are more downright particular about the change of season than city folks. There's always somebody who has more money and time than the rest, and she shifts from summer to fall with the calendar, and shoulder-itch for new clothes is terrible catching. So the whole congregation worries until it and its little olive sprouts are all fixed up for fall or spring, or whatever it is. No good thinking of tea-meetings till that fuss is over, and we'd got it over, and that was in our favour for this tea-meeting. There's something to be said about knowing all your neighbours. City folks are more independent because they don't, and its good they've some little thing to be thankful for.

More tickets than usual had been sold. Mrs. Larkins' felon got better, and we found the new doctor (who was

trying to work up a church practice) could shave ham quite as saving as Bro. Perkins, whose bronchitis still hung on him. Indeed, some said the young M.D. was a sight handier with the knife, but since the widow fuss we cling to our old helpers, more than we ought, maybe, in justice to the strangers. But that will wear off some.

Granny Pike always made the coffee. She had the receipt from an old coloured woman who used to be a slave in South Carolina. Some said the recipe varied from year to year, and so did the coffee; but Granny declares it's just the same as ever, and she's a Christian, though it may be her memory's failing a little. She's going on eighty, dear old soul. She used to worry a good deal about who'd make the coffee for us when she was gone. Some said it wouldn't trouble us so much as it did her, but that wasn't exactly charitable, for it was pretty good tea-meeting coffee, and she took a living interest in it, and that's one of the things that make for success all along the line. I don't say but what Granny had her faults. She was headstrong about how much to make and when to put it on, and she nearly drove the groceryman crazy about coffee at tea-meeting times. Besides, she wore felt slippers, on account of foolishness about her feet when she was young, and she'd go slippering up to people without making a bit of noise, and though they had no right to be gossipping or slandering, she'd sometimes hear things that would make a fuss after she'd told them around. But little things like that will happen at church goings-on, and the world is not so perfect that it dares cast the first stone at the church for that.

I don't believe we ever had such a fine lot of cooking or such a fine crowd. The roads were good and the people were in from David's Corners and the Four Mile Creek and Bushey Point, and we never counted on them if the roads were muddy or the moon wasn't right. The first tablefull had been served, and we were just wondering what we'd do for vittles, if the rest were as hungry as they were, when all of a sudden Millie Bryson came running out to the class-room we used for a kitchen.

"Have you seen my Tommy?" she cried, but none of us had. Tommy was a bad youngster, but it couldn't be laid up against him. He'd been spoiled in the raising. He had convulsions because he was let do what he wanted and eat more than he ought, but Millie said he was let do as he like because he was sickly. Anyway you took it, it was a bad job, and she was laying up sorrow for herself, poor, flighty thing.

While she was there Jakey Price came in with an armful of wood, and he said that when he went out to fetch it, Tommy was lingering at the door as if to run out. Six or seven of us women ran out and began calling and bumping into one another in the dark, but nobody thought of the old well except Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith. It had been dug when the church was building, but it wasn't ever used after old Daddy Starr told us there was an Indian burying-ground on the hill above when he first came to these parts.

It had a strong cover on, but somebody had been watering a horse out of it and they'd pried the top up, and been shiftless enough to just let it lay half open. There we were rushing around with nothing on our heads and it chilly, and Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was the only one who had enough sense to bring a lantern with her and look down the well. There she was holding the light above her head and peering down. The poor mother leant over her shoulder and looked, and then went clear distracted, so they had to hold her to keep her from tearing all her hair out and all her clothes off. There were no men about, they were all in the church, either fed, or going to be, and it was some time before the crowd found out anything was wrong. They came quick enough when poor Millie began to go into those shrieking hysterics she has, and they ran every way for ladders. Just after they'd

gone Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith kicked off her slippers and gave me the lantern to hold.

"You're not going down?" I said.

"Yes I am, and you tell them to fetch ropes and blankets."

Then she was over the curb. It was dreadful to see her head jerking down and to see her white fingers spread out like claws onto the stone. I could just see the boy. His white flannel dress was caught at the back, but his head seemed to be in the water, and I made up my mind he was dead. I heard Mrs. Smith groan once, and she toppled and clutched at a stone and a piece of something fell splash into the water. Then the men came with the ladders and they were all too short—you could see that without trying them, so I told them about the blankets and the rope, and the minister took the lantern and went on saying something softly to himself, and I hung to the curb and kept thinking what a long, long time it was since she went down there.

"Rope!" cried Mrs. Smith, and her voice was hoarse as could be. They let one down with a noose in it, and she called them to raise it. They hauled it steady as could be, and up came little Tommy. His mother grabbed him and ran into the church, and then they hauled up the brave woman.

We began to try and do things for her, but her mind was all on Tommy. "He'll go into convulsions," she said, and ran off. Sure enough he was in them, and there wasn't a doctor to be found. Some of the women were trying to heat a pail of water, and others were wringing out cold cloths for his head and trying to undress him, while his poor frantic ma was crying all over his face, which was getting blacker every minute. "Lift down the boiler of coffee," said Mrs. Smith, and they did it. She emptied a pail of cold water into it, tried it with her hand, poured a couple of pitchers full in, and then jerked Tommy away from his mother and soused him into the coffee. There he was up to his little neck and as stiff as a poker. It was good and hot and he began to come to his natural colour about the face. Then he limbered up and squirmed and they rolled him in blankets, and the doctor got there in time to give him some powders, and then they took him over to the parsonage and put him to bed.

"Spiled the best biler of coffee, I ever made," wailed Granny, as she bustled around trying to make some in a tin pail. Just then Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith went dizzy and we noticed her head was bleeding just under her back hair. She'd cut it on one of the sharp stones when she jerked her head back to keep from falling. The doctor had to plaster her up, and when she'd been taken off to her sister's, we didn't feel much like passing cake and sandwiches; and when it got around through the congregation they weren't hungry, so the preacher said we'd best go on with the programme.

We had things enough left to give the Sunday-school a social the next night, and those bad youngsters kept calling out: "Say, is this the coffee you ducked young Tommy in last night!"

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*

# JOHN CAREW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

*With Three Illustrations by Tom Wilkinson.*

JOHN paused for a moment, ere he entered the shop, to look in the glittering window where the shopmen had displayed their most alluring wares, a wealth of gleaming silver and gold and blazing jewels, all dazzlingly brilliant in the glare of electric light. It occurred to John, with an accompanying sensation of pardonable pride, that there was nothing in all the window's array more beautiful or calculated to please a woman than the masterpiece of the jeweler's art which he had ordered.

The proprietor came smilingly forward when he saw John's tall figure enter. "It's quite finished, Mr. Carew," he said briskly; and hurried away to return with a small satin-lined case which he opened for John's inspection.

"The neatest thing, Mr. Carew, my men have turned out this season!" and the jeweler daintily held John's purchase in mid-air between his finger and thumb and flashed its beauty in the light.

It was certainly a lovely thing, and would look lovelier at Mabel's fair throat, John thought. It was a star-shaped brooch of pearls and diamonds. The jeweler placed it back in the case, and John walked down to the office and paid the price, conscious that he was being followed by the gaze of a handsome woman who had stood at his elbow.

"A country lover?" she said carelessly to the jeweler as John passed out.

"The shrewdest young farmer in the county," returned the shopkeeper. "Able to give his check on the bank at any moment for ten thousand. He's to be married to-morrow. John Carew's his name. John Carew of Dutton."

"Ah!" murmured the lady.

"You know him, madam?"

"No, oh no! And that was his present to the bride, I suppose? For a farmer, his taste is remarkably good."

"John Carew knows a good thing," said the jeweler affably, returning his questioner's easy smile.

"And he's marrying some city girl, I suppose? Isn't that generally the way with these well-to-do young farmers?"

"Not this time!" said the jeweler, with a shrewd smile. "John Carew's too sensible for that. He wants a good practical girl with just enough sentiment, I daresay, to make his house a home. She's Miss Mabel Moore, the daughter of a well-to-do neighbouring farmer, and quite a beauty, too."

"I see," said the handsome woman. "Mr. Carew is a practical lover as well as a practical farmer. Let us hope he may be as successful in love as he has been at farming." Then she swept out of the store with a dazzling smile, the jeweler following her fine figure with keen and curious eyes.

"Handsome woman!" he said half-aloud, as he closed the door. "Stranger, too. Wonder who she is?"

Meantime John Carew was striding down the street, eager for home. His mare was in readiness between the shafts of the light cutter when he reached the livery, and apparently eager for home, too. The prospective bridegroom had one more call to make, the tailor's, where he got the parcel that contained his wedding suit, and then he turned the mare's head toward Dutton, eight miles away.

It was Christmas eve, and a fine, frosty, starlit night, and as the mare swung steadily along over the hard, white road, John settled himself in his big, comfortable coat and thought of Mabel.

He hoped she would like her present; and he hoped she would be happy as his wife. Certainly, loving her as

he did, and as he had always loved her ever since they were boy and girl at the village school together, he would do his best to make her happy. She had not looked very bright during the past week or two, John reflected ; but that had been due, he shrewdly concluded, to the worry incidental to the preparations for her wedding day. A woman had not the stoical nature of a man in such matters, John thought. Her sensitive organization would subject her, he vaguely surmised, to many strange and serious reflections upon the responsibilities she was about to assume, and of the future. And feeling this, and knowing how very sensitive and different from other girls she was, John determined that he must be and would be very tender toward his Mabel.

Presently a cutter went by him swiftly, and John caught a glimpse of the faces of two men. He half turned to look back, thinking he had recognized one of the faces. The lights of Dutton gleamed rosily in the valley below him at last, and in the centre of the dim, snow-clad country beyond he could discern the lights upon his farm ; the finest farm, he proudly reflected as he thought of Mabel, in the whole township, and without a peer in the county, and with the finest house upon it you could find in all Dutton, where Mabel would begin her reign to-morrow as Mrs. John Carew ! And over there, to the left, was Mabel's ; that big house where so many windows were lighted up, and where everybody was so busy. He was a man of much consequence there to-night, John reflected, with a little smile that was half-humorous and half-tender.

The brick church was lighted up, and John drew in his fleet-footed mare at the gate. The girls and the young minister were doubtless decorating with evergreen for next day ; and he might find Mabel there, too, even if it was her wedding-eve ; for she had always been a prime mover in such affairs, and even latterly had been the young minister's right bower—to use a most unfelicitous phrase—in the musical and other preparations for the Christmas services.

The church was dark at the entrance end, and John stood there a moment shading his eyes to see if Mabel was one of the group of girls who stood talking near the organ. Then he heard Mabel's name ; but as he walked up the aisle and into the light the girls stopped talking abruptly, and glanced at him so strangely that he felt there must be something amiss.

"Was Mabel here?" he asked, looking keenly from one to the other.

"She's gone home," answered one of the girls in a diffident tone, and glancing at the other girls as if inviting them to speak.

"What's the matter?" said John brusquely. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"I'm afraid there is, John," said another girl ; and she was going on, but John broke in with :

"What is it? It's not Mabel, surely? Is she ill?"

"No, it's not Mabel !" exclaimed three or four together. "That is—"

"Don't be silly, girls !" broke in a brisk little woman. "Don't frighten the man. No, John, Mabel's all right, but—"

"But what?" interrupted John impatiently. "What *is* the matter, if it isn't Mabel? Where's Mr. Ellerby ?"

"Then you haven't heard?" chorused the girls together. "We thought all the place would know of it by this time !"

"How could it, if you have all been here ?" said John drily. "I've heard nothing. I've just come from town."

"Well, it's just this, John," said the brisk little woman, speaking up again. "The minister is in some trouble, and he's gone off to town without a word to any of us."

"In some trouble ?" echoed John. "What trouble can *he* be in ?"

"Well, we think," began one of the girls, who was dying to tell John what she thought, but the little woman interrupted her.

"We don't think anything at all, because we don't know anything about

it ! But someone drove out from town, John, with a letter for the minister, and when he read it—we were all working here together—he got as white as a sheet; and then, without a word, went off with the man who had brought the letter, and they drove away together; and that's the last we've seen of him. Didn't you meet him, John? "

"I thought I knew the face," said John, "but I wasn't sure. Well, this is a nice state of affairs ! "

"And then, you know," cried the girl, who couldn't hold her tongue, "and then poor Mabel went off into a dead faint."

"Why can't you keep quiet? " cried the elder woman sharply. "The poor girl was so unstrung with all the excitement she has had that a thing like that would be sure to upset her. You needn't look so grave, John, the girl's all right. But you'd better go over and see her. It will do her good."

John pulled on his gloves. "I'll have to find Ellerby," he said, "and see what the trouble is. Didn't he even say when he would be back? Haven't you any idea where he went? What's this? " and John stooped and picked a crumpled piece of paper from the littered floor.

"Why, it must be the envelope the letter was in ! " cried the girls, crowding round him.

"It's a woman's hand," said John, surveying the bold writing of the address. "And it's a Grand Hotel envelope, you see. Perhaps the person who wrote it is stopping at the Grand Hotel, and I'll find the minister there." And John put the envelope in his pocket.

"Mr. Ellerby was very strange and quiet all day," said the girl who was dying to air her view of the situation. "He seemed preoccupied, as if his thoughts were quite apart from his work."

"He should get married," said John, smiling round. "That new parsonage wants a woman in it to make it fit for a man to live in." And he strode off, leaving the women glancing curiously at one another at his words.

John drove over to his prospective father-in-law's. Mrs. Moore met him in the hall.

"Well? " she queried, as if expecting news.

"How's Mabel? " said John, looking beyond, as if expecting to see his betrothed.

"She's lying down. I don't understand what's the matter with her, because she doesn't seem ill. I think she's just tired. They drove her over from the church, but, of course, you were in there and they told you. What's all this about the minister, John? "

"I don't know," said John, "but I'm going back to town to see. He seems to have got unpleasant news. I expect it was the shock, with all this excitement, that upset Mabel. You don't think," he added, with a keen and anxious glance, "that she's ill? "

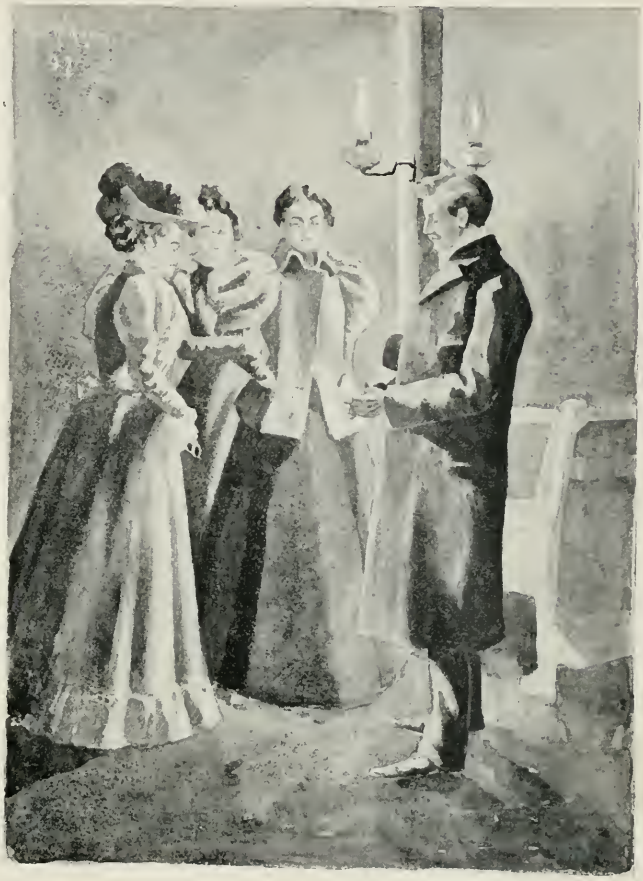
"Nonsense ! " exclaimed Mabel's mother. "I'll call her."

"No, she mustn't be disturbed, I'll come right in as soon as I get back; and if I can bring the minister with me, or everything is all right, the news will do her good. You can tell her I've gone."

"Certainly," thought John, as his sturdy mare sped along toward town once more, "certainly the young minister should marry some winsome lass like Mabel," though John felt there could be no other lass in all the world like his Mabel. This dark-eyed, pale-faced young clergyman, who had come to them only a few months since, but who had, nevertheless, in that time won their regard, would be the better for having a wife, some sympathetic little woman to share his work and brighten his life. There was too much poring over books and too much long driving over lonely roads into neighbouring parishes, John thought. He was a sombre fellow, the young clergyman; and of late had appeared melancholy and reticent to an extreme degree. And yet John liked him, with all his sombre face and brooding air; had liked him from the first, as one man instinctively likes another without knowing

why, save that he believes him to be honourable—and a *man.*

Perhaps, John concluded, the young minister was in love and his love had not run smoothly, which would certainly account for his gloomy and abstracted manner of late. Whatever this trouble of the young minister's was, whatever the contents were of the mysterious letter which had caused their young pastor to turn deadly pale and hurry away with no explanatory word, John felt eager to extend a helping hand if in his power. Moreover, he felt that such action on his part would please Mabel; and with this idea uppermost in his mind, John encouraged his mare with a cheery word to quicken her pace over the mile or so of frosty road that yet lay between them and the Grand Hotel.



"Why, it must be the envelope the letter was in!" cried the girls, crowding round him.

Of course it was none of his business, John decided. But apart from his liking for the young minister, John felt that, as a warden of the church, he had a right to extend his hand; besides he had a personal interest in Ellerby's welfare, since he was to perform the ceremony on the morrow which would make Mabel Mrs. John Carew. And there must be no barrier to the smoothness of that ceremony. It must be a joyful and doubly-memorable date, this twenty-fifth of December; the sacred importance of a wedding intermingled with the celebration of Christmas Day; and Christmas Day at the Moore homestead, John recalled with a smile, was an event to be remembered.

When he reached the hotel he ran a quick but keen glance over the register. The entry, "Mrs. Julian Wall, Buffalo," among the arrivals of the day, caught his eye almost instantly. The writing of the entry was identical with that of the address upon the envelope which the young minister had let fall in the church.

Mrs. Julian Wall's room was number 109, second floor.

John discovered that Room 109 was at the extreme end of a wing corridor. He did not know what he was to do, having had in his mind, so far, the single idea of tracing the young minister. But as he walked down the heavily-carpeted corridor, his light, easy

step making his progress almost noiseless, a certain word spoken in a woman's clear voice made him start and pause, and determined his course of action.

"Mabel!"

Then through the open, gas-lit fanlight of Room 109 came another voice, that of the young minister, followed by derisive laughter. The door of the room facing 109 was slightly open. John slipped in there, and saw at a keen glance that the room was untenanted. For safety he turned the key; and then, by the light from the street, placed a small table against the door. He climbed upon this, opened the fanlight, and being six feet high found he could look directly across into Room 109.

The young minister was pacing up and down the room, his hands locked behind him, his eyes upon the carpet; and lounging in an easy chair, her arms above her head, sat Mrs. Julian Wall, the handsome woman who had stood at John's elbow at the jeweler's.

"Listeners never hear good of themselves," thought John, grimly, as he gazed at the pair.

"And so you are in love with this country beauty, eh?" said the woman in the chair. Her tones were incisive and clear, and reached John's alert hearing distinctly. "Oh, you needn't look cross, my dear boy! I guessed that by your face directly I mentioned her name. You see, I haven't lost any of my former sharpness, have I? And *she* is to be married to-morrow? How tragic!"

The young minister paused abruptly.

"Where did you get all your information?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, the proverbial little bird, of course. One hears these things, you know! And she is to marry—let me see; what *is* the name? Oh, yes, Carew, that's it! A shrewd young farmer, who can sign his check for ten thousand at any time. I've got it down pat. And what a memory I have!"

"I wish you could have forgotten me."

"Naturally. Now, if *you* could only sign your name for ten thousand, Frank—but what an idea! And *you* are to marry this pretty Mabel to the shrewd young farmer, while all the time your heart is aching with your devotional love for her! Why, really, when you come to think of it, it's quite romantic! But your case isn't hopeless. When she is married you will, of course, be her father-confessor, and *that* covers a multitude of sins, you know."

"Stop! I forbid you to speak her name!"

"Why, really, when you come to think of it, it's quite romantic. And I daresay she's in love with you. There, you needn't glare, my dear boy! You shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve, you know. And all the while this big lover hasn't the faintest suspicion of the romance of it all, nor of the unhappiness he is creating in two young hearts. Why, it would make quite a play, a capital curtain-raiser. Don't you think you could do your own part, Frank? You would require positively no making-up."

"Will you not cease?" cried the young minister.

"Why? Does it hurt so much to have this village beauty's name flung in your face by such as I?"

"You seem to know your own worth!" he replied bitterly. "It is pollution."

"It is pollution, is it? It wouldn't have been pollution two years ago, my spiritual friend, when you asked Aggie Winter to be your wife! You thought me good enough then!"

"I was a fool, that is all. I was blind."

"You didn't think you were blind then! But of course you hadn't been 'ordained,' and you hadn't so many pharasaic phrases at your tongue's end then! You thought me good enough to ask me to marry you!"

"A proof of my blindness," answered the young man wearily.

"A Christian retort. And just because you fancy yourself in love with this pink and white rustic you give yourself airs and feel yourself too good

to marry *me*. But you can't have her, do you understand? She belongs to someone else, and even if she didn't *I* would stand between!"

"I would rather kill myself than marry you."

"And I would rather die than be buried alive with *you*."

"Then what do you follow me for?" burst out the young man, confronting her. "Why have you taken all the trouble to come here?"

"Money, my boy, m-o-n-e-y."

Ellerby laughed ironically.

"Look here!" she said sharply, and springing up and facing him. She was a tall woman, and as they stood confronting each other her fine cold eyes were on a level with those of the young minister. "If this is so very distressing you can cut it short. I want money, that is all!"

"You must be mad. How do you suppose I can have money?"

"Get it! Otherwise—"

"Well?"

"Otherwise, my dear boy, I shall simply drive out to your parish, or whatever you call it, and let your 'flock' know. It would be quite a change in the programme of the wedding to-morrow, for instance, wouldn't it?"

There was a pause. Ellerby strode up and down; she tapped the carpet with her well-shod foot.

"How much do you want?" he said at last.

"Now you are talking business. Look here, Frank, I don't want to be hard on you. Give me five hundred dollars and I give you my word of honour you won't hear from me again. That's a consideration, isn't it?"

Ellerby laughed ironically again. "You are mad!" he said.

"Well, if the business is such bad pay you shouldn't have gone into it. Let us say *three* hundred, then."

"You are talking impossibilities, I tell you," cried the young minister impatiently. "Don't you suppose I am sufficiently compromised by coming here, without trying to borrow a sum like that? You must do your worst, if you will have it so."

The door was opened without ceremony, and the young minister started back.

"Carew!" he cried.

"It isn't necessary for me to offer any explanation," said John quietly. "I have overheard your conversation, that is all, and I think the sooner this matter is ended the better."

Mrs. Julian Wall smiled, but it was a colourless smile, and she said nothing. John's unexpected entrance and his masterful manner had robbed her of her readiness of speech.

"Now," said John, as he walked over to a small table upon which were writing materials, "if you will write at my dictation and sign a relinquishment of all claim upon Mr. Ellerby, based upon his offer of marriage, I will pay you two hundred dollars."

"Carew!" cried the young minister, the blood flaming into his pale face. "You shall not do this!"

"Two hundred dollars, Mr. Carew, would scarcely compensate—" began the adventuress; but John cut her short.

"It is two hundred dollars more than you would get in court," he said curtly. "But write what I dictate and you shall have the money." And he took from his pocket-book some crisp bills. This operation roused the woman's cupidity, as John had supposed it would; and after regarding the money and John's impassive face for a moment or two with half-closed, calculative eyes, she gave her fine shoulders a shrug, sat down at the table, and began to write.

"You must use your own natural hand," remarked John. "Please begin over again."

"You are certainly very shrewd, Mr. Carew," she said, giving John an arch glance; but the look was lost upon John.

"That is all right," he remarked, when she had put his brief sentences upon the paper. "Now, sign 'Aggie Winter, alias Mrs. Julian Wall,' date it 'at the Grand Hotel,' and I will attach my name as a witness."

"Here is your money," he said,

"The door was opened without ceremony, and the young minister started back."

when the paper was complete ; "and this," he added, handing the document to the young minister, who had been standing statue-like and silent through it all, "is yours. And now, as my cutter is at the door, and there is nothing to detain us, we will go home." He placed his arm through the young minister's, and, without another glance at the woman who stood gazing curiously at them, they left the room.

And so together, side by side, the two men sat behind the black mare's hurrying hoofs, the young minister silent and depressed, his eyes upon the receding road ; John handling the reins, his brows knit, his glance stern and troubled, his heart far ahead, beyond the slender track of road that lay before, beyond the white, still meadows glimmering in the light of the late-risen moon, beyond the hills and valleys and level stretches, straight to the old farm-house where the woman they both loved was straining her eyes down the white road, her heart beating, beating for one of them.

Which one? John's heart was ice and fire by turns and, despite his effort to put aside his fear, was beating tumultuously in his broad bosom. His brain seemed numb, and yet his reasoning faculties were clear, inexorably clear. If what that woman had said should prove true, that his Mabel loved this other man, this slight being at his side, that he could crush in his strong hands as a child crushes a flower, that she was going to the altar only to keep her troth, then—no, God help him ! he would *not* give her up ! She was *his*, his by right, and what he had he would hold. This man at his side, if he loved Mabel, must bear his pain *like* a man ; he must go away and forget her. That could be his only course.

Forget her? Forget Mabel? John broke the silence of the frosty air with a harsh laugh that made the mare leap, and he felt the young minister start and shiver. Could *he* forget her were he in this man's place? Forget Mabel, little Mabel, whom a score of others had wooed in vain? He laughed aloud again, and struck the mare's flank irefully with his whip.

It was a dream, a bitter, devilish dream. He would wake presently and find life as bright for him as it had been an hour ago, ere this man came between ; and, in a little while, Mabel, Mabel who could be waiting and watching only for him, would be in his arms !

Then, like the sting of a lash, setting on fire again his blood, freezing his heart, numbing his brain, relentless memory came. He tried to fight a thousand insidious thronging thoughts aside, but he could not forget. He recalled how anxious had been Mabel's mother that her daughter should marry prosperous young John Carew ; how listless and strange Mabel had been of late ; how forced had been her gaiety and her attention when he had talked what their life together would be. If Mabel did not love this young minister how else was he to account for her having swooned in the church? How else for the strange and yet significant manner of the women there?

Bah ! he would not be a fool. If it should prove that Mabel cared for this pale-faced young fellow, he would make his heart of stone. At worst it could be nothing more than a girl's passing fancy. Even the best of women were unreliant creatures, and their nature played them strange vagaries at times, for which they themselves could not be held accountable. She was his affianced wife, and she should be his wife to-morrow. If she were uncertain now, why, he would teach her to love him ; he would show her what his love could be ; so that, ere long, in place of this sentimental whim would be a smiling wonder that she could ever have thought for a moment of any man but John Carew.

The mare breasted the hill, and the village lights rose and gleamed on the farther side of the valley, few and far between this time. Beyond, the beacon light of his own farm was shining still ; and over there was Mabel's—well, he would soon know. He would see Mabel at once, and her face would tell the tale without questioning. A

"Outside, the blood surged in his brain, and he felt faint and dizzy."

sudden, storm-like sense of rage and hate, so alien to John that it seemed to smother the action of his heart, swept over him. His hand tightened upon the rein, and he dared not trust himself to turn and look at the silent figure beside him. Then it passed, leaving him calm and clear-eyed and masterful. He knew his course, and he smiled to himself, a triumphant smile, and yet half-tender and half-kind.

Lights were still burning in the church, and the shadows of moving figures were thrown upon the frosted panes. John drew up at the gate.

"Go in," he said quietly, speaking for the first time. "You need tell them nothing. Leave that to me." He shook the reins, and then impulsively checked the mare.

"Ellerby," he said, "I'm truly sorry for you." And he held out his hand.

"Carew," replied the young minister, "you have been a friend to me to night such as I never had. I can say no more." He held John's outstretched hand in a vice-like grip that made John wonder; and then the mare sped on. But, glancing back, John saw the young man gazing after, a slight, black figure in the moonlight silhouetted against the snow.

He drove to Mabel's. The door was opened by Mabel herself ere he had stamped the snow from his feet. A lamp was burning in the parlour, and he strode in there. Yet, despite his resolve, his heart was beating furiously. For the moment he dared not look into her eyes.

"You found him—you have brought him back?" she half-whispered, placing a hand upon his arm.

He looked down into her white face, then turned and walked to the window and stared out. The glittering stars in the velvet-blue heaven seemed mocking him with their splendour; and before him rose a vision of that slender, motionless figure at the church gate, clear-cut in the cold moonlight as a blasted tree in the lightning.

"Yes," he answered, "I have brought him back, Mabel." Then, for the first time, she saw the despair in his face.

"John," she faltered.

"Mabel," he said quietly, "why did you not tell me?"

"Why, John, . . . ." she stammered; and began to cry.

"Don't do that!" he said; and a passionate longing to take her in his arms almost burst his heart. "It has been my fault, I have been blind. But I am glad I learned the truth to-night, Mabel. Where is your father?"

"He is at the church—he went to meet you," she answered, sobbing.

"I will see him at once; they shall not say a word to you." He paused for a moment at the door, gazing with yearning eyes at the bent girlish figure; then turned and was gone. But as the outer door closed he heard her call his name.

Outside, the blood surged in his brain, and he felt faint and dizzy. The snow-laden fields appeared a blur, and objects seemed swimming in a mist, while the keen air cut through him. As he stumbled towards his sleigh his tired mare threw up her head in greeting, and the bells of the village rang in the Christmas morning across the pallid world.

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*

## LE SAGUENAY.

*By Louis Frechette, with translation by Hon. James D. Edgar.*

DES vastes foréts la splendeur m'enchante ;
J'aime à contempler les sommets altiers.
Rien ne vaut pourtant la grâce touchante
De la fleur qui luit au bord des sentiers.

O rocs entassés dont l'orgueil se mire
Dans les flots profonds du noir Saguenay !
Falaises à pic que la foule admire !
Rocher que la fondre a découronné !

Promontoires nus dont la cime touche,
Aux derniers confines de l'immensite,
Mon front qu 'a couvert votre ombre farouche
S'incline devant votre majesté.

Mais, ô pics géants que le ciel décore,
Monts qui défiez le regard humain,
A tout votre éclat je préferè encore
La douce amitié qui me tend la main !

*Louis Frechette.*

THE forest has spells to enchant me,
The mountain has power to enthrall ;
Yet the grace of a wayside blossom
Can stir my heart deeper than all.

O towering steeps that are mirrored
On Saguenay's darkening breast !
O grim, rocky heights, sternly frowning,
The thunders have smitten your crest !

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,
Stand forth in stupendous array !
My brow, by your shadows enshrouded,
Is humble before you to-day.

But, peaks that are gilded by Heaven,
Defiant you stand in your pride !
From glories too distant, above me,
I turn to the friend by my side.

*James D. Edgar.*

I HEARD a song, a low sweet song,
As 'twas breathed on the evening air ;
Its notes were linked by a golden thread
To the lips of a maiden fair.

I heard a song, divinely sweet,
And I loved the sounds as they fell ;
They bore me away on the eventide,
And love's story seemed to tell.

The frost of love's winter is on me,
And the chill of a cheerless sun ;
I listen no more for the singer—
The song of my singer is done.

She was borne in robes as spotless
As the love she cherished for me ;
And laid at rest 'neath the meadow's breast,
In the shade of a leafless tree.

*William Van Buren Thompson.*

# WITH BOOKER'S COLUMN.

*Personal Reminiscences of the Events of the Fenian Raid of June, 1866 : by Robert Larmour, then Superintendent of the B. & L. H. Railway.*

I THINK it is not too much to say that if any one of the regular regiments that were stationed in 1866 at Hamilton, Toronto and London had been sent forward to occupy Fort Erie and the Niagara frontier, at any time previous to the day the crossing of the Fenians took place, Generals Sweeney and O'Neil would not have been able to hoodwink and delude their men in the way in which they did, and these men would have known that to cross the border meant to commence fighting, and that with a regiment of British soldiers defending their country against a lawless and causeless invasion. They would have recognized that instead of peacefully and quietly settling down on their selected farm they would have some stern work to do. Most of these men had seen enough of fighting to know what the presence of a British regiment in Fort Erie would mean, and I think I am not saying too much in asserting that if the least show of opposition had been made in time that there would have been no raid on Fort Erie and no bloodshed at Ridgeway.

For many weeks previous to the crossing at Fort Erie numbers of these men had been collected at Buffalo, where they were openly paraded and drilled in the public parks, and even on the "Terrace" opposite the old Mansion House, in the very heart of the city. Meetings were held in the principal halls, where the men were harangued by Fenian leaders such as General Sweeney, General O'Neil, and other orators whose names I do not now remember. One of these meetings took place on the Wednesday night preceding the Friday morning on which the raid took place. It was held at St. James' Hall, one of the largest in the city. To say that the hall was packed with an excited and wildly enthusiastic, ignorant crowd, would be but to give a very faint idea of what was described by an* eye witness to the writer a short time afterwards. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, the green being predominant. The walls and stage cur-

INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD FORT ERIE.

The old Fort is about a mile to the south of the present village of Fort Erie. It was captured by United States troops in 1814, materially strengthened and stood a seige of many weeks after the battle of Lundy's Lane. Around this old Fort and the village were enacted many of the movements in the Fenian campaign of 1866. This photograph was taken recently for the use of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

* Private Hamilton, of the York Battalion.

tains were covered with maps and plans of Canada. There were maps of counties, maps of townships, maps of concessions; even maps and plans showing farms in squares, which were numbered for convenience. There were also pictures representing splendid farmhouses and barns, with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing in the distant fields, while pigs and poultry filled up the foreground. The one-armed hero and orator, General Sweeney, was "flashed" upon this mad crowd, and after having delivered such an harangue as might be expected under such circumstances, he triumphantly pointed to these maps as showing the glorious reward that awaited those who joined in the coming expedition, and in the most ostentatious manner invited those willing to cross to step forward and select a farm. Across the numbered square of which represented his choice he was to write his name.

I give these details to show to what an extent these poor, ignorant men were deluded, even in Buffalo—within sight of our Canadian shores. All these preparations and doings were known to our Canadian Government, and must have been known to that of the United States, yet the latter took no steps to check them, nor did the former take any to guard or defend the Niagara frontier. The Canadian authorities seemed to have no fear of an attempt at a crossing in this direction, believing that if any attempt were made it would take place further east, and that the force collected at Buffalo would be drawn off in that direction when the time for action arrived.

The men composing the expedition were led to believe that the only difficulty they had to fear in making the crossing was that the United States authorities might interfere and stop such a glaring violation of the law, and that once landed on the Canadian shore they would be met by friends and all would be well. This was more readily believed because it was evident that there were no soldiers near the frontier to oppose a landing or to disprove the line of argument adopted by the Fenian leaders. Their final preparations were carried out with such secrecy that the crossing was effected before the United States authorities were aware of what was going on, and the expedition landed without opposition or hindrance of any kind.

That the reader may better understand how the writer's knowledge of events was obtained, it may be well for me to say that at the time of the raid I was Superintendent of the Buffalo and Goderich Branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, and that my duties and the interests of the Company required me to spend much of my time at the Fort Erie end of the line, so that with the aid of our agent at Buffalo, Mr. R. Calvert—a good, loyal Canadian—I was necessarily cognizant of a great deal that was happening in connection with the Fenian movement.

For some time we had fears the Fenians might attempt the seizure of the car ferry steamer *International*, and thus obtain a ready and well-adapted means for crossing the river and capturing the railway terminus on the Fort Erie side with all its equipment of engines and cars. For this reason Mr. Calvert was instructed to keep himself well informed of what was being done in Buffalo. During the evening of Thursday, June 1st, I received a message at Brantford from him to the effect that some important movement was on foot, but what it was he could not make out. I decided to go down by the first train, and arrived at Fort Erie station at 4 a.m. Friday. While the train was being backed down on board the ferry, Mr. Trebble, one of the Canadian Custom Officers, rushed into the car, bare-headed, and in a terrible state of excitement, exclaiming:

"The Fenians have landed in the village and are killing everybody."

A moment later other messengers, rushing up the bank of the river, confirmed Mr. Trebble's report—at least so far as the landing of the Fenians was concerned. They had crossed the river from Black Rock—just opposite Fort Erie and about two miles down

the river from Buffalo proper—in canal boats towed by a tug.

To prevent the *International* falling into their hands the captain was ordered to pull out from the dock at once with the recently arrived passenger train on board, but not to land on the Buffalo side. He was also instructed to send a reliable man ashore to warn the U.S. gunboat *Michigan* which was lying in sight at anchor at the entrance to Buffalo harbour.

Well knowing that the first movement likely to be made by the invaders would be to take possession of the equipment of the road then at Fort Erie, orders were at once given to what few hands were available at that hour of the morning to collect and couple up everything in the shape of engines and cars, in the hope that we might get away up the line with them before being captured.

This done I hastened to the telegraph office and sent off a message to Major-General Napier, apprising him of what had taken place, and another to Superintendent Dwight of the Montreal Telegraph Co., Toronto, requesting him to spread the alarm to all concerned. The fact that the Fenians, instead of at once marching up from the village to the railway terminus—a distance of a mile—delayed and began foraging for a breakfast, gave us time to collect and couple up in one long train the whole equipment. Within an hour, taking with us the telegraph instruments and a few of the most valuable articles from the freight shed and station, the signal to start was given. The train was a very heavy one for the one engine in steam (there were two other dead engines in the train), and at first it moved but very slowly up the slight grade towards the top of the yard, where a spur track leading up from the village joined the main line at nearly right angles. As we approached this junction a compact body of Fenians with rifles at the shoulder and with fixed bayonets—which glistened in the first rays of the rising sun—came suddenly into full view. They were marching up the spur track. The engineer became excited and made such frantic efforts to increase his speed that I feared he would break away; and for a moment I thought that all was lost. At this time the train presented its broadside to the enemy and both were moving towards the one point, viz., the junction of the spur and main line. I fully expected that before we passed that point we should be fired upon, as we were within easy range, but for some reason I have never fully understood they allowed the train to proceed, and it reached the junction switch not more than 200 yards ahead of the advancing column. As the train turned the curve at this point it presented only the rear end, and as the speed had been increased by this time we felt safe. The engineer signified this by a farewell "toot toot" with his whistle, and we soon lost sight of the enemy as we steamed away for Port Colborne.

But, alas! we were destined to come to grief before reaching there. During the run steam had been got up on the dead engines, and under the exciting circumstances a speed had been obtained too great for the state of the track at that date; safety had been lost sight of, and instead of being the "first consideration" on the part of the engineers became the very last. The consequence was that when we were three miles east of Port Colborne, in a swamp, with deep and wide ditches filled with water on each side of the track, the yard engine not being adapted for running at so high a speed "jumped the track" and plunged into the ditch. The whole aggregation of engines, passenger cars, box cars and flat cars in the rear were piled up in a confused mass. A worse wreck could scarcely be imagined. My first impression was that it was the work of some Fenian sympathizer, for that there were at least a few such in the neighbourhood I was fully aware; but examination showed the cause to be as stated above. Fortunately, none of the train men were seriously hurt.

Knowing that the line might soon be required for use in transporting our

NO. 5 CO., QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, 1866.

This was the only company of Canadian volunteers at Limeridge, armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifle. This photo. was taken in 1866, and near the front of the picture a private may be seen pointing to the open breech of the rifle he holds.

troops to the front, no time was lost in arranging for the wreck to be cleared away, and for this purpose a large force was at once ordered down from the Brantford shops. Meanwhile, I had procured a good reliable man, the late Robert Cran, to go back on horseback along the public road, which runs parallel with the track, to find out what he could of the enemy's movements (the good loyal citizen of Port Colborne who furnished the horse first demanding a guarantee for its value, fearing it might be captured). In about two hours after starting out, Cran returned with the information that a party of the enemy had taken a hand-car which we had left behind at Fort Erie, and followed the train up the line as far as Sourwines bridge—a wooden structure over a small stream about six miles west of the terminus—and had set it on fire; also that parties of them were out in all directions seizing all the horses they could lay hands on, and raiding the farm-houses for provisions. This information was at once telegraphed to headquarters.

Early in the day Colonel Dennis, Brigade-Major, arrived at Port Colborne *via* the Welland Railway. Learning the state of affairs as far as was then known, and realizing the importance of having the railway track cleared, and the burned bridge repaired, so that the road might be serviceable in case a forward movement of the expected troops was decided upon, he ordered a detachment of the Welland Battery, under command of Capt. King, to act as a guard and to proceed down the line with the force sent to clear the wreck and repair the bridge.

About four o'clock on Friday afternoon a train having on board the Queen's Own Rifles from Toronto, and the 13th Battalion from Hamilton, arrived at Port Colborne. During the day

little or no information of a reliable nature could be obtained of the movements or doings of the main body of the Fenians. They had cut the telegraph wires leading to Fort Erie and all the country roads in that direction were held and guarded by them. Any information coming by the way of Buffalo was considered unreliable; in fact, very little seems to have been known in that city about the affair, General O'Neil having executed the final movement with the greatest caution and secrecy. The United States gunboat *Michigan*, having been early warned of the crossing, was on the alert, patrolling the river, and this, no doubt, was the reason why the successful landing in Canada of the first party had not been followed up by others, for it was well known the whole of the Fenians collected in Buffalo had not crossed. Although the Fenian preparations for the invasion so openly made had not been interfered with, still it is but fair to suppose the officers of the *Michigan* would have done their duty in preventing any further attempt, since an overt act had been committed and the law openly violated.

Late in the afternoon, and as soon as the track was passable at the wreck, Col. Dennis, the late Major Thomas Patterson, Roadmaster Savage and the writer, took an engine and started cautiously down the line as far as Sherk's Crossing, which is about seven miles east of Port Colborne. As far as we could see, on both sides of the track, the public roads leading towards the lake were crowded with people, some in waggons, some on horseback, and some on foot, but all hurrying towards the lake front, evidently seeking safety. It now being near night, we considered it unsafe to take the engine any further. It was then decided that Col. Dennis should return to Port Colborne with it, while Major Patterson and myself were to procure a hand-car and push on down the line, at least as far as the bridge, to see, if possible, how the work of repair was progressing, and to pick up any information we could. On arrival at the bridge we found the work well advanced, the men had not been molested, nor had the guards seen or heard anything further of the enemy's movements.

We then decided to proceed towards Fort Erie with the hand-car. In one or two places we found rails of the track displaced, but in such a way that they were easily replaced and secured. We were not molested in any way; we did not even meet with a single human being. There were no lights to be seen in the farmhouses as we passed them. The country seemed to have been entirely deserted, and about ten o'clock we turned into the yard that had been evacuated in the morning.

REMAINS OF "THE SMUGGLERS' HOME."

This was a tavern at the north-west corner of the junction of the Garrison and Ridge Roads. After the battle of Limeridge it was used as a hospital. About twenty years ago it was struck by lightning and burned. This photo. was taken recently for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Even here there was not even a picket of the enemy to be seen, but at the station we met with one solitary man, the late Mr. Richard Graham, Collector of Customs at Fort Erie. The enemy seemed to have relied on the fact that a bridge up the line had been destroyed, and had decided there was, therefore, no danger from that direction. Mr. Graham had walked up to the station alone, in the hope of hearing some news of what was going on up the line. From him we learned that, during the day, the main body of the Fenian force had deserted the village and moved down the river to Newbigging's farm, about two miles distant. He had been in their camp, had conversed with Gen. O'Neil, knew how many they numbered, how they were armed and provisioned, and, in fact, all about them. Realizing the importance of the information Mr. Graham was thus able to give to the officers at Port Colborne, we explained to him the position of affairs and what might result from it, but that his presence in person at Port Colborne would be desirable as a guarantee of its correctness. We prevailed upon him to accompany us back on the hand-car, and started at once, making all the haste possible, tired out as we all were. By the time we had reached the bridge the repairs had been completed and all hands returned to Port Colborne, which we reached about midnight.

FROM A PHOTO. TAKEN ABOUT 1866.

GENERAL WOLSELEY.

Now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. In 1866 he was A.Q.M.G. in the Province of Canada, with the rank of Colonel. He was on the staff of Col. Lowry, who left Toronto on the afternoon of June 2nd for the frontier, arriving in Fort Erie on the morning of June 3rd, and taking command of the whole force then assembling there. In his report, Col. Lowry states; "That I have received greater benefit than I can well express from Col. Wolseley's indefatigable energy, judgment, and promptitude of resource."

Mr. Graham was at once conducted to the head-quarters of Col. Booker. With him we found Col. Dennis, and Capt. Akers* who had been sent by Col. Peacocke across the country to Port Colborne, to consult with the volunteer commanders, and arrange plans for concerted action the following morning. Mr. Graham's story was listened to with the deepest interest by all present. The information he was able to give changed the whole aspect of affairs. His statement to the effect that, from all he could observe, the Fenians would remain in their camp on the Newbigging farm *all night*, was of the greatest importance. Instead of waiting until morning to make a forward movement, the idea of an immediate movement seemed to take hold upon all present. In fact, within a very few minutes a plan was concocted and decided upon; it was to the following effect. The railway track being now clear and in serviceable condition, and not likely to be further tampered with during the night, the Queen's Own and 13th Batt. were to

[*Lt.-Col. Denison in his pamphlet points out that Capt. Akers did not arrive in Port Colborne until 1.30 a.m., and that he found the whole force under arms and in the cars ready to carry out an immediate advance planned by Col. Dennis and Mr. Graham, and acceded to by Col. Booker. When Akers arrived, he was prevailed upon to such an extent, that he, like Booker, acceded to the plan. Col. Otter, D.O.C M.D. No. 2, then adjutant of the Q.O.R., states that his memory places Capt. Aker's arrival even later than 1.30 a.m. So on the evidence of these two authorities, Mr. Larmour's account can scarcely be accepted. Additional proof of the correctness of Col. Denison's account is the fact that Booker's telegram to Peacocke, announcing the plan, was sent at 3 a.m., and Peacocke's reply, disapproving, at 3.45 a.m.—EDITOR.]

get on board the train which was in readiness, and proceed cautiously towards Fort Erie. Col. Dennis was to take the Welland Battery men on board the tug *Robb*, which had been placed at his disposal, go down the lake and get into the river in front of Fort Erie, to cut off retreat. Col. Peacocke was to march up to Chippewa and take the Fenian camp on the opposite flank to that of the volunteers, the two commands to deploy in such a manner that their flanks would join in the rear of the camp, thus completely surrounding it with the expectation of taking it by surprise and making prisoners of the whole lot by daylight. To this plan Col. Peacocke's officer gave his full and unqualified approval, and undertook to give him details of it by wire at once, so that no time would be lost in his entering upon the part his force was to take in the projected movement.

All was now bustle and excitement at Port Colborne. Not a moment was to be lost in getting this strategic plan under way. The troops were hurried on board the train. A pilot-engine was got ready to run at short distance ahead of it as a precaution. The *Robb* was fired up and Col. Dennis with his Welland Battery men got on board. All this was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. The *Robb* steamed out of the harbour, the men on board giving a cheer as her lines were cast off. The pilot-engine with Major Patterson on board was signalled off, and the troop train was on the very point of starting when a shout came from the telegraph office: "A message from Col. Peacocke!" Alas! for the strategic plan, and great expectations of its results! All our hopes were dashed to the ground! The message from Col. Peacocke was a *peremptory order* to Col. Booker to remain at Port Colborne with all his command until seven o'clock in the morning, then take train to Ridgeway, disembark there and march to Stevensville, there to join the regular regiments. There was now nothing to do but obey this order as far as it could be obeyed. The *Robb* had gone beyond recall, and would be in Niagara River by daylight looking out for retreating Fenians, but looking in vain for the appearance of the Canadian forces. The pilot-engine had gone and Major Patterson would be looking in vain for the troop train following.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and cold even to the point of freezing. The cheerful energy and high spirits that had been noticeably maintained by both officers and men all through the past long day of excitement and fatiguing duties, seemed to give way all at once. Col. Booker was visibly chagrined, disappointed and dejected; and the same might be said of his officers and men. The latter remained in their seats in the crowded cars, hungry, cold and tired as they were, without room to stretch their bodies in rest. And so the remaining hours of the night were spent. Is it to be wondered at if, under such circumstances, these men who were mostly youths, unaccustomed to such hardships, would not be in the best condition to face the terrible events that awaited them the coming morning—the last morning that some of them were destined ever to behold?

*(To be concluded next month.)*

# A POET AND A DIPLOMATIST.

BELINDA and I made taffy the other night. Almost everybody in our house had gone out but me, and I had curled up in the largest chair I could find, with a book in my lap which I intended to read as soon as the mental process that is politely called thinking ceased to interest me. Belinda came in before this happened, and her advent made clear to me the superiority of action over contemplation. (I forget which Greek philosopher differs from me as to this.) So we went into the kitchen, which was empty and tidy —we changed all that. We have frequently made taffy together. Looking back into the rosy past we both see a great many evenings spent in that employment, and perhaps when we are old women the spaces between these evenings will have nearly vanished, like the intervening length of street between lamp-posts that are far enough away, and youth will appear to have consisted of continuous taffy-making. Then we shall tell the girls of that distant time that things aren't as they were when we were young, as the old people now tell us, and if they are half as thankful to hear it as we are we shall not be killjoys in our old age, at least. But when this latest evening so spent shall have got a little further away, and shall have become the past, not merely a detached piece of the present, I think it will have an individuality all its own, and a vividness in memory that will distinguish it from all other taffy-evenings. For Belinda was reminiscent. I have known Belinda a long time, but I do not always know what is happening to her, when it happens. She says things are too new at the time—that the past has a grace a reasonable person cannot expect from the present—that if you wait till an episode is complete it will be in a more satisfactory shape to talk about—that, in short, you can't call a thing happy (or anything else) till it's dead. These reasons are, possibly, fanciful; at any rate they do not deter her if she feels inclined to tell me what she has had the luck to see the day after she has seen it. If she followed her stated principles logically, I should still be ignorant of many interesting things that have come in her way, for we have both lived long enough to know that, as a rule, things don't die, and that "*choses sans résultat*" is the craziest phrase ever made by a sane author.

Belinda did not immediately strike into the vein of reminiscence that I found so interesting.

"Do you know how brown sugar is made, Gertrude?" she asked, pensively, while I was getting out the materials for our work.

"No," I answered, hastily. "And I have no desire for such knowledge."

"I don't know, either," she said, laughing. "I just thought I could frighten you. Shall I crack those nuts? Where are the nutcrackers?" I gave them to her, and after cracking about three nuts in silence, she began:

"Did I ever tell you, Gertie, that I knew a poet once?" I pricked up my ears and said no.

"I did. But he wasn't poetical; he wasn't long-haired and picturesque; he was quite ordinary and this-end-of-this-centuryish to look at. He affected my society all one summer; he used to bring his verses and read them to me."

"Oh—h—h!"

"Yes, I had a slight suspicion myself at first, and I was alarmed, for I didn't know how a poet would act." The inference that she knew how most other classes of men would act, in the suspected circumstances, would have startled anyone who did not understand Belinda's oblique manner of jesting. "But he told me the verses were written for a young lady of his acquaintance and he wanted my opinion of their merit—crediting me with liter-

ary judgment, poor boy—before he ventured to send them.

"Mightn't you have been the young lady? That might have been merely an indirect way of showing them?" I asked. I was beginning to think I had known her poet also—because sending verses to girls is not a common modern vice—but I was not sure.

"No—oh, I didn't ever really think it, you know; I just thought it might be possible. But I knew better very soon. I couldn't tell you if it had been that way, for you might easily chance to know him, too. No, it was somebody I didn't know then. I don't know how she liked his verses; he didn't tell me that—do you put the butter in at this stage of the proceedings?"

"I put the butter in when the spirit moves me," I answered. "I think there's a good deal of nonsense talked about butter in cookery-books; I don't humour it half as much as they expect one to."

"I'm sorry for your future husband."

"So am I—but not on that ground. I suppose you mean by a poet not a real one, but a creature that can make verses. That's so common, you know; it doesn't tell what he's like. What sort of man was he?"

"That's what used to puzzle me. He was nice, you know, and rather well-looking — fresh and vigorous. He wasn't—he was truthful, I think; but —it's hard to express what I mean—one would say he was straight enough, but he was a little diplomatic." ("Same man," I thought, watching the taffy.)

"I can't recall any instances of it," she went on, "but I always credited him with that quality. I don't mean insincerity, in the least—I think he was quite sincere—but I used to think, if he needed to, he could use the people around him quite dexterously. Perhaps I got that impression because he made use of me to judge his verses. That was open enough, however—though, of course, he didn't tell me it was his fiancée they were for; I guessed that."

"What were the verses like?" I asked.

"Do you know, they were good," Belinda said, solemnly. "Not a bit heart-y and dart-y, and quite decent metre. What *are* you grinning at?"

"That wasn't a grin; it was a seraphic smile. I was glad you liked the verses. You're not a physiognomist. Go on with your poet."

"I can't remember any of his verses," (I was delighted to hear that) "or I'd show you. You just think I do not know good verse when I see it. There was one scrap about candle-light on a girl's picture that was really poetical." (I was sure now, and I felt happy, but I dissembled blackly.)

"Do you suppose the young man had ever seen a candle?" I asked.

"No, I suppose not—perhaps he bought one purposely, to see what the light was like." (Exactly what had been done.) "For I got one myself, to see, and his description was correct. But I used to think sometimes, from his poetry, that h'd never seen a girl —though outside of that he seemed sufficiently acquainted with their ways."

"When did all this happen, Belinda?"

"Oh, two years ago. It lasted a whole summer—just imagine the fun I had. You know my pet corner in our garden, where the rustic bench is, under the maple? I generally spend my holidays there when I don't go away, as you know. That summer I followed my usual plan of taking a book out there, and putting it down at one end of the bench, and curling up at the other end myself, so that I could look up into the tree. My poet used to be sent out there when he came in the day-time, and he would sit down on a rug on the grass, and repeat his verses to me."

"Did he know them by heart?" I asked.

"Why, of course. Doesn't a poet always? Fancy Tennyson memorizing the Bugle Song! Why, I should think he'd know it the way he'd know how his hands felt when he shut them up.

You're scorching your face over that stove ; won't the taffy take care of itself for a little while ? "

" It might boil over," I said. Then, after a moment's close attention to my cookery, " But I don't imagine Milton knew Paradise Lost that way. And, besides, I gathered that your poet was not quite Tennyson."

" No—at least he didn't betray it, if he was. Is that done now ? The nuts are ready." I poured out the taffy, and set it outside to harden.

" There isn't any particular end to this story," Belinda said, when I returned. " If I had remembered some of his verses to tell you, it would be more interesting."

" Thanks—but I know them. In fact, I have copies of most of them upstairs."

" Why—what—where did you get them ? Were you the girl ? No, how stupid of me ; I knew when he was married, and mother sent his bride a pie-knife, and I tried to dream on their wedding cake. *Where* did you get the verses ?"

" Out of my head, chiefly. Your poet used to come to our house that summer, but he never met you there, nor me at your place ; he was dexterous, as you say. He didn't come often, of course, and he didn't come because of the attraction of my youth and beauty—as you might have supposed. He came to tell me what to write about, and to get the verses when they were written. For he couldn't make verse himself at all—not even a little wee bit—and my brother had told him I could. So I did. I'm glad you thought the metre decent. Your poet was a friend of my brother's, and he, Mr. Poet I mean, would tell me something to write about, and then go off for a long walk or a row with Jack, and expect a finished lyric when he returned. Jack merely expected something to eat, which was a good deal surer to be ready. We were staying at the Beach that summer, as you probably remember, and that made it easier, I suppose, for him to know when you would be there—though it was no distance at all for his bicycle or the street-car."

It was not quite logical in Belinda to be surprised at the illustration of a quality she had suspected in this man.

" The wretch ! " she exclaimed. " Did he need the help of two girls to make himself agreeable to a third ? I might have known he couldn't write poetry, if I hadn't been so credulous. Why do we believe what we're told, Gertrude ? "

" Not for lack of object lessons that might teach the contrary," I said.

"And think of his base duplicity in getting an opinion on your verses, instead of taking them on trust ! "

" Oh ! that wasn't so unwise. You said he was diplomatic. But, Belinda, dear, do you suppose Mrs. Poet ever saw those gems, unless he's shown them to her since as a joke ? I am not a diplomatist myself, but what intelligence I have suggests that that young man was just seeking legitimate amusement for the months his girl was away, and he didn't think either you or me sufficiently interesting to furnish it unaided by—dexterity."

Belinda's mind gradually awakened to this view of it ; I watched the reflection of the process upon her face.

" Do you think," she said at last, " that he was just seeing which of us he could get most fun out of—and enjoying it all by himself ? "

" Yes—exactly."

"And which do you suppose—" At this point I thought the neighbour's cat might be trying to steal our taffy, and went out to see. For if we had been men, and not total abstainers, I knew that I should have had to pay for things to drink.

*Katharine L. Johnston.*

# THE TUNE McGILVRAY PLAYED.*

*By the Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," Etc.*

McGILVRAY has been dead for over a hundred years, but there is a parish in Quebec where his tawny-haired descendants still live. They have the same sort of freckles on their faces as had their ancestor, the bandmaster of Anstruther's regiment, and some of them have his taste for music, yet none of them speak his language or with his brogue, and the name of McGilvray has been gallicised to Magille.

In Pontiac, one of the Magilles, the fiddler of the parish, made the following verse in English as a tribute of admiration for an heroic deed of his ancestor, of which the cure of the parish, the good M. Fabre, had told him :

"Piff! poum! ka-zoon, ka-zoon!"
That is the way of the organ tune—
And the ships are safe that day!
Piff! poum! kazoon, kazoon!
And the Admiral light his pipe and say:
"Bully for us, we are not kill!
Who is to make the organ play?
Make it say zoon—kazoon?
You with the corunet come this way—
You are the man, Magille!
Piff! poum! kazoon, kazoon!"

Now, this is the story of McGilvray the bandmaster :

It was at the time of the taking of Quebec, the summer of 1759. The English army had lain at Montmorenci, at the Island of Orleans, and at Point Levis ; the English fleet in the basin opposite the town, since June of that great year, attacking and retreating, bombarding and besieging, to no great purpose. For within the walls of the city, and on the shore of Beauport, protected by its mud flats—a splendid moat—the French more than held their own.

In all the hot months of that summer, when parishes were ravaged with fire and sword, and the heat was an excuse for almost any lapse of virtue, McGilvray had not been drunk once—not once. It was almost unnatural. Previous to that, McGilvray's career had been checkered. No man had received so many punishments in the whole army, none had risen so superior to them as had he, none had ever been shielded from wrath present and to come as had this bandmaster of Anstruther's regiment. He had no rivals for promotion in the regiment—perhaps that was one reason ; he had a good t emper and an overwhelming spirit of fun—perhaps that was another.

He was not remarkable to the vision —scarcely more than five feet four ; with an eye like a gimlet, red hair tied in a queue, a big mouth, and a chest thrown out like the breast of a partridge—as fine a figure of a man in miniature as you should see. When intoxicated his tongue rapped out fun and fury like a triphammer. Alert-minded drunk or sober, drunk he was lightning-tongued, and he could play as well drunk as sober, too ; but more than once a sympathetic officer altered the tactics that McGilvray might not be compelled to march, and so expose his condition. Standing still he was quite fit for duty. He never got really drunk "at the top." His brain was always clear, no matter how useless were his legs.

But the wonderful thing was that for six months McGilvray's legs were as steady as his head was right. At first the regiment was unbelieving, and his resolution to drink no more was scoffed at in the non-com. mess. He stuck to it, however, and then the cause was searched for—and not found. He had not turned religious, he was not fanatical, he was of sound mind—what was it? When the sergeant-major suggested a woman, they howled him down, for McGilvray had not made

* Published by special arrangement.

"He crossed the river on a couple of logs."

love to women since the day of his weaning, and had drunk consistently all the time.

Yet it was a woman.

A fortnight or so after Wolfe's army and Saunders' fleet had sat down before Quebec, McGilvray, having been told by a sentry at Montmorenci where Anstruther's regiment was camped, that a French girl on the other side of the stream had kissed her hand to him and sung across in laughing insolence:

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre,"

he had forthwith set out to hail this daughter of Gaul, if perchance she might be seen again.

At more than ordinary peril he crossed the river on a couple of logs, lashed together, some distance above the spot where the picket had seen Mademoiselle. It was a moonlight night, and he might easily have been picked off by a bullet, if a wary sentry had been alert and malicious. But the truth was that many of hese pickets on both sides were in no wise unfriendly to each other, and more than once exchanged tobacco and liquor across the stream. As it chanced, however, no sentry saw McGilvray, and presently, safely landed, he made his way down the river. Even at the distance he was from the falls, the rumble of them came up the long walls of firs and maples with a strange, half-moaning sound—all else was still, most still. He came down until he was opposite the spot where his English picket was posted, and then he halted and surveyed his ground.

Nothing human in sight, no sound of life, no sign of habitation. At this moment, however, his stupidity in thus rushing into danger, the foolishness of pursuing a woman whom he had never seen, and a French woman at that, the punishment that would be meted out to him by his colonel if his adventure was discovered—all these came to him.

They stunned him for a moment, and then presently, as if in defiance of his own thoughts, he began to sing softly:

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre."

Suddenly, in one confused moment, he was seized, and a hand was clapped over his mouth. Three French soldiers had him in their grip; stalwart fellows they were, of the Regiment of Bearn. He had no strength to cope with them, he at once saw the futility of crying out, so he played the eel, and tried to slip from the grasp of his captors. But though he gave the trio an awkward five minutes he was at last entirely overcome, and was carried away in triumph through the woods. More than once they passed a sentry, and

more than once campfires round which soldiers slept or dozed. Now and again one would raise his head, and with a laugh, or a "*Sapristi!*" or a "*Sacrè blue!*" drop back into comfort again.

After about ten minutes' walk he was brought to a small wooden house, the door was thrown open, he was tossed inside, and the soldiers entered after. The room was empty save for a bench, some shelves, a table, on which a lantern burned, and a rude crucifix on the wall. Had there been nothing else there would have been the crucifix, for, before all else, the French in Canada were religious.

McGilvray sat down on the bench, and in five minutes his feet were shackled, and a chain fastened to a staple in the wall held him in secure captivity.

"How you like yourself now?" asked a huge French corporal who had learned English from a girl at St. Malo years before.

"Who made a motion as if he would bayonet McGilvray where he sat."

"If you'd tie a bit o' pink ribbon round my neck, I'd die wid pride," said McGilvray, spitting on the ground in defiance at the same time.

The big soldier laughed and told his comrades what the band-master had said. One of them grinned, but the other frowned sullenly, and said:

"Aves-vous tabac?"

"Havey you to-ba-co?" said the big soldier instantly—interpreting.

"Not for a Johnny Crapaud like you, and put that in your pipe and shmoke it!" said McGilvray, winking at the big fellow and spitting on the ground before the surly one, who made a motion as if he would bayonet McGilvray where he sat.

"He shall die—the cursed English soldier," said John Crapaud.

"Some other day will do," said McGilvray.

"What does he say?" asked Johnny Crapaud.

"He says he'll give each of us three pounds of tobacco if we let him go," answered the corporal.

McGilvray knew by the corporal's voice that he was lying, and he also knew that somehow he had made a friend.

"Y'are lyin', me darlin', me bloody beauty!" interposed McGilvray.

"If we dont take him to headquarters now he'll send across and get the tobacco," interrupted the corporal to Johnny Crapaud.

"If he doesn't get the tobacco he'll be hung for a spy," said Johnny Crapaud, turning on his heel.

"Do we all agree?" said the corporal.

The others nodded their heads, and as they went out, McGilvray said after them:

"I'll dance a jig on yer sepulchres, ye swobs!" and he spat on the ground again in defiance.

Johnny Crapaud turned to the corporal.

"I'll kill him very dead," said he "if that tobacco doesn't come. You tell him so," he added, jerking a thumb towards McGilvray. "You tell him so."

The corporal stayed when the others went out, and, in broken English, told McGilvray so.

"I'll play a hornpipe, an' his gory shroud is round him," said McGilvray.

The corporal grinned from ear to ear. "You like a chew tabac?" said he, pulling out a dirty knob of a black plug.

McGilvray had found a man after his own heart.

"Sing a song a-sixpence," said he, "what sort's that for a gintleman an' a corporal, too? Feel in me trousies pockit," said he, "which is fur me frinds foriver."

McGilvray had now hopes of getting free, but if he had not taken a fancy to "me baby corporal," as he called the Frenchman, he would have made escape or release impossible, by insulting him and everyone of them as quick as winking.

After the corporal had emptied one pocket, "Now the other, man-o-wee-wee!" said McGilvray, and presently the two were drinking what the flask from the "trousies pockit" contained, and so well did McGilvray work upon the Frenchman's bonhomie that the corporal promised him he should escape. Then he explained how McGilvray should be freed—that at midnight some one would come and release him, while he, the corporal, was with his companions, so avoiding suspicion as to his own complicity. McGilvray and the corporal were to meet again and exchange courtesies after the manner of brothers—if the fortunes of war permitted.

Then McGilvray was left alone. To while away the time he began to whistle to himself, and what with whistling, and what with winking and talking to the lantern on the table, and calling himself painful names, he endured his captivity well enough.

It was near midnight when the lock turned in the door and presently stepped inside—a girl.

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre," said she, and nodded her head to him humorously.

By this McGilvray knew that this was the maid that had got him into all this trouble. At first he was inclined to say so, but she came nearer, and one look of her black eyes changed all that.

"You've a way wid you, me darlin'," said McGilvray, not thinking that she might understand.

"A leetla way of my own," she answered in broken English.

McGilvray started. "Where did you learn it?" he asked, for he had had two surprises that night.

"Of my mother—at St. Malo," she replied. "She was half English—of Jersey. You are a naughty boy," she added, with a little gurgle of laughter in her throat. "You are not a good soldier to go a-chase of the French girls 'cross of the river."

"Shure I am not a good soldier thin. Music's me game. An' the band of Anstruther's rigimint's mine."

"You can play tunes on a drum?" she asked, mischievously.

"There's wan I'd play to the voice av you," he said, in his softest brogue. "You'll be unloosin' me, darlin'?" he added.

She stooped to undo the shackles on his ankles. As she did so he leaned over as if to kiss her. She threw back her head in disgust.

"You have been drink," she said, and she stopped her work of freeing him.

"What'd wet your eye—no more," he answered.

She stood up. "I will not," she said, pointing to the shackles, "if you drink some more—nevare some more—nevare!"

"Divil a drop thin, darlin', till we fly our flag yander," pointing towards where he supposed the town to be.

"Not till then?" she asked, with a merry little sneer. "Ver' well, it is comme ca!" She held out her hand. Then she burst into a soft laugh, for his hands were tied.

"Let me kiss it!" he said, bending forward.

"No, no, no," she said. "We will shake our hands after," and she stooped and took off the shackles and freed his arms.

"Now, if you like," she said, and they shook hands as McGilvray stood up and threw out his chest. But, try as he would to look important, she was still an inch taller than he.

A few moments later they were hurrying quietly through the woods, to the river. There was no speaking. There was only the escaping prisoner and the gay-hearted girl speeding along in the night, the mumbling of the quiet cascade in their ears, the shifting moon playing hide and seek with the clouds. They came out on the bank a distance above where McGilvray had landed, and the girl paused and spoke in a whisper.

"You're goin' to row me over?" he asked, incredulously.

"It is more hard now," she said. "Here is a boat, and I must paddle—you would go to splash! Sit still and be good."

She loosed the boat into the current gently, and, holding it, motioned to him to enter.

"You're goin' to row me over?" he asked, incredulously.

"'Sh! get in," she said.

"Shtrike me crazy, no!" said McGilvray. "Divil a step will I go. Let me that sowed the storm take the whirlwind"—and he threw out his chest.

"What is it you came here for?" she asked, with meaning.

"Yourself an' the mockin' bird in yer voice," he answered.

"Then that is enough," she said; "you come for me, I go for you. Get in."

A moment afterward, taking advantage of the obscured moon, they were carried out on the current diagonally down the stream, and came quickly to that point on the shore where an English picket was placed. They had scarcely touched the shore when the click of a musket was heard, and a "Qui-va-la?" came from the thicket.

McGilvray gave the pass-word, and presently he was on the bank saluting the sentry he had left three hours before.

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre!" said the girl again with a gay insolence, and pushed the boat out into the stream.

"A minnit! A minnit, me darlin'," said McGilvray.

"Keep your promise," came back, softly.

"Ah, come back wan minnit!"

"A flirt!" said the sentry.

"You will pay for that," said the girl to the sentry, with quick anger. "Do you love me, Irishman?" she added, to McGilvray.

"I do! Aw, wurra, wurra, I do," said McGilvray.

"Then you come and get me by ze

front door of ze city," said she, and a couple of quick strokes sent her canoe out into the dusky middle of the stream and she was soon lost to view.

"Aw, the loike o' that! Aw, the foine av her—aw, the tip-top lass o' the wide world!" said he.

"You're a fool, an' there'll be trouble from this," said the sentry.

And so there was trouble, for two hours later the sentry was found dead; picked off by a bullet from the other shore when he showed himself in the moonlight; and from that hour all friendliness between the pickets of the English and the French ceased on the Montmorenci.

But the one witness to McGilvray's adventure was dead, and that was why no man knew wherefore it was that McGilvray took an oath to drink no more till they captured Quebec.

From May to September McGilvray kept to his resolution. But for all that time he never saw "the tip-top lass o' the wide world." A time came, however, when McGilvray's last state was worse than his first, and that was the evening before the day Quebec was taken. A dozen prisoners had been captured in a sortie from the Isle of Orleans to the mouth of the St. Charles River. Among these prisoners was the grinning corporal who had captured McGilvray and then released him.

Two strange things happened. The big, grinning corporal escaped from captivity the same night, and McGilvray, as a non-com. said, "Got blind drunk."

This is one explanation of the two things. McGilvray had assisted the grinning corporal to escape. The other explanation belongs to the end of the story. In any case, McGilvray "got blind drunk," and "was going large" through the camp. The end of it was that he was arrested for assisting a prisoner to escape and for being drunk and disorderly. The band of Anstruther's regiment boarded H.M.S. *Leostaff* without him, to proceed up the river stealthily with the rest of the fleet to Cape Rouge, from whence the last great effort of the heroic Wolfe to effect a landing was to be made. McGilvray, still intoxicated but intelligent, watched them go in silence.

As General Wolfe was about to enter the boat which was to convey him to the flagship he saw McGilvray, who was waiting under guard to be taken to Major Hardy's post at Point Levis. The General knew him well, and looked at him half sadly, half sternly.

"I knew you were free with drink, McGilvray," he said, "but I did not think you were a traitor to your country too."

McGilvray saluted, and did not answer.

"You might have waited till after to-morrow, man," said the General, his eyes flashing. "My soldiers should have good music to-morrow."

McGilvray saluted again, but made no answer.

As if with a sudden thought the General waived off the officers and men near him and beckoned McGilvray to him.

"I can understand the drink in a bad soldier," he said, "but you helped a prisoner to escape. Come, man, we may both be dead to-morrow, and I'd like to feel that no soldier in my army is wilfully an enemy of his country."

"He did the same for me, whin I was taken prisoner, yer Excellincy, an'—an', yer Excellincy, 'twas a matter of a woman, too."

The General's face relaxed a little. "Tell me the whole truth," said he; and McGilvray told him all.

"Ah, yer Excellincy," he burst out, at last, "I was no traitor at heart, but a fool I always was! Yer Excellincy, court-martial and death's no matter to me, but I'd like to play wan toon agin, to lead the byes to-morrow! Wan toon, yer Excellincy! an' I'll be dacintly shot before the day's over—ah, yer Excellincy, wan toon more, and to be wid the byes followin' the Gineral."

The General's face relaxed still more.

"I take you at your word," said he, and he gave orders that McGilvray should proceed at once aboard the flagship, from whence he should join Anstruther's regiment at Cape Rouge.

The General entered the boat, and McGilvray followed with some non-com. officers in another. It was now quite dark, and their motions, or the motions of the vessels of war, could not be seen from the French encampment or the citadel. They neared the flagship, and the General, followed by his officers, climbed up. Then the men in McGilvray's boat climbed up also, until only himself and another were left.

At that moment the General, looking down from the side of the ship, said sharply to an officer beside him:

"What's that, sir?"

He pointed to a dark object floating near the ship, from which presently came a small light with a hissing sound.

"It's a fire-organ, sir," was the reply.

A fire-organ was a raft, carrying long tubes like the pipes of an organ, and filled with explosives. They were used by the French to send among the vessels of the British fleet to disorganize and destroy them. The little light which the General saw was the burning fuse. The raft had been brought out into the current by French sailors, the fuse had been lighted, and it was headed to drift towards the British ships. The fleet was now in motion, and apart from the havoc which the bursting fire-organ might make, the light from the explosion would reveal the fact that the English men-o'-war were now moving towards Cap Rouge. This knowledge would enable Montcalm, the French general, to detect Wolfe's purpose, and he would at once move his army in that direction. The west side of the town had meagre military defenses, the great cliffs being thought impregnable. And so they were safe at one point, and at this point Wolfe had discovered a narrow path up a steep cliff.

McGilvray had seen the fire-organ at the same moment as the General. "Get up the side," he said to the remaining soldiers in his boat. The soldier began climbing, and McGilvray caught the oars and was instantly away towards the raft. The General, looking over the ship's side, understood his daring purpose. In the shadow, they saw him near it, they saw him throw a boat-hook and catch it, and then attach a rope; they saw him sit down, and, taking the oars, laboriously row up stream toward the opposite shore, the fuse burning softly, somewhere among the great pipes of explosives. McGilvray knew that it might be impossible to reach the fuse—there was no time to spare, and he had set about to row the devilish machine out of range of the vessels which were carrying Wolfe's army to a last forlorn hope.

For minutes those on board the man-o'-war watched and listened. Presently nothing could be seen, not even the small glimmer from the burning fuse.

Then, all at once, there was a terrible report, and the organ pipes belched their hellish music upon the sea. Within the circle of light that the explosion made there was no sign of any ship; but, strangely tall in the red glare, stood McGilvray in his boat. An instant he stood so, then he fell, and presently darkness covered the scene. The furious music of death and war was over.

There was silence on the ship for a time as all watched and waited. Presently an officer said to the General:

"I'm afraid he's gone, sir."

"Send a boat to search," was the reply. "If he is dead"—the General took off his hat—"we will, please God, bury him within the French citadel tomorrow."

* * * * * *

But McGilvray was alive, and in half-an-hour he was brought aboard the flagship, safe and sober. The General praised him for his courage, and told him that the charge against him should be withdrawn.

"You've wiped all out, McGilvray," said Wolfe: "We see you are no traitor."

"Only a fool of a bandmaster who wanted wan toon more, yer Excellincy," said McGilvray.

"Beware drink, beware women," answered the General.

"Hoosban'!" she exclaimed.

But advice of that sort is thrown away on such as McGilvray. The next evening after Quebec was taken and McGilvray went in at the head of his men playing "The Men of Harlech," he met in the streets the woman that had nearly been the cause of his undoing.

Indignation threw out his chest.

"It's you, thin" he said, and he tried to look scornfully at her.

"Have you keep your promise?" she said, hardly above her breath.

"What's that to you?" he asked, his eyes firing up. "I got drunk last night—afther I set your husband free —afther he tould me you was his wife. We're aven now, decaver! I saved him, and the divil give you joy of that salvation—and that husband, say I!"

"Hoosban'!" she exclaimed, "who was my hoosban'?"

"The big grinning corporal," he answered.

"He is shot this morning," she said, her face darkening, "and, besides, he was—nevare—my hoosban'."

"He said he was," replied McGilvray, eagerly.

"He was alway a liar," she answered.

"He decaved you too, thin?" asked McGilvray, his face growing red.

She did not answer, but all at once a change came over her, the half-mocking smile left her lips, tears suddenly ran down her cheeks, and without a word she turned and hurried into a little alley, and was lost to view, leaving McGilvray amazed and confounded.

It was days before he found her again, and three things only that they said are of any moment here.

"We'll lave the past behind us," he said—"an' the pit below for me, if I'm not a good husband t' ye!"

"You will not drink no more?" she asked, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Not till the Frenchies take Quebec again," he answered.

That evening at the citadel, McGilvray's band played:

"It was their Wedding Morning."

*Gilbert Parker.*

# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## II. FOUNDERS OF NEW FRANCE (1604-1713.)

WHEN the gay and versatile Francis the First decided, in 1540, to send another expedition from France to the New Lands discovered by Verrazano and Cartier in the course of the preceding fifteen years, he is said to have conferred upon the Sieur de Roberval the high-sounding titles of Lord of Norumbega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos. Some of these names of the sixteenth century still remain in the maps of the present day. Norumbega, however, soon disappeared with the fabulous story of a beautiful city of gold and crystal pavements somewhere on the Penobscot, though there are some students of ancient American names who still see a survival of a word, apparently of Algonquin origin, in "Loran," a corruption of the old designation of Loranbec or Noranbeque, a little harbour on the eastern shores of Cape Breton. The "Great Bay" has, for three centuries, been known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the only memorial of Baccalaos, that indefinite region, is an islet on the south-eastern coast of Newfoundland. Carpunt was the name given by Cartier to a northern harbour of Newfoundland which he entered during his first voyage of 1534, and it still clings to the little island of Quirpon.

All the countries and places of Roberval's time became eventually grouped under the general designation of New France, to indicate France's dominions in the New World. In this extensive and indefinite territory of New France there were two historical divisions, one comprising the great country lying in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and known as Canada proper, and the other the present provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the larger part of the State of Maine.

### ORIGIN OF "ACADIE."

The Iroquois origin of the name of Canada has been already sufficiently explained in the first paper of this series, and it only remains for me to show that Acadie, or La Cadie, appears to belong to the language of the Micmac Indians, one of the tribes or nations of the Algonquin family, whose lodges extended from Cape Breton to the far west of Canada. In the early maps of Gastaldi, a distinguished Italian cartographer of the sixteenth century, we see the name of "Larcadia" spread over the country now known as the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, and other mapmakers of the same or later time frequently call it Lacadia. It may be fairly presumed, in the absence of any other plausible or intelligent explanation, that these two names are simply variations of the Micmac *Kade*, or *Akade*, meaning a place or locality, which the early Breton and other French voyagers found in use on the Atlantic coast, and which survives until the present time in the names of Shubenacadie or Segubun-Akade, or place of the ground-nut, and of Passamaquoddy or Pestumoquade, the place of the Pollock, and of many localities in Nova Scotia noted for some special natural production. The French

were in the habit of perpetuating these Indian names whenever they found them, as Canada, Saguenay and Kebec (Quebec) undoubtedly prove. We first find an official recognition of Acadie in the commission given by Henry IV. of France to the Sieur de Monts, who was authorized, in 1604, to colonize La Cadie.

The seventeenth century is famous in the annals of North America as the period in which France and England became rivals for the possession of that continent. On the banks of the beautiful basin of Port Royal, now known as Annapolis Royal, by the side of the James River in Virginia, on the heights of Quebec and on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, during the first quarter of that memorable century, were planted the germs of the present Dominion of Canada and the United States of America. The ruins of a church tower, covered with ivy, and some mossy gravestones, are the only remains of the first permanent colony made by Englishmen in Virginia; but memorials of the French occupation of Acadia can still be seen in the sleepy town of Annapolis, with its tinkling ox-teams, apple orchards and old mansions; while picturesque Quebec, with its crowning citadel and ancient walls, its sombre convents and churches, its steep, erratic streets and its French people, recall the story of the bold Frenchmen who landed there one year after the English founded Jamestown.

FROM BONNECHOSE'S MONTCALM.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

## EARLY FRENCH LEADERS.

From 1604 to 1713, the date of the treaty of Utrecht—the beginning of a new epoch in England's colonial history—France laid the foundations of her ambitious colonial domain in the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi. As we now pass by railroad or steamer through that great province watered by the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, St. Maurice, Richelieu and other tributary rivers, we can still see on their banks the memorials of those men who first braved all the difficulties and perils of early colonization and made the beginning of that interesting community of people who speak the language of France and worship at the altars of Rome.

It was during these hundred years that the men most famous in the annals of New France wrote their names in imperishable letters in the narrative of discovery and exploration, as well as in the political and ecclesiastical records of the country. Towards the closing years of the French regime in North America, Duquesne, La Galissonière, Lévis and Montcalm well represented the genius, statesmanship and courage that embellished the history of Canada; but while we pay this tribute to the men who fought for France under such enormous disadvantages during those years of trial, we find in the annals of the first cen-

tury of French dominion the most remarkable illustrations of the heroism of men and women and of unselfish devotion to creed and country. This century was distinguished by De Monts, Poutrincourt, Montcalm, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Père Caron, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance, Marguèrite Bourgeoys, Laval, Jogues, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Frontenac, Jolliet, Marquette, La Salle, Bienville and Iberville, who will be recognized by all students of Canadian history as the leaders in the various enterprises and movements which gave France and her Church so powerful a position in America. These were the men and women who laid the foundations of New France, its towns and its settlements, devoted their lives to the alleviation of human suffering, died for their faith and gave to France dominion in the basin of the great lakes and in the valley of the Mississippi. The story of their achievements has been often told by eloquent historians, and all that the present writer is called upon to do within the narrow limits of this paper is to recall the most memorable incidents and actors of those famous days of the French regime.

MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.
*Foundress of the Sisters of the "Congregation de Notre-Dame."*

From the year of the unsuccessful expedition of Sieur de Roberval until the first decade of the seventeenth century, there is literally a blank in the history of Canada. In 1590 the Marquis de la Roche landed some convicts on the dreary sandbanks of Sable Island, where the greater number perished miserably, and whence a small remnant were brought back to France in later years. In 1600 Sieur Dupont, generally known in the annals of those days as Pontgravé, established a fur-trading station at Tadoussac, at the gloomy portals of the Saguenay, while his colleague, Samuel Champlain, of Brouage, most frequently called Sieur de Champlain, explored the River St. Lawrence as far as the rapids beyond Cartier's Hochelaga, and added largely to the geographical knowledge of Canada. These early explorations of the St. Lawrence valley do not, however, appear to have created a very strong impression on the minds of those who were forming designs of colonizing the New Lands now claimed by France; in fact, it was determined to establish settlements somewhere in that indefinite region, first known as La Cadie and subsequently Acadie, where the climate was believed to be milder than on the St. Lawrence.

## FOUNDING OF PORT ROYAL.

Sieur de Monts, Sieur de Champlain and Baron de Poutrincourt were the earliest pioneers and explorers of Acadia. They were the first to recognize the beauty of the basin of Annapolis when they entered it in the month of June, 1604. Their first post was erected on a little island, now known

as Douchet Island, within the mouth of the St. Croix River, the present boundary between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick; but this spot was very soon found entirely unsuitable, and the hopes of the pioneers were immediately turned towards the beautiful basin, which was first named Port Royal by Champlain. The Baron de Poutrincourt, an enterprising and wealthy nobleman, who accompanied De Monts, obtained a grant of land around this basin, and determined to make his home in so lovely a spot. De Monts, whose charter was revoked in 1607, gave up the project of colonizing Acadia, whose history from that time is associated for years with the fortunes of the Biencourts, the family name of Baron de Poutrincourt; but the hopes of this adventurous nobleman were never realized. In 1613 an English expedition from Virginia, under the command of Capt. Samuel Argall, destroyed the struggling settlement at Fort Royal, and also prevented the establishment of a Jesuit mission on the Island of Monts-Déserts, which owes its name to Champlain, who explored the coast of New England as far as Cape Cod. Baron de Poutrincourt, a ruined man, soon afterwards met with a soldier's death, during the civil war then disturbing France. His eldest son and a few Frenchmen did not, however, leave the country, but remained in the neighbourhood of the ruins of Fort Royal, which was originally built on the Granville or the north side of the basin, about five miles from the present town. There we must leave him for the moment, while we follow the fortunes of a few courageous Frenchmen, who established themselves successfully on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

## FOUNDING OF QUEBEC.

Champlain laid the foundations of the present city of Quebec in the month of June, 1608, or three years after the removal of the little Acadian colony from St. Croix Island to the basin of Annapolis. The name given to Quebec is now generally admitted to be an adaptation of an Indian word, meaning a contraction of the river or strait, a distinguishing feature of the St. Lawrence at this important point. The first buildings were constructed by Champlain on a relatively level piece of ground, now occupied by a market-house and close to the famous old church erected in the days of Frontenac, in commemoration of the victorious repulse of the New England expedition led by Phipps. For twenty-seven years Champlain struggled against constantly accumulating difficulties to establish a colony on the St. Lawrence, and when he died, on Christmas Day, in 1635, he had not only ascended the Richelieu, then called "The River of the Iroquois," as far as the lake which has ever since borne his name, but had even reached Lake Huron (which he called the fresh water sea, "Mer-Douce") by the route of the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing and French River.

He was the first Frenchman who ventured on the waters of the lake which has always borne the Iroquois name of Ontario, whose meaning in those days was "Great."* He won the confidence and respect of the Algonquin and Huron tribes of Canada, who then lived on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, and in the vicinity of Georgian Bay. Recognizing the necessity of an alliance with the Canadian Indians who controlled all the principal avenues to the great fur-bearing regions, he led two expeditions, composed of Frenchmen, Hurons, and Algonquins, against the Iroquois or Confederacy of the Five Nations†—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas—who inhabited the fertile country stretching from the Genesee to the Hudson River in the present State of New York. Cham-

*See Horatio Hale's "Book of Iroquois Rites," App., Note B. "Beautiful Lake," however, is the meaning which the word conveys to an Iroquois of the present day, unless he belongs to the Tuscarora tribe.

†See "Story of Canada," chap. 8, where the customs of these Indians are described. In 1715, the confederacy was joined by the Tuscaroras, a southern branch of the same family, and was then called more properly the Six Nations, though the new members had never the same right as the original tribes.

plain consequently excited against his own people the inveterate hostility of the bravest, cruelest and ablest Indians with whom Europeans have ever come in contact in America. Champlain probably had no other alternative open to him than to become the active ally of the Indians, on whose goodwill and friendship he had necessarily to rely, but it is also quite probable that he altogether underrated the ability and bravery of the Iroquois who, in later years, so often threatened the security of Canada, and more than once brought the infant colony to the very verge of ruin.

## COMPANY OF THE HUNDRED ASSOCIATES.

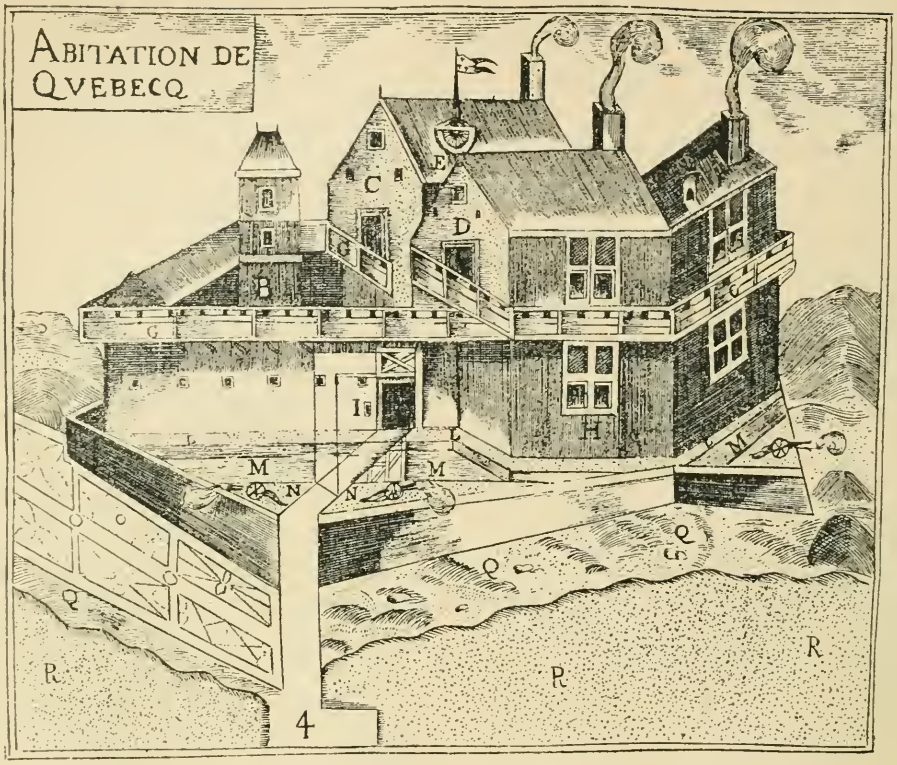
It was during Champlain's administration of affairs that the Company of the Hundred Associates was formed under the auspices of that great Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, with the express object of colonizing Canada and carrying on the fur-trade and other commercial enterprises on as large a scale as possible. The Company had ill fortune from the outset. The first expedition it sent to the St. Lawrence was captured by a fleet commanded by David Kirk, a gentleman of Derbyshire, who in the following year also took Quebec, and carried Champlain and his followers to England. The English were already attempting settlements on the shores of Massachusetts bay, and the poet and courtier, Sir William Alexander, afterwards known as the Earl of Sterling, obtained from the King of England all French Acadia, which he named Nova Scotia and offered to settlers in baronial grants. A Scotch colony was actually established at Port Royal under the auspices of Alexander, but in 1632, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, both Acadia and Canada were restored to France. Champlain returned to Quebec, but the Company of the Hundred Associates had been severely crippled by the ill luck which attended its first venture, and was able to do very little for the struggling colony during the three remaining years of Champlain's life.

## THE JESUITS.

The Recollets or Franciscans, who had first come to the country in 1615, now disappeared, and the Jesuits assumed full control in the wide field of effort that Canada offered to the missionary. The Jesuits had, in fact, made their appearance in Canada as early as 1625, or fourteen years after two priests of their order, Enemond Massé and Pierre Biard, had gone to Acadie to labour among the Micmacs or Souriquois. During the greater part of the seventeenth century, intrepid Jesuit priests are associated with some of the most heroic incidents of Canadian history.

When Champlain died, the whole population of Canada did not exceed 150 souls, all dependent on the fur-trade. A rude fort on the heights, a few storehouses and dwellings at the river's brink, a comfortable cottage owned by the widow of Hébert, the first Canadian farmer, a stone manor house at Beauport, erected by the Seigneur Giffard, were the principal evidences of French dominion at Quebec. At Tadoussac, at Three Rivers, and on the island of Montreal there were trading-posts. Canada so far showed none of the elements of prosperity; it was not a colony of settlers but of fur-traders. Still Champlain, by his indomitable will, gave to France a footing in America which she was to retain for a century and a quarter after his death. His courage amid the great difficulties that surrounded him, his fidelity to his church and country, his ability to understand the Indian character, his pure unselfishness, are among the remarkable qualities of a man who stands foremost among the pioneers of European civilization in America. His character appears in remarkable contrast with that of Cortez and Pizarro and the other Spanish *Conquistadores* of the South. The written accounts he left behind him of his voyages and explorations, and his descriptions of Indian life, are among the most valuable records of American history.

From the day of Champlain's death until the arrival of the Marquis de




CHAMPLAIN'S BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC.

A. Storehouse. B. Dovecote. C. Workmen and Arms. D. Workmen. E. Dial. F. Forge. G. Galleries. H. Champlain's Lodgings. I. Gate. L. Walk. M. Ditch. N. Platform for Cannon. O. Garden. P. Kitchen. Q. Border of River. R. St. Lawrence.

Tracy, in 1665, Canada was often in a most dangerous and pitiable position. That period of thirty years was, however, also distinguished by the foundation of Montreal, and of those great religious communities which have always exercised such an important influence upon the conditions of life throughout French Canada. In 1639 the Hotel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent were established at Quebec. With the early days of the Ursuline Community are associated the names of Madame de la Peltrie, Marie de L'Incarnation, for many years the superior, and Marie de St. Bernard.

## FOUNDING OF MONTREAL.

In 1652 Montreal was founded under the name of Ville-Marie by Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, and a number of other religious enthusiasts. The order of Sulpicians in this way obtained a footing in Canada, and eventually became the wealthiest religious community on the St. Lawrence. The beginnings of the noble city of Montreal were made on a point of land formed by the junction of a brook with the St. Lawrence, and called Point à Callières, where the Custom House now stands. Here it was that Champlain made a clearing as early as 1611, and called it *Place Royale*. The little stream of early days now flows silently under the stone pavement, and a granite obelisk, with a suitable inscription, marks the site of the settlement of 1642. Hotel Dieu of Montreal was founded by Jeanne de Mance, with the assistance of Madame Bullion, a wealthy lady of

France. In 1653 Marguèrite de Bourgeoys, a native of Troyes, established the Congrégation de Notre Dame, as an educational institution, which has its branches now in all parts of the Dominion, and gives instruction to nearly thirty thousand girls. In 1659, the Abbé de Montigny, better known to Canadians as Monsigneur de Laval, the first Roman Catholic Bishop, arrived in the colony and assumed charge of ecclesiastical affairs under the titular name of Bishop of Petrœa. Probably no single man has ever exercised such powerful and lasting influence on Canadian institutions as that famous divine. Possessed of great tenacity of purpose, most ascetic in his habits, regardless of all worldly considerations, always working for the welfare and extension of his church, Bishop Laval was eminently fitted to give it that predominance in civil as well as religious affairs which it so long possessed in Canada.

While the Church of Rome was perfecting its organization throughout Canada, the Iroquois were constantly making raids upon the unprotected settlements, especially in the vicinity of Montreal. The stories of the atrocities, committed by the relentless enemies of the French, are almost without parallel in the annals of Indian warfare. The Hurons in the Georgian Bay district were eventually driven from their comfortable villages, and now the only remnants of a powerful nation are to be found in the community of mixed blood at Lorette, near Quebec, or on the banks of the Detroit River, where they are known as Wyandots. The Jesuit mission of Ste. Marie in their country was broken up, and Jean de Brebeuf and Charles Lalemant suffered torture and death. Three years before their martyrdom a priest of the same Order, Isaac Jogues, was also treacherously murdered by the Mohawks in the Iroquois country. History has not failed to do full justice to these and other heroes of an Order whose character and motives have been so often violently assailed, even by members of their own Church.

FROM SULTE'S HISTOIRE DES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS.

PAUL CHOMEDEY DE MAISONNEUVE.
*Founder of Montreal.*

The condition of things during these years of tribulation has been well described in the Jesuit Relations of 1660: "Everywhere we find infants to be saved for heaven, sick and dying to be baptized, adults to be instructed; but everywhere we see Iroquois. They lie in wait for us in every place, like a persecuting phantom. They murder our new-made Christians in our arms. If they meet us on the river they will kill us. If they find us in the cabins of our Indians they burn us all together."

## ROYAL GOVERNMENT.

Such was the pitiable condition of things in 1663, when Louis XIV., then full of the arrogance of his youthful ambition, made of Canada a

Royal Government. This was done on advice of the sagacious Colbert, who recognized the utter incapacity of the Company of the Hundred Associates to settle or protect the country and give it even a semblance of material prosperity. At this time the total population of the province did not exceed 2,500 souls, grouped chiefly in and around Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. In 1665 the Marquis of Tracy and Governor de Courcelles with a brilliant retinue of officers and a regiment of soldiers arrived in the colony, and brought with them conditions of peace and prosperity. A small stream of immigration flowed steadily into the country for some years, as a result of the new policy adopted by the French Government. The Mohawks, the most daring and dangerous nation of the Iroquois confederacy, were humbled by Tracy in 1667, and forced to sue for peace. Under the influence of Talon, the ablest intendant who ever administered Canadian affairs, the country enjoyed a moderate degree of prosperity, although trade continued entirely dependent on the orders and regulations of the King and his officials. The Governor, Intendant, Bishop and other members of the Superior Council governed the province by edicts and ordinances, which prevented anything like a semblance of individual or public liberty. Government as well as trade were in fetters—in remarkable contrast with the condition of things in the English colonies on the Atlantic coast. The latter were steadily increasing in population and wealth, and were possessed of all those political and civil liberties which have been among the characteristics of English-speaking communities at all times in all parts of the world.

MME. DE LA PELTRIE.
*Foundress of the Canadian Ursulines.*

COUNT DE FRONTENAC.

During the thirty-three years that elapsed between the departure of the Viceroy Tracy and the commencement of the eighteenth century, several famous men appeared on the scene of political action and exploration in the west. Among the ablest Governors of Canada was undoubtedly Louis de la Buade, Count de Frontenac, who administered public affairs from 1672-1687 and from 1689-1698. He was certainly impatient, choleric and selfish whenever his pecuniary interests were concerned ; but, despite his faults of character, he was a brave soldier, dignified and courteous on important occasions, a close student of the character of the Indians, and always ready when the necessity arose to adapt himself to their foibles and at the same time able to win their confidence. He

found Canada weak, and left it a power in the affairs of America. He infused his own never-failing confidence into the hearts of the struggling colonists on the St. Lawrence, repulsed Sir William Phipps and his New England expedition when they attacked Quebec in 1690, wisely erected a fort on Lake Ontario as a fur-trading post and a bulwark against the Iroquois, stimulated the fur-trade in the west, and gave a short lease of prosperity to what was the only important interest in Canada. The settlements of New England trembled at his name, and its annals contain many a painful story of the misery inflicted by his cruel bands of Frenchmen and Indians. It was during his regime that Pierre le Moyne d' Iberville, a Canadian by birth, trained in the French navy, captured Fort Nelson, an important trading post of the English on the western shore of dreary Hudson Bay.

MONSIGNEUR DE LAVAL.
*First Roman Catholic Bishop of Canada.*

The first term of his administration was distinguished by quarrels between himself and Bishop Laval on questions of precedence, which showed the assumptions of the Church in the most insignificant, as well as the most important affairs of State. He disliked the Jesuits and gave them occasion more than once to injure him in the councils of the King. Canada, however, suffered sadly from the incompetence of his successors, La Barre and Denonville. From 1682 to 1689, while Frontenac was in disgrace, the Iroquois treated the Canadian Government with contempt, and in 1689 made a raid on the French village at Lachine, massacred several hundred helpless people and carried off a number of others for torture and death. This was one of the saddest incidents of Canadian history, and when Frontenac superseded Denonville he lost no time in destroying the villages and stores of the Onondagas and Oneidas. He died a few weeks later, and it was left for his successor, M. de Callières, to accept the terms of peace which the humbled Iroquois Confederation offered to the French and their Indian allies.

It was during the administration of Frontenac and Talon that Jolliet, Marquette and La Salle did such great service for France by their explorations in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. This subject is, however, too interesting and important to be treated adequately in the present paper, and I shall endeavour in another article to tell something of the achievements of the men who gave France a valid claim to the territory of a vast empire.

FROM CASGRAIN'S MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

THE BURNING OF THE FIRST URSULINE CONVENT IN 1650.

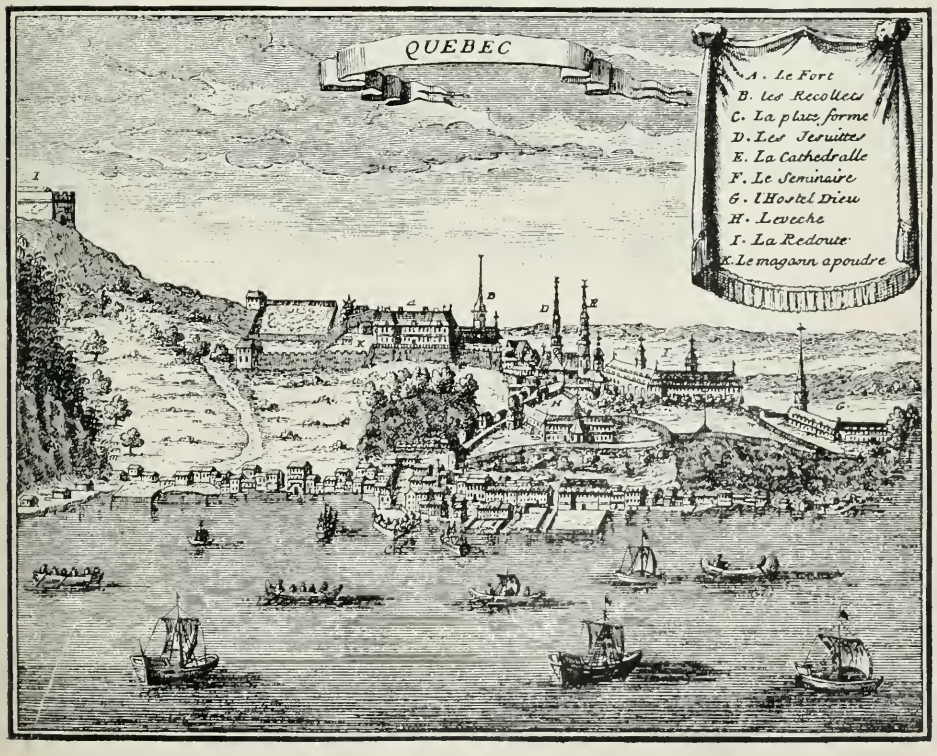
Despite all the efforts of the French Government for some years, the total immigration from 1663 until 1713, when the great war between the Generals of Louis XIV. and Marlborough came to an end by the Treaty of Utrecht, did not exceed six thousand souls, and the whole population of the province in that year was only 20,000 souls, a small number for a century of settlement. The greater proportion were found in the present counties of Quebec, Montmorency, and Portneuf, and in the district of Montreal. In 1706, when a census was taken of Canada, Quebec had a population of 1,771 persons, and the seigniory of Beaupré, which had been granted by Bishop Laval to the Seminary which he had founded, had over a thousand people. In Montreal and its suburbs there were nearly 3,000 persons. For some years after the formation of the royal government, a large number of marriageable women were brought to the country under the auspices of the religious communities, and marriages and births were encouraged by exhortations and bounties. A considerable number of the officers and soldiers of the Carignan-Salières regiment, that followed the Marquis of Tracy into Canada, were induced to remain and settle new seigniories, chiefly on the Richelieu River. Despite all the paternal efforts of the Government to stimulate the growth of a large population, the natural increase was small during the seventeenth century. The disturbing influence, no doubt, was the fur-trade, which allured so many young men into the wilderness and made them unfit for a steady life, and destroyed their domestic habits. The emigrants from France came chiefly from Anjou, Saintonge, Paris and its suburbs, Normandy, Poitou, Beauce, Perche and Picardy. The Carignan-Salières regiment brought men from all parts of the parent state. The larger proportion of the settlers were natives of the northwestern provinces of France, especially from Perche and Normandy, and formed an excellent stock on which to build up a thrifty, moral people.

## THE SEIGNIORS.

The Seigniorial Tenure of French

Canada was an adaptation of the feudal system of France to the conditions of a new country, and was calculated in some respects to stimulate settlement. Ambitious persons of limited means were able to form a class of colonial *noblesse*. But unless the seignior cleared a certain portion of his grant within a limited time, he would forfeit it all. The conditions by which the *censitaires* or tenants of the seigniorial domain held their grants of land were by no means burdensome, but they signified a tenure of dependency inconsistent with the free nature of American life, and in all probability it would have been wiser from the outset to have allowed every man to become the owner of his own land in fee simple, and not be subject to a feudal superior. The system was one of the legacies left to the country by Cardinal Richelieu, and it continued in operation with all its objectionable features until the middle of the present century, when it was abolished as hostile to the material development of French Canada.

During the period of which I am writing a large portion of the best lands of French Canada were granted under this Seignorial system to men whose names frequently occur in the records of the colony. Rimouski, Bic and Métis, Kamouraska, Nicolet, Verchères, Lotbinière, Berthier, Belœil, Rouville, Jolliet, Terrebonne, Champlain, Sillery, Beaupré, Bellechasse, Portneuf, Chambly, Sorel, Longueuil, Boucherville, Chateauguay, Lachine, are memorials of the Seignorial grants of the seventeenth century. The same names still remain impressed on the topography of Canada at the present time. Not a few of the men who have won distinction in the annals of French Canada since the concession of repre-




FROM LE CLERCQ'S ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FAITH, VOL. II.

QUEBEC IN FRONTENAC'S TIME (1700).

sentative government, statesmen, soldiers, priests, littérateurs, journalists, can trace their origin to the French migration of 1663-1700.

ACADIA IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

While the Treaty of Utrecht gave peace for years to the Canadians, and allowed them to strengthen themselves in the valley of the St. Lawrence, it ceded Acadia "with its ancient boundaries" to England and weakened France on the Atlantic coast. The history of Acadia as a French possession was chiefly noted for feuds between rival chiefs, and for efforts of the people of New England to obtain control of Port Royal, which was an ever-standing menace to English colonial interests. After the destruction of the French fort by Argall, Biencourt established a post at Cape Sable, and subsequently ceded all his rights in Acadia to Charles de la Tour, who had come to the country at an early age with his father Claude, who represented himself of noble birth, though it is not now possible to verify his claims. Both, however, were men of energy and courtly manners, which enabled the father in later years to win for his wife one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Henrietta of England. He also became one of the baronets who formed an important feature of the plan devised by Sir William Alexander, afterward the Earl of Stirling, who obtained from the English king a grant of Acadia, which he named Nova Scotia. He interested the elder La Tour in his scheme, but the son remained faithful to France, and hoped to be lord of Acadia when the country was restored to France, in 1632, by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, and the Scotch settlers at Port Royal were removed by the orders of Charles the First of England. Charles de la Tour, however, was superseded by Claude De Razilly, a Knight of Malta, who established his headquarters at La Hève, a picturesque bay of the present Lunenburgh County. Among those who came to the country at the same time and engaged in trading was Nicholas Denys, who afterwards made settlements in Cape Breton and was its first Governor. When Razilly died his friend and lieutenant, Charles de Menou d'Aulnay Charnisay became his successor. Charles de la Tour, then on the St. John River, where he had built a fort, was deeply incensed at the success of his rival, who had influence at the French Court and was made the king's lieutenant in Acadia. For years a deadly feud raged between the two men, and the cautious merchants of Boston were constantly perplexed which of the two they could support with the best prospect of profit to themselves. Eventually, in 1645, Charnisay succeeded in taking possession of La Tour's fort on the St. John, though his wife defended it with great bravery. A number of the defenders were hanged, and Madame de la Tour appears to have been treated with contumely by Charnisay, and died soon after the fall of the fort. Both history and romance have made her a heroine of those early Acadian days around which much glamour has been cast in the lapse of two centuries and a half. Charnisay, who is believed to have built the fort on the point of land where Annapolis Royal now stands, had sound views of colonization and might have done much for Acadia had he not been drowned in the Annapolis River. His widow subsequently married Charles de la Tour in the vain hope of settling contested claims and saving a remnant for his children. After a checkered existence as a French colony, Port Royal was captured, in 1710, by General Nicholson, at the head of an expedition composed of the colonial militia and an English fleet. Then it received the name of Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne.

The whole population of the Acadian Peninsula at that time did not exceed 1,500 souls, and these were nearly all descendants of the people brought to the country by Poutrincourt, Razilly and Charnisay. At no time did the French Governmemt interest itself in immigration to neglected Acadia. Of the population, in 1710-13, nearly 1,000

persons were settled in the beautiful country which the industry and ingenuity of the Acadian peasants, in the course of many years, reclaimed from the restless tides of the Bay of Fundy at Grand Pré and Minas. The remaining settlements were at Beau Bassin, Annapolis, Piziquid (now Windsor), Cobequit (now Truro), and Cape Sable. Some small settlements were also found on the banks of the St. John River and on the eastern bays of the present Province of New Brunswick. Among the names of early Acadian settlers were Robicheau, Poirier, Landry, Richard, Martin, Leblanc, Girouard, Doucet, Blanchard and Thibaudeau, whose descendants are well known in the country which their ancestors loved so well.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHURCH OF "NOTRE DAME DE VICTOIRES," 1692-1897.

During the eighteenth century, when gentlemen-adventurers and a little band of pioneers were struggling to maintain French interests in Acadia, the King and his ministers only saw a befogged and sterile country, which had neither gold nor silver mines, and would never repay them for the expenses of colonization. In the course of time, as I have shown, they recognized the importance of the magnificent country watered by the St. Lawrence, and its tributary lakes and rivers; but, with an unpardonable want of foresight, they never saw, until it was too late, that the possession of Acadia with its noble Atlantic frontage was indispensable to a power which would grasp a continent and perpetuate the language and institutions of France in the western world. Had the French Government energetically supported the efforts of those enterprising and [illegible]rageous men who attempted to re- Acadia for France and civiliza- England could never have made so easy a conquest of the northern half of the continent.

A small fort at Port Royal, and two or three utterly insignificant posts and settlements, for a long time gave the only evidence of the French occupation of Acadia. It was not until far into the eighteenth century that French statesmen at last awoke to the fatal blunder they had made in not having taken a stronger position on the Atlantic coast of New France, and were forced to build the formidable fortress of Louisbourg at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But then it was too late to retrieve the mistakes that had been made in the previous century when France failed to appreciate the vantage-ground she occupied in America. England recognized the

importance of Nova Scotia, and the British colonies, rapidly growing in wealth and population, could never agree to allow the French to take a firm foothold in a country occupying so important a relation to New England.

The treaty of Utrecht was the first serious check given to France in her desire to colonize North America, and the precursor of that series of victories which ended at last in the cession of Canada and the triumph of England. "At the time of the Armada," says Professor Seeley, in his thoughtful book on the expansion of England, "we saw England entering the race for the first time. . . . at Utrecht, she wins. . . . Her positive gains were Acadia, or Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, (surrendered by France) and the Assiento Compact granted by Spain. In other words, the first step was taken towards the destruction of greater France by depriving her of one of her three settlements, Acadia, Canada and Louisiana, in North America. From that moment the rivalry in America is between France and England. The decisive event of the duel is the seven years' war and the new position given to England by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763. . . . Here is the culminating point of English power in the eighteenth century; nay, relatively, to other states England has never since been so great."

*(To be Continued.)*

## SING HEIGHO! FOR THE MISTLETOE.

Sing Heigho! for the Mistletoe
Hangs in the hall, and over the stair,
O'er a sweet maiden standing there.
Sing Heigho! for she does not know.

Sing Heigho for the Mistletoe!
Lovers are fearful of frightening
Birds that might suddenly be a-wing.
Sing Heigho! for he does not know.

Sing Heigho! for the Mistletoe
Swings on still, but the bird has flown,
Vexedly thinking "He might have known
Sing Heigho! some lovers are slow.

*Florence Ham*

THE CHAMBER OF THE DREAM.

I did not build a lordly house
Here in my heart, to stand through time,
I only filled a little room
With joyous scraps of rhyme,

SPRING—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

SUMMER—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

And pictures that no brush could trace,
And music that no harp could make ;
I hung the walls about with joy
And gold for my dream's sake.

I pierced the walls with openings—
One for each season—windows four.
I wished to hold it through all time
So did not cut a door.

A workman from the goblin world
Carved me the ledges, fine and rare,
And bars of sunlight I had set
To hold my vision there.

With wonder of old tapestry
I hung the ceiling and the wall.
A clock, as every hour went past,
Rang a sweet madrigal

AUTUMN—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

That some young poet wrote, years gone,
To some sweet lady, ages dead.
I had mock stars on either hand
And a gold sun overhead.

One window faced the April-time ;
Gray poplars in a golden sheen ;
Blue rivers breaking joyously
Like pictures on a screen.

One window faced the beautiful
Ripe summer over all the land ;
The clouds that drifted on the blue
Were white as my dream's hand.

One window faced the autumn hills
Where maples set the world aflame.
There the Red Hunter built his fire
And cried his lady's name.

WINTER—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

One window faced a dreary place
Where spruce-trees crowded the low sun ;
Where winter set his spotless seal
On all that joy had done.

And thus, not in a lordly house
I housed the dream I had of love—
I kept it there between four walls
With a mimic sky above.

And thus live I in my small room—
With tricks of rhyme and my sweet dream,
Watching the suns of all the year
Across the casement gleam.

Sometime I think the walls will part
And some one enter—then I'll wake
To know the room and dream were made
For some real maiden's sake.

*Theodore Roberts.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## V.—THE FOURTH CUSTOMER AND THE CRUCIFIX.

MENTION has been made of Bolker, the misshapen imp who was Hagar's factotum and the plague of her life. With her clear brain and strong will, she could manage most people, but not this deformed street arab, whose nature seemed to be compounded of all that was worst in human beings. He lied freely, he absented himself from the shop when he had no business to do so, he even stole little things, when he thought it was safe to run the risk with so vigilant a mistress; but, notwithstanding all these vices, Hagar kept him as servant. Her reason was that he possessed three redeeming virtues: he was an excellent watch-dog, he was admirable at clinching bargains, and he was cunning enough not to lose his situation. Clever servants have been retained by mistrustful mistresses for less reasonable qualities.

When Hagar went out on business —which she frequently did—Bolker stayed to look after the shop, and to receive such customers as might present themselves. To these he gave as little as he possibly could on the articles they wished to pawn; and when Hagar returned he had usually some tales to tell of excellent business having been transacted for the good of the shop. Then Hagar would reward him with a little money, and Bolker would take unauthorised leave to misconduct himself generally on the proceeds. This programme never varied.

One day Hagar returned late in the evening, having been in the country on an excursion connected with a copper key. This adventure will be related another time, for the present story deals with the strange episode of the silver crucifix. It was this article which Bolker had ready to show Hagar when she entered the pawnshop at eight o'clock.

"See here, missus!" said Bolker, pointing to the wall at the back of the shop; "there's a fine thing I got for you—cheap!"

It may be here remarked that Bolker had been to school, and having a remarkably clever brain as a set-off against his deformed body, he had succeeded in gaining a certain amount of learning, and also a mode of speaking, as regards both diction and accent, much above the ordinary conversation of his class. Proud of this superiority, the clever imp spoke always slowly and to the point, so that he might preserve his refined speech.

"Dirt cheap, missus!" added Bolker, who used vulgar words when excited, and he was so now. "Ten pound I lent on it; the silver itself is worth more than that!"

"Oh, I can always trust your judgment in these matters," laughed Hagar, and took down the crucifix to examine it more particularly.

It was over a foot long, made of re-

fined silver, now somewhat tarnished from neglect and exposure to the air; and the workmanship was peculiarly fine and delicate. The figure of the Christ crowned with a thorn-wreath was exquisite; and the arms of the cross itself, enchased with arabesque patterns, were beyond all praise from an artistic point of view. Altogether, this silver crucifix, obtained by the crafty Bolker for ten pounds—a sum greatly below its real value—was a remarkably fine sample of Renaissance workmanship in the style of Cellini. Learned in such things, Hagar, even in the yellow glow of the badly-lighted lamp, saw its magnificence and worth at a glance. She patted Bolker's red head of hair with approval.

"Good little man!" said she in a pleased tone. "You always do well when I am out of the shop. There is half-a-crown. Go and enjoy yourself, but don't make yourself sick with smoking a pipe, as you did last time, my boy. But one moment," she added; "who pawned this?"

"Gemma Bardi, 167 Saffron Hill."

"An Italian woman. Like enough, as the crucifix is of the Renaissance," said Hagar, musingly. "What was she like, Bolker?"

"Oh, a fine, handsome girl," replied Bolker, leering in a man-about-town-style; "black hair and eyes the same—just like yours, missus, only I guess you're the finer woman of the two. Here—don't you box my ears," shouted the imp, wriggling out of Hagar's grip, "or I shan't tell you what I found out!"

"About this crucifix?" asked Hagar, dropping her hands.

"Yes, 'tain't a crucifix; it's a dagger."

"A dagger, you young fool! What are you talking?"

"Sense, missus—as I always do. Look here, if you don't believe me."

Bolker took the presumed crucifix in his lean, small hands, and with deft fingers he touched a concealed spring set, where the four arms of the cross joined. At once the lower and longer arm, with the silver Christ attached thereto, slid down, and lo! the cross was changed into a slender and sharp-pointed poniard, the handle of which was formed by the upper arms and the—so to speak—haft of the cross. The symbol of Christ, of peace, of faith, had become a deadly and dangerous weapon of bloodshed. Hagar was so startled that Bolker the discoverer grinned.

"It's fine, ain't it?" he said, gloating over the shining blade. "It would stick a man like fun! I daresay it's been through lots. My eye, what larks!"

The joy of the boy was grim and unnatural that Hagar snatched the crucifix—or rather the poniard, as it was now—from his grasp, and pushed him out of the shop with the sharp command that he was to put up the shutters. When he had done so, and all was safe for the night, he went away to enjoy himself with his half-crown; while Hagar carried the newly-pawned article into the back parlour to examine it anew, as she ate her frugal supper. The crucifix, which was at once a symbol of peace and war, attracted her strangely.

Why did it possess these dual characteristics? To what end had its maker placed in the hands of priests this deadly and concealed weapon? The hands of the Christ were not attached to the cross bars; and the sheath—as it might be—of the poniard slipped easily off the blade, figure and all. Hagar wondered in her imaginative fashion if it had glimmered, a symbol of Christianity, over the dying, or had flashed cruelly into the heart of some helpless human being. From the old bookseller in Carby's Crescent she had heard some strange stories of the Italian Renaissance—that wild and contradictory time. Religion had then gone hand in hand with paganism; Savonarola had grown up beside the Medici; Popes had decreed peace, and had plunged whole nations in war; and the laugh of a friend had oftentimes been but a prelude to the death-blow. Of this many-sided, sinful epoch the crucifix dagger was a symbol; it

represented at once its art, its religion, and its lust for blood. Hagar evoked strange visions in her dingy parlour from that strange piece of silver.

Afterwards, in the imperative demands of business, Hagar forgot her dreams about the crucifix, and looked upon it as an article of value merely, pawned by its owner, and which would be redeemed in due time. A month later the ticket made out in the name of Gemma Bardi was brought to her by a man of the same nationality. This tall, slender, supple Italian, with oval olive face and fierce eyes, had come to take the crucifix out of pawn. Although he produced the ticket and offered the money, Hagar hesitated at giving the article to him.

"It was pawned by Gemma Bardi," said she, taking down the crucifix from where it hung in the obscurity.

"My wife," replied the man, briefly.

"She sent you to redeem it?"

"*Gran Dio!* Why not?" he broke out impetuously. "I am Carlino Bardi, her husband. She pawned the crucifix against my will, while I was absent in the country with my organ. Now that I have returned, I come with ticket and money to redeem it. I do not wish to lose the Crucifix of Fiesole."

"The Crucifix of Fiesole," repeated Hagar—"is that what it is called?"

"Of a surety, signorina; and it is worth much money."

"More than ten pounds, I am sure," said Hagar, smiling, as she picked up the note silently placed on the counter by Carlino. "Well, I have no right to refuse you the crucifix. You give me the ticket, principal and interest, so all is legal and shipshape. Take up your cross."

"My cross!" echoed Carlino, with a flash from his big eyes. "Gemma is my cross."

"Your wife! That is a strange way to speak of one dear to you."

"Dear to me, signorina! That may be; but she is dear also to Pietro Neri. May the pains of hell seize him!"

"Why? What has he done?"

"Run away with Gemma," said Bardi fiercely. "Oh, she went cheerfully enough. To get the money for my dishonour she pawned the crucifix."

"Oh. So she did not send you to redeem it?"

"No," replied Carlino, with tranquil insolence. "That was a lie I told to get back my property without trouble. But now it is mine"—he clasped the silver Christ convulsively to his breast. "I shall make Gemma and Pietro pay for their evil deed!"

"You speak English well for a foreigner."

"I ought to," answered the man indifferently. "I have been ten years in England, and I have almost forgotten my Tuscan tongue. But I remember still what Tuscan husbands do to faithless women and their paramours. We kill them!"—his voice leaped an octave to a shrill scream of wrath—"we kill the man and the woman!"

Thrilled by the terrible hatred of this passionate Latin nature, Hagar started back. The man was leaning across the counter, and showed no disposition to depart; nor did she want him to leave her, for there had come upon her a desire to learn the history of the Fiesole crucifix. Bending forward, she touched it lightly with the tips of her fingers.

"How did this come into your possession?" she asked.

"I stole it from a painter in Florence."

"You stole it!" echoed Hagar, confounded by the frankness of this admission.

"Yes. I was the model of an artist—one Signor Ancillotti, who had a studio in Piazza San Spirito, hard by the Ponte Santa Trinita of the Arno. This crucifix hung in his rooms, and once, when I was posing as his model, he told me the legend which gave it the name of the Crucifix of Fiesole. It was the story which made me steal it."

"But why? What is the story?"

"A common one," said Bardi bitterly—"man's love and a woman's faithlessness to her husband. There was a silversmith in Florence what time the

Magnificent ruled, who was called Guido. He had one fair wife whom he loved very dearly. She did not care for his love, however, and fled with a young Count of good family, one Luigi da Francia. From France, you understand, for from that country the race had come to Florence in the days of the Republic. Luigi was handsome and rich; Guido, ugly and rather poor, although a clever craftsman; so you cannot wonder that the wife—Bianca was her name—fled from the one's arms to the other's palace. Guido determined upon revenge, and manufactured this crucifix."

"But I don't understand how——"

"No more did anyone else," said Bardi, cutting her short. "When Guido finished the crucifix he disguised himself as a priest, and went up to see Count Luigi in his palace at Fiesole. Afterwards the nobleman and Bianca were found dead with dagger thrusts in their hearts, and Guido was missing. Between the corpses lay this silver crucifix; but no one ever knew how they died."

"Why not? Guido killed them with this dagger."

"No," said Bardi, shaking his head. "Guido had no dagger with him at the time. Count Luigi was always afraid of assassination, for he had many enemies; and every visitor was searched by his retainers to see that they carried no concealed weapons. Guido, the supposed priest, was searched also, and had nothing on him but the silver crucifix. So the legend grew that whosoever had a faithless wife, the possession of the Crucifix of Fiesole would give him power to slay her and her lover, as Guido had slain his two deceivers. Therefore," added Bardi grimly, "as I had then married Gemma, and thought that some day she might be faithless, I stole the crucifix from Signor Ancillotti. It seems I was right to do so."

"A strange story," said Hagar meditatively, "and stranger still that the means by which Guido slew were not discovered long ago."

"Do you know how he killed them?"

"Certainly. By means of that crucifix."

Bardi looked at the cross eagerly, and a lurid light came into his eyes as he gazed. "How?" he questioned loudly. "Tell me, signorina."

But Hagar refused to impart that knowledge.

The story of the man deserted by his wife was so similar to that of the faithless Bianca and the forsaken Guido that Hagar dreaded lest Bardi should learn the secret of the concealed dagger and repeat the Cinque Cento tragedy of Fiesole. With this idea in her mind she wished the Italian to depart, ignorant of the devilish ingenuity of the cross. But Fate willed that in her despite Bardi should gain the evil knowledge. He learnt it forthwith from the lips of Bolker.

"Hullo!" cried that imp, as he entered the shop, to see Carlino holding the crucifix. "You have got that dagger?"

"Dagger!" said Bardi, with a start.

"Bolker, you wretched child, hold your tongue!" said Hagar vehemently.

"Why should I? My tongue's my own, and if that cove wants to know how his crucifix can be changed into a dagger, it's only fair. See here!" and before Hagar could interfere Bolker had the cross in his hands, and a finger on the spring. "You touch this, and the lower part of —"

"Ah!" cried Bardi, snatching back the cross, and examining the deadly mechanism. "I see now how Guido killed his enemies. Gemma does not know of this; Pietro is ignorant; but they shall learn—both. I—I, the betrayed husband, shall teach it to them."

"Bardi!" said Hagar, catching him by the arm, "do not take—"

"It is mine—mine!" he interrupted furiously. "I go to search for the evil ones! I go to put the Crucifix of Fiesole to the use for which it was created by Guido! Look in the papers, signorina, and sooner or later you will see again the tale of Luigi, of Bianca, of the deceived Guido?"

He tore his sleeve from her grip and rushed furiously from the shop, racing

out of the crescent into the crowded streets, wherein he was soon lost. Hagar ran to the door, but could not stop his mad career; so all she could do was to rage at Bolker, the mischief-maker, who, comprehending nothing of the Italian's excitement, was standing open-mouthed in the shop.

"You imp! You goblin!" raged Hagar, boxing his large ears. "You have put murder into that man's head!"

"Murder!" repeated Bolker, dodging her slaps—"what do you mean?"

"The man's wife has deceived him. He'll kill her with that dagger!"

"Jiminy!" said the imp, a light breaking in on his brain. "Kill her with a crucifix! What a rum murder it will be! I'll keep an eye on the papers, you bet!"

After which speech he ran out of the shop to escape further punishment, while Hagar was left to bewail the perverse fate which had sent the talkative lad to Bardi at so critical a moment. However, it was not her fault that he had gained the fatal knowledge; nor could it be laid to her charge if he did use the crucifix dagger to kill Gemma and Pietro. Salving her conscience thus, Hagar waited for the consummation of the tragedy, and daily, as advised by the Italian, she read the papers to see if it occurred. But for many weeks nothing came of her reading, and Hagar concluded that either the man had not found his wife or, having found her, had condoned her offence against his honour. Which conclusion showed how little Hagar knew of the fierce and passionate Tuscan nature.

In the meantime Bardi, his heart filled with vengeful hatred, was tracking his runaway wife and her lover with dogged persistence. The cost of his travels was little, as his profession was that of an organ-grinder, and with his box of music he could earn his livelihood on the road. Whither they had gone he did not learn for a long time; but at length he ascertained definitely that the pair were in the southern counties of England. Pietro was an organ-man also; and with Gemma he was now no doubt tramping from village to village, earning a pittance. The ten pounds obtained for the crucifix would not last for ever, and then the pair would be reduced to the organ to gain a livelihood. Bardi cursed both, as he thought of them living together; and felt that the silver cross was safe in his breast when he started on their trail. With that infernal weapon of Guido's he intended to kill those who had deceived him, and repeat in the nineteenth century the wild tragedy of Fiesole.

For some weeks he saw nothing of the couple, but from sundry sources he discovered their whereabouts. Yet as soon as he arrived in some town or village where he had been advised of their presence, he would learn that they had departed in some unknown direction. Whether they knew or did not know that he was tracking them, Bardi could not say; but certainly many times when just within his reach they would elude him in the most exasperating fashion. Anyone less bent upon revenge would have given up the task; but, sustained by undying hatred, Carlino followed the weary trail with the persistence of a bloodhound. As soon might the twain expect to escape death as to escape from the betrayed husband, the deceived friend.

It was at Daleminster that he found them, and revenged himself on the infidelity of the one, the treason of the other. Daleminster is a quiet and desolate cathedral town, very quaint, very beautiful, set in the very heart of Midland cornfields, and made up of ancient red-roofed houses, which cluster round the great minster of Saint Wulf's. There it rises, a poem in stone, with its mighty central tower soaring into the misty blue of English skies; and its magnificent façade carved with saints and angels and grotesque faces of peering devils — a strange medley of Heaven and hell. Before it extends a little square, in the centre of which rises an ancient cross sculptured with religious imagery. It was near this relic of mediæval piety that Carlino saw his wife.

The day was dull and rainy—April weather, of storm, with occasional bursts of sunshine. In that desolate and forsaken square, where the grass sprang greenly betwixt worn stones, Gemma, in the gay colours of her Neapolitan garb, stood grinding Italian melodies out of the organ. Pietro was not with her, and Carlino wondered for a moment if he had deserted her now that the moneys obtained for the silver crucifix were expended. The woman appeared sad and lamentable enough as she looked to right and left in the hope of gaining stray coppers. The melancholy music of "Ah, che la morte" was sighing forth in the damp air, when her wandering gaze alighted suddenly on the man she had betrayed. With folded arms Bardi looked at her as the music faltered and stopped: but for the time being he said nothing. Nor did the woman; she was as petrified as any of the grim and saintly statues which looked down upon them both.

"Where is he?" demanded Bardi in the Italian tongue.

Gemma put her hand to the necklace of blue beads dangling from her brown throat, and strove to speak. Her face was set and white, her lips were dry with fear, and she could only stare at Carlino with terrified eyes. The man came a step nearer and laid a persuasive hand on her white linen sleeve. She shuddered and drew away.

"Where is your lover?" demanded Bardi in silky tones. "Has he left you?"

"No," she replied hoarsely, finding her voice at last. "He is ill."

"Here—in this town?"

"Yes. He caught cold; it settled on his lungs; he is very ill."

Gemma uttered these staccato sentences in a mechanical manner, as though compelled to do so against her will, under the mesmeric gaze of the man. The unexpected appearance of Bardi stunned and appalled her; she could not think what to do; her brain refused to act. At length a request made by Carlino released her from the mesmeric spell which enchanted and froze her.

"Lead me to him," said he in a quiet way. "I wish to see him."

Gemma felt the blood rush from her heart to her face, and sprang back with a loud cry, which echoed through the lonely square and down the desolate streets.

"No, no, no!" she cried vehemently. "You will kill him!"

"Why? I have not killed you, and you are the guiltier of the two. Pietro was my very good friend until you tempted him with your beauty. Kill Pietro!"—the man laughed in a jeering manner—"woman, I have let you live."

"Oh, I hate you! I hate you!" said Gemma, drawing her black brows together, and sending a flash at him from her sombre eyes. "I love Pietro!"

"I know you do. So much that you left me for him, and pawned the silver Christ of Fiesole to pay for the journey."

"I left the pawn-ticket behind," she muttered sullenly.

"I know it. Here is the crucifix!" and with that Bardi drew it from his bosom to hold it before her eyes. She shrank back before the symbol of faith, and uttered a low cry, at which her husband jeered.

"*Dio!*" said he scoffingly. "You have religion still, I see; yet I thought you would have finished with such things when you were base enough to leave me. Why did you sell the crucifix and fly, Gemma? Did I beat you, or starve you?"

"You would not let me have money!" cried Gemma, dashing the tears from her eyes; "whenever I wanted a ribbon or a silver brooch you refused to give me a single *soldo*."

"And why?" was the swift answer. "Because I was saving all, that we could go back to Italy and buy a little vineyard near my own village—near Lastra-a-Signa. There is one I know of at Mosciano, which my father wrote about, and told me was for sale at a small price. I have the money now, and I intended to tell you of it; but I came back to find that you had fled with that infamous Pietro."

Gemma sobbed. Like most women, she had a practical side to her character, and the vineyard would have been a little heaven to her, setting aside the oy of returning to Signa. She would not have fled had she known of these plans, as she had not loved Pietro overmuch. Besides, he beat her now that the money was gone; and they earned very little by the organ. It was horrible to think that she had lost all for a few months of illicit love.

"O, Carlino, forgive me!" she moaned, stretching out her arms.

"Lead me to Pietro and I shall see," he replied, and took her organ—or rather Pietro's—on his strong shoulders.

Without a word, Gemma led the way out of the square, down tortuous streets into a poor part of the town. She was afraid of Carlino, and could not quite understand what he intended to do to Pietro. Probably he would kill him; and then he would be arrested and hanged. But then the money would come to her, and she would have all the vineyard to herself. Again, Carlino might forgive Pietro, and take her back. Gemma was a clever woman, and trusted to extricate herself out of all difficulties by her wiles. Still, she knew Carlino's violent temper, and she dreaded the worst. At the door of the poor house, where she lived with her lover, she stopped and faced Bardi with a resolute air.

"Pietro is within," she said hurriedly, "ill in bed; but I shan't take you to him unless you swear that you intend him no harm."

"I swear by this crucifix!" said Bardi, thinking of it as a dagger and not as a cross.

"Have you a knife on you?" demanded Gemma, still doubtful.

"No," smiled Bardi, thinking how the old Fiesole tragedy was repeating itself. "I have nothing with me but this crucifix." Then, as she still seemed dubious, he added: "You can see for yourself, if you like."

Not knowing what to make of this smiling complacency, so different to his usual stern demeanour, Gemma passed her hands through his clothes to feel if he had any weapon concealed therein. Her fears were groundless. Bardi wore little clothing, and she assured herself beyond all doubt that he was unarmed; he had nothing wherewith to kill Pietro. Certainly he might strangle him with his bare hands; but that was not the Tuscan fashion of disposing of a rival. Perhaps after all, he meant to forgive Pietro.

"You see," said Carlino, when her arms dropped, "I am unarmed; I have nothing with me save this silver crucifix. As Pietro is so ill he may like to pray to it." His look as he said this was hardly pleasant, and a glimpse of it might have put the woman on her guard; but it was lost on her, as already she had turned her back and was climbing the crazy stairs. Bardi followed her, carrying the organ on his broad back, and holding in his two hands the silver crucifix, like some priest bearing the Host to the dying. Gemma conducted him into a bare garret on the topmost story. Here Carlino put down the organ and looked around.

In a corner near the window Pietro, wild-looking, with his unshaven beard of a week's growth, lay on a pile of straw roughly covered with some pieces of coarse sacking. He was emaciated and haggard about the face, and his skin was flushed red with the burning of the fever which consumed him. At times a dry, hacking cough would echo through the bleak room, and the man would fall back on the poor bed in a paroxysm of pain. Clearly he was very ill, as Gemma had said, and not long for this world; but the knowledge that he was dying did not move Carlino's determination. He had come hither to slay Pietro with the crucifix, and he was bent upon executing his purpose.

"Carlino!" cried the sick man, raising himself on one elbow with a look of mingled terror and surprise. "You here?"

"Yes," said Gemma, moving towards her lover; "he has come to forgive you and take me back."

"That is so," answered Bardi, raising the crucifix aloft. "I swear by this cross. Dear Pietro," he added, moving towards the bed, "I know you were tempted and——"

"Keep off! Keep off!" screamed Neri, shrinking back. "Liar! you have come to kill me. I see it in your eyes!"

"No, no," said Gemma soothingly; "he has no weapon."

"None, my wife!" echoed Bardi, touching the spring of the cross—"only this dagger!" and Gemma saw the silver Christ fall on the floor, while the cross which had borne Him remained, a poniard, in the right hand of her deceived husband. With a cry of horror, she flung herself on the sick man.

"Me first! Me first!"

"No!" You later!" cried Bardi, dragging her off. "This for——"

"Carlino!" shrieked Neri, as the dagger flashed downward—"for the love of——" The rest of the cry ended in a gurgle, as a stream of blood burst from his breast and stained the bedclothes.

"Murderer! Assassin!" gasped Gemma, scrambling on her hands and knees towards the door. "I shall——"

"Die!" snarled Bardi. "Die!"

When it was all over, he stood looking at the two dead bodies, and began to think of his own safety. His plan was soon made.

"I shall wound myself, and say that there was a struggle," he muttered; "that they tried to kill me, and I struck in self-defence. One little wound will be evidence enough to save my life."

He placed the dagger at his throat, and, setting his teeth with stern determination, he inflicted upon himself a slight gash. Then he rent his clothes, as evidence of the clutching of hands, and thrust the stained dagger into the grip of the dead woman.

"She tried to kill me because I slew Pietro in self-defence," he said, rehearsing the story to himself; "so now I—ah! *Dio!* What is this?"

A cold feeling, as of iced water, was creeping through his veins, a film of grey mist swam before his eyes, and in his throat, where he had inflicted that lying wound, there rose a ball which choked him. He staggered and fell on his knees and hands, striking the silver image of the Christ across the room. The walls spun round and round, his eyes grew dark, and with a sob of agony he pitched forward on to the bodies of his victims—dead.

* * * * * * *

One week later Hagar was rewarded for her searching by reading the conclusion of the tragedy of the Fiesole Crucifix. The journal explained the finding of the three dead bodies, and commented upon the deadly ingenuity of the weapon used, which was at once a dagger and a crucifix. It added that one of the men and the woman had been struck to the heart, and so had died, but mentioned that the third corpse had a slight wound only, inflicted on the neck. "Quite insufficient to cause death," said the sapient; "therefore, how the other man died—his name has been ascertained to be Carlino Bardi—is a mystery."

It might have been to the Press; but Hagar was better informed. A short time previously, Belker had confessed that when he discovered the secret of the crucifix a thin piece of paper had been wrapped round the blade of the poniard. This he had kept, not that it was of value, or that he had any reason to withhold it from his mistress, but simply out of a thievish magpie propensity which was inherent in his nature. Finding it one day in his pocket—for he had forgotten all about it—he gave it to Hagar. As it was written in Italian, and she was ignorant of the language, Hagar took it to the old bookseller, of whom mention has been made, to have it translated. This was done by a customer of his, and the following translation was handed to Hagar the next day:

"I, Guido, of Florence, have manufactured this dagger hidden in this silver crucifix, to slay Count Louis from France and my faithless wife Bianca, who with him has deceived

me. As I may not be able to strike them to the heart, I have anointed this blade with a deadly poison, so that the slightest scratch of the poniard causes death. I write this warning and place it within the crucifix, so that he who finds it may beware of touching the point; and that he may use it upon a faithless wife, and her paramour, as it is my intention to do.—Signed at Florence in Tuscany,

"*Guido.*"

Hagar looked at this paper, after reading the report of the tragedy, and mused. "So," said she to herself, "Carlino killed his wife and her lover; but how did it come about that he was wounded, and died of the poison?"

There was no answer to this question, for Hagar never learnt that Bardi had inflicted the wound on himself to save his life, thereby slaying himself as surely as the law would have done.

(*To be Continued.*)

## THE UNREMEMBERED HARVESTER.

AMONG earth's brown-armed reapers came
One whom those toilers held in shame.

All harvest-time, with idle hands,
He watched them reap their burdened lands.

They knew him not, though he, 'twas said,
Strange writings in the grass-blades read;

And resting weary scythe and rake,
They one unto the other spake:

"We till the soil, and sow our wheat,
That they who hunger here may eat;

"Yet this man's only harvest seems
To be, not bread, but idle dreams.

"His childish flowers he carries home,
While we, whose sweat makes rich the loam,
Earn here such gleanings as be ours;
But he—he seeks for simple flowers!

"Let them who mock God's seasons thus
Ask neither roof nor bread of us!"

So they, when all their day was done,
Turned homeward toward the setting sun:

And down the fields of sleeping grain
Sang o'er their harvest-songs again;

Re-telling how God's reapers fed
The world, since man must live by bread ;
While mourned far down the murmurous bush
One pensive-hearted hermit-thrush.

And unto him they held in shame,
Their song, but not their gladness, came.

For though he flung abroad his grain
To him it came not back again.

Though he his goodly store had sown,
'Twas not for him to reap his own ;
Since he it was who would have fed
The world with song, as they with bread.

He wrought in his enchanted rhyme
The gladness of their harvest-time.

Their joy and sadness, hope and grief,
In song he garnered, sheaf by sheaf.

Yet while he sang so well to rest
Their weary hearts, in his own breast
He nursed the sorrows they had known,
And wept their tears, and not his own.

And in the night he fared abroad
As their interpreter to God.

For when at times strange smouldering fires,
When old unquenchable desires
In their distracted hearts grew strong,
'Twas he who solaced them with song.

But they saw not, and at his feet
They flung a crust—since man must eat.

And he, though they had even thrown
Him all the grain the world had grown,
He knew too well of old 'twas said
No man shall live by only bread.

For they, he knew, with all their lands,
Held, oh ! so little in their hands.

—So little and so much, this grain
Men gleaned and sowed and reaped again,
With still one old strange hunger they,
For all their loaves, could not allay.

But he, from God's own board had caught
Those precious crumbs men gathered not,

*And he, since they had only wheat,*
*Laid bare his heart, and they did eat.*

*Arthur J. Stringer.*

# A MEMOIR OF TENNYSON.*

*A Review by the Principal of Upper Canada College.*

THERE is a curiosity about the personality of a great man, and especially of a great writer, which is justifiable and far from vulgar ; a curiosity to know how far his life and environment have influenced his work; how far his thoughts are interpreted by his surroundings ; how far his own daily life corresponds with his noble ideals of life. There is no impertinence in this. It may well be, and often is, a sincere craving for more complete understanding; a wish to come more closely and clearly in touch with a mind which has powerfully influenced us for good, and with which we may hope to grow into more complete sympathy through every bit of added human interest.

It is with this kind of legitimate curiosity that thousands will turn to read the lately published life of Tennyson. That the biography of such a man should be written by somebody was a foregone conclusion.

Alfred Tennyson made a profound impression upon the mind and sentiment of his generation. As a comparatively young man he gained the ear of English-speaking people, and he never lost his hold upon his countrymen and the people of his race until the very end of his long life. It seems more than probable that this hold will strengthen as time goes on. He takes rank among the very greatest in our long roll of English poets, beside Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Wordsworth.

The judgment which places him above all except Shakespeare is certainly premature, and probably mistaken, being based on artistic rather than general considerations. But much of what he has sung has sunk into the very fibre of our race ; it lives in our hearts for light, aid and inspiration ; it is embalmed in our language, not merely in the grace of perfect speech, but also with the power of ennobling thought. Hundreds of his lines are now among the commonplaces of personal and national use.

The romance of love and youth—the strong passions of manhood, with its reforming energy, its public zeal, its fervor of patriotism—the romantic memory of a chivalrous past, and the yearning dreams of a golden future for mankind—the mysteries of faith and doubt—the infinite pathos of loss and death—all these and more of the deepest chords of our human life he touched with the hand of a master, and made us nobler and better for the touch.

One who had so influenced the mind of his time, and filled so large a place in the public imagination, could not pass away without a general and reasonable desire to get all legitimate information about the processes of development by which he had become the foremost poet of his age. His was a biography which must needs be written. But by whom ?

Under any circumstances, to write the life of a man like Tennyson would be a delicate task. If ever a life demanded reserved and measured treatment, it was his. It is well known that every instinct of the poet's own soul revolted against the curiosity which stands ready and willing to dissect the mind and spirit of a man as soon as the life has left his body. He had an almost morbid dread of the biographer and his ways. It was probably observation of the memoirs of the last twenty-five years which produced this feeling. Among his friends were the most distinguished literary men of his time, and no doubt there were among them those who would gladly

*Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by his Son.

have undertaken the task of dealing with his life. But he seems to have felt that love and tenderness and a delicate sense of reserve might easily count for more than literary genius in writing a biography. Froude's treatment of the Carlyle papers, no doubt, burned this feeling into his mind. So it was by the poet's own choice that his son has become his biographer. It was a somewhat dangerous experiment. Other sons have attempted a like task with a result not altogether satisfactory. The life of Bishop Wilberforce was calculated to make distinguished fathers somewhat afraid of their able sons.

In the present instance, the general opinion will, I think, ratify the poet's selection, now that the result can be read and studied. A difficult task has been performed with simple and unaffected loyalty, with unfailing dignity, and with a skill which is the more striking because producing its results by extremely simple and natural processes. Within the limits of reserve which he has fixed for himself, the son allows us to enter with singular freedom into the inner workings of his great father's mind; he has thrown a thousand side-lights upon the genesis of his work and the processes by which it was brought to perfection; he has made us intimate with the surroundings which suggested his poems and influenced his daily thought. He has not hesitated to give us a good deal of verse to which the poet's stern self-criticism refused publication. We are thus able to examine, as it were, the unfinished and tentative blocks in a great sculptor's studio; we study the pen-and-ink sketches which a Rafaelle prepares as materials for his great cartoons. The result is a work which must henceforth be constantly consulted by all students of Tennyson, and which will undoubtedly increase the respect and admiration with which the poet has long been regarded.

The book is as much to be commended for what it leaves unsaid as for what it says. Tennyson himself was a reserved, not to say a shy, man. He had no taste for publicity; with the warmest love for his kind, he yet preferred to live his own life, choose his own companions and be free as far as possible from the curiosity of the vulgar. His son has, with great tact, steered a middle course between his father's prejudices and the legitimate desire of the public to know personal details about its heroes and favourites.

Never, perhaps, was a poet's life more rounded or more thoroughly worked out to an ideal harmony of completeness. As with genius in almost every age, he had a struggling and anxious youth; but it was a youth dignified by contact with much that was most striking and stimulating in the English university life of his time, and cheered and assisted by friendships with minds of the purest and highest type. The pathetic interest which attaches to the memory of Arthur Hallam is made more pathetic by finding, as we do here, how thoroughly he reciprocated the affection and admiration of the friend who was so devoted to him, and who embalmed his name in deathless verse. Even as far back as 1829, when Tennyson was yet at Cambridge and only twenty years old, Hallam writes to Mr. Gladstone: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." And Hallam's friendship and appreciation were but types of feelings entertained by others. An early manhood of rich promise was combined with resolute purpose and unflagging industry. Very striking, in its warning to self-confident genius, is the poet's emendation of Horace's well-known and oft-quoted line—*poeta nascitur, non fit. Poeta nascitur et fit* is his adapted reading, and he adds: "I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist." His middle age was crowned with popularity, but this never disturbed the serenity of his soul, or made the man waver from his high ideals. His old age was replete with public honour and private affection, and displayed a spiritual energy unbroken to the end, so that the very last notes of

the singer's lyre were as strong and true as any; their depth of solemn music in "Crossing the Bar," written at the age of eighty-one, thrilling the hearts of men as perhaps nothing of the earlier days had done.

Singleness of purpose is the feature of the poet's character which strikes us most in reading these volumes. "To ennoble the life of the world" by his art was his aspiration, and to do this he shrank from no toil of preparation or patience of pursuit. Students of his work will turn once more and many times with fresh interest to read "Merlin and the Gleam" under the new light which is thrown upon it by this biography. We are told that the poet intended it to be a condensed, and as he himself thought, a sufficiently complete outline of his poetical career. The "Gleam" he followed was the spirit of poetic inspiration, which he had felt from childhood, which had guided and cheered him through days of doubt and disparagement, and kept him, even to old age, loyal to the divine vision and true to the vocation of his life.

> "Great the Master,
> And sweet the Magic,
> When over the valley,
> In early summers,
> Over the mountain,
> On human faces,
> And all around me
> Moving to melody,
> Floated the Gleam."

Then came harsh and unkindly criticism:

> "The light retreated,
> The landskip darken'd,
> The melody deaden'd,
> The Master whisper'd
> 'Follow the Gleam.'"

And again when Arthur Hallam died:

> "Clouds and darkness
> Closed upon Camelot;
> Arthur had vanish'd
> I knew not whither,
> The king who loved me,
> And cannot die."

But through all the pain of wounded pride and the sorrow which comes of irreparable loss he was able to hold steadily on till in old age the verse swells into something like a pæan of victory:

> "I can no longer,
> But die rejoicing,
> For thro' the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless Ocean,
> And all but in Heaven
> Hovers the Gleam."

But Tennyson's cultivation of the poetic art was no mere matter of enthusiasm—nor yet reliance upon native genius. He laid the foundations of his verse in wide study of books and nature. History, Chemistry, Botany, Electricity, Animal Physiology, Mechanics, Theology, German, Italian, Greek; such is the list of subjects of weekly study which he sketched out for himself and pursued when, after College days, he settled down to the task of training himself for his life work.

To this was added observation of nature in its most minute particulars. It need scarcely be pointed out how his verse everywhere reflects these two sides of his mental discipline. Breadth of knowledge and keenness of observation are joined to consummate mastery of his art in all his best work.

The Queen selected him as Poet Laureate in 1850, and for 42 years he continued to do work which justified the choice. He lived to show that he was the Poet Laureate of the nation, not merely by the choice and appointment of his Sovereign, but by the divine right of genius, and with the well-nigh universal suffrage of his countrymen. In his hands the office came to mean much more than lending the grace of finished verse to courtly functions. He entered into the spirit of the national life, and more than once at critical moments interpreted it to the nation itself and to its rulers with a telling force which had a distinct influence on practical politics. He was an Imperialist in the broader and nobler sense of the word, not merely because of his official position or as a matter of sentiment, but as the outcome of the deepest political conviction.

None should know better than Canadians the value and influence of his thought on Imperial questions, and they will find their knowledge enlarged by many passages scattered throughout these volumes.

A note in Lady Tennyson's journal under the date of Dec. 25th, 1872, says: "Alfred burnt with indignation and shame at one eminent statesman saying to him, 'Would to God Canada would go.'" But in 1872 this was the talk not of one statesman merely, but of many. There is little doubt that the *Times* thought it was registering public opinion when it published an article endorsing this view. So widely had the national heresy spread.

Canadians of forty or fifty years of age need not be told, though younger ones may well be reminded, that it was in the heat of his indignation against weak-kneed statesmen and journalists alike that he wrote the lines, now become historic, in which he spoke of Canada as;

"That true North, whereof we lately heard,
A strain to shame us . . . . . "

The feeling which his lines evoked at the time throughout the Dominion was as spontaneous as it was decisive. Lord Dufferin did not use any exaggeration when he wrote a letter printed in this biography:

"Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart; they have been published in every newspaper, and have been effectual to heal the wounds occasioned by the senseless language of the *Times*."

It is interesting to find that when Sir John Seeley's epoch-marking book, "The Expansion of England," appeared, Tennyson himself sent a copy to Mr. Gladstone, and to note that Mr. Gladstone after reading it writes to say that "A Professor gets upon rather slippery ground when he undertakes to deal with politics more practical than historical." Those of us who have watched the drift of events in these late years will not have much trouble in deciding whether Sir John Seeley, the historical professor, or Mr. Gladstone, the practical politician, took the wider, clearer, and truer view of the national position.

The clear voice which turned the tide of battle for national unity and national strength in 1872, never thereafter failed to strike the same strong note when statesmen hesitated or public opinion required a spur. We have here given in prose the genesis of one of his most vigorous poems on England's fleet. He said:

"The democracy does not appreciate that our trade depends upon the strength of our fleet, and on our having docks and coaling stations in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. England would not, as in old days, be able to depend upon her vast resources, since there could not be a continual struggle. There would be but a short preparation for a naval war now, and one naval defeat for us would mean that we should sink at once into a third-rate power. *The fleet of England is her all in all.*"

Parliamentary estimates are very practical things, and might seem to be beyond the reach of poetry, but there is no doubt that Tennyson's verse more than once played its part in influencing the vote on the naval estimates.

So also in his poem "Form, Form, Riflemen Form," he favoured a strengthened military arm for Britain as warmly as he supported a strong navy, simply because he believed that a great nation must accept the conditions of its own greatness.

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great."

The idea of a British Empire welded together by the strongest possible bond of political union appealed to him from the first.

"Shall we not through good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call
Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!
Britons, hold your own!

The poet's verse on great national questions has long furnished texts to those who, enforcing the general principle of a united Empire by practical arguments, have during the last few

years shifted the current of popular thought in regard to the future of the nation. When the practical builders of Empire have completed their task, they will be forced to admit that the cement which gives their work stability has come in no small measure from the men of imagination.

Tennyson's life furnishes striking proof of the large place which the poet fills in the world. "The future of poetry is immense," Matthew Arnold remarks in one of his critical essays. This is true simply because the wells of human passion are inexhaustible—because the heights of human thought and aspiration rise higher and higher before us as we climb. New facts, new achievements must have new interpreters, and, doubtless, the concentrated and accumulative energy of modern life will not fail from time to time to find adequate expression. What new hand at any given time will seize the torch as it falls from the hand that fails we know not. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Happy the race which breeds the poet seers who like Tennyson can truly unfold to it "The meaning of the riddle of its might." There is no reason to despair, even though the master who has so long been the nation's mouthpiece has passed away.

We have witnessed this year a national celebration more comprehensive and magnificent than anything of the kind known to history. All that wealth, imperial power, world-wide organization of naval and military force, spontaneous and unpurchased loyalty could do to make the demonstration one of unparalleled splendour was done. But when it was all over, while its echoes were yet scarce died away, the voice of a clear singer, coming with its magic of a few simple notes, at once lifted the national thought to a level infinitely higher than it had reached before amid all the pomp of imposing ceremonial. What another has this year done for us in keeping the heart of the nation high and true, Tennyson did time and again for more than forty years. No reverence or reward that a people can give to men who do such work is too great.

Admiration and regard he had in full measure from all that was best of his generation. Very touching are the notes of sympathy and affection which passed between him and his brother poet, Robert Browning, messages entirely void of all touch of rivalry. Jowett writes to Lady Tennyson at a time when her husband was dangerously ill:

> "I would have him think sometimes that no one has done more for mankind in our own time, having found expression for their noblest thoughts, and having never written a line that he would wish to blot; and that this benefit, which he has conferred on the English language and people, will be an everlasting possession to them, as great as any poet has ever given to any nation, and that those who have been his friends will always think of him with love and admiration, and speak to others of the honour of having known him."

Nor was it from thinkers alone that he gained the recognition of friendship and affection.

The letters which passed between the Queen and the poet will be read with keen interest, and they certainly throw a pleasant light upon the characters of both. A subject who can after a visit write to his Sovereign that "during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together, whether they be kings or cobblers," and the Sovereign who could show that she heartily reciprocates the feeling are in an attitude of mind equally honourable to both. It is evident that they discussed public as well as personal questions with the greatest frankness. The fact that the Queen has consented that these letters should be published is of itself an interesting illustration of her character and of her relation to her people. She is evidently neither afraid nor unwilling, strictly constitutional as are all her public acts, that her subjects should know that she had decisive opinions on the men around her and their policies. The worshippers of Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, not be pleased to find that neither the feeling of a Queen, who must needs hold the

balance between parties, nor the gratitude of one who received a peerage from his hands, was considered a bar to expressing the most complete opposition to some sides of his public life.

Of the Poet's literary dealings—of the revenues brought in by his copyrights, or the prices paid him by enterprising magazine editors, nothing is said here, and so we escape gossip which often forms a considerable part of many an author's biography, and with which paragraph writers were busy when Tennyson was alive. Yet what we learn only from inference so far as these volumes is concerned is worth noting: that even from a financial point of view the Poet's career was manifestly a success. For ten years lack of means prevented him from marrying the woman he loved. In 1850, the year when he became Poet Laureate, he writes to his friend Rawnsley of the first birth in his family, "I expect an heir to nothing about next March or April." In 1883 he was able to accept a Peerage without too great anxiety in regard to the expense to himself or his children of maintaining the position and title. Such an experience proves that even in these days, when the judgments of publishers and the taste of the reading public are often so severely criticized, it pays to write what is pure and noble and finished; that a man need not go down to the lower levels of thought to gain such an audience as will give him sufficient material return for his work; that he may be true to the best which is in him, and yet make himself valuable to publishers; that the patronage of the public extended to poetic genius in our our own day is at least as remunerative as the patronage of a Maecenas in the days of Virgil.

Altogether these deeply interesting volumes leave upon the mind the impression of a singularly noble and happy life—noble in its conceptions of duty, happy in its friendships and in its completed work. They will be criticized and discussed from many points of view. Great minds move in great circles, and Tennyson's verse in its wide sweep touched upon a vast range of human interest. The points I have been able to dwell upon here are necessarily few, but they are such as have for various reasons particularly impressed me.

*George R. Parkin.*

## LA VIE EST VAINE.

*An adaptation of the well-known French lines, "Peu de Chose."*

Ah! Life is vain:
  A little play,
A little pain,
  And then—good day!

Ah! Life is brief:
  A little spell
Of joy and grief,
  And then—farewell!

So frail is Life:
  A little peace,
A little strife,
  And then—surcease.

From childhood's nest
  Awhile we fly,
Awhile we rest,
  And then—good-bye!

In life's small room
  Awhile 'tis bright,
Awhile 'tis gloom
  And then—good night!

All moods we prove:
  A little hate,
A little love,
  And then—too late!

For what is Life?
  A vapour-cloud
In colours rife,
  And then—a shroud!

No!—Let us bid
  Truth sound abroad:
"Our life is hid
  With Christ in God."

Through whom we gain,
  From out this strife
Of joy and pain,
  Eternal Life.

*Geo. J. Low.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

"YOU will observe," Disraeli makes one of his characters say, "one curious trait in the history of this country: the depository of power is always unpopular; all combine against it; it always falls." The triumphant Parliament of 1895 is beginning to crumble away, very slowly, but surely. The bye-elections in England indicate the swing of the pendulum, but several years will probably elapse before another dissolution takes place, and in the interval the future course of the Conservative party may crystallize into definite outline. Lord Rosebery, who told a Scotch audience lately that he was out of politics, has since re-appeared to chide the advocates of Imperial preferential trade as enemies of peace and economic truth. Mr. Balfour retorts that the English race will fix their commercial policy in terms to suit themselves.

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In other words, the wishes of the commercial classes are all-powerful: Lord Salisbury will yield nothing in West Africa to France because the Niger is a valuable trade area; the army will be increased if tax-paying and commercial England deems it expedient; bi-metallism is laid on the shelf because it threatens to disturb financial equilibrium, and therefore trade. In 1846 free trade was necessary for the supremacy of English manufacturing in the world's markets, and resistance to the inevitable helped to keep the Conservative party out of office for the best portion of 25 years. New conditions have arisen, and the commercial interests once more dominate the situation. Free trade was not so much a theory as a practical remedy for evils, propounded by Cobden and accepted by Peel, and to-day the statesman who discovers the best palliative for the stress of foreign competition will carry it, theory or no theory. That is the true index of the times if the best authorities are to be trusted. Until the embattled manufacturer joins the landed interest to insist upon England resuming the weapons which secured commercial treaties there will be no change in fiscal policy. But the condition is almost in the acute stage, and one prophet may be as trustworthy as another, since none are inspired.

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A number of peddling remedies are put forward. Mr. Balfour solemnly blesses an association in the Highlands which will effect a cheaper distribution of the products of cottage industries. Deputations from the manufacturing districts return from Europe to tell the British artisan—the most capable and conscientious in the world—that more technical instruction is needed. That is, he must imitate his German rival by pandering to the intolerable craze for cheap imitations of the genuine, as if the English workman were a dog that easily learns new tricks. The West India Sugar Commission calmly admits that financial ruin and political collapse stare the islands in the face, but the majority recommend a few trifling administrative remedies; a sort of decent preparation for the anticipated funeral. The minority commissioner, Sir Henry Norman, boldly advocated countervailing duties to offset the destructive competition of foreign bounty-fed sugar. The proposal is received as Oliver Twist's request was met by the beadle. The engineering strike has lasted because the employers averred that they could not meet foreign competition and raise wages. The cotton manufacturers of Lancashire claim to have reached the point where the last straw breaks the camel's back. They cannot maintain wages at the present level and pay dividends; and men do not stay in business for the fun of the thing. The agitation of Cobden and Bright and Goldwin Smith

was an essentially English popular agitation, appealing to the interest and intelligence of the masses, and it won. If, as some suspect, the chief defenders of free trade are now the men of text-books and the financial press, the organs of the Hebrew moneylenders, free trade is impregnable only while people are sure it conduces to material prosperity. Interesting as problems in foreign policy, colonial development and domestic legislation may be, the determining factors in England to-day seem to be the industrial interests.

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There is a strong element of commercial interest in the present Imperial Unity feeling. The notable speech of Lord Selborne, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has passed almost unnoticed in this country, although it put into the plainest terms the fact that British policy toward the colonies has been revolutionized in ten years. Who, he asked, would formerly have dared to advocate that the House of Commons should vote money for a railway in Uganda, or for public purposes in Cyprus? Yet English taxpayers are now allowing this to be done. Mr. Chamberlain has expostulated firmly with British Guiana for not providing its share of Imperial defence. The utterance indicated definitely that the Imperial authorities have a complete scheme of defence and that it is being carried out. If any doubt exists as to what England proposes to do with her world-wide possessions, it is not for lack of the fullest and most convincing testimony spread out so that he who runs may read.

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In Europe the key to the situation rests probably in the terms of the Russo-Turkish alliance. No recent event throws any light on the mystery. Ex-Premier Crispi, the ablest of Italian statesmen, wonders why the basis of the treaty is not made public, as Germany and Austria made public in 1888 the terms of the Dreibund. "Beyond a doubt," he says, "if the secret engagements of the Czar and M. Faure did not regard ambitious designs, the two governments would have made public the terms of the treaty in order to set the minds of the other Governments of Europe at rest." The preservation of the secret renders any serious effort to give the true interpretation of present occurrences a mere guessing match. England and France are about to discuss their conflicting claims to territory in West Africa, but if they fail to agree and the scattered forces of the two countries are left to fall into collision in the disputed areas, would war ensue? Or result simply in a harder nut for diplomacy to crack? The St. Petersburg arrangement, if known, would supply a tolerably correct answer.

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The parliamentary bear-garden continues its performances in Austria. One member delivered a connected speech of twelve hours in the Reichstrath, for purposes of obstruction, thus putting to scorn the finest achievements embalmed in our Hansard. Anxious eyes are turned on this constitutional chaos in Austria to see if it does not bode the speedy disruption of the Dual Monarchy. The other embarrassed member of the Triple Alliance, Italy, reveals more clearly as time passes on the strength of the maritime and financial understanding between her and England. The proposal to hand over the African garrison to Egyptian troops, and its probable acceptance, is a striking illustration of the completeness of an international agreement which has hitherto defied all Parliamentary inquisitiveness. A military governor for Crete has been agreed upon, a compromise choice, and one likely to be acceptable to the Sultan. The latter, to use the phrase employed in the game of poker, "stands pat," and watches the operation of that cumbrous machine, the Concert of Powers, which Lord Salisbury has likened to a steam roller, slow but sure. A steam roller is also remarkable for frequent breakdowns. The sensation in Greece is the discovery that the torpedoes provided for the war vessels are useless, so that if the navy had been called into action

during the war it would have been powerless. It hardly seems to matter much, once the steed is stolen, if the open door is supplemented by a broken window.

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Next month the Australian federation convention reassembles, with the delegates from Queensland added, the delay in the latter colony being due not to opposition to union, but arising from a trifling parliamentary dispute. It is supposed that the new Commonwealth scheme will now carry. The difficulties that loomed so large at the outset appear to have been overcome. Both chambers of the Federal Parliament being elective, a deadlock between them is to be settled by an appeal to the constituencies. Should this fail, the issue must be determined by a three-fourths majority of the two Houses sitting together. For elections of Senators, each colony is a constituency and returns the same number of Senators as the other. The result is an experiment like other written constitutions ; but the safeguard is that the electorate will vote upon it instead of the legislatures. British interests in South Africa continue to be the subject of controversy. There is outwardly a lull in the more threatening aspect of affairs. Sir Alfred Milner, the new Governor at the Cape, has only got down to work, and from the Transvaal come nothing but mutterings. Vehement denials are given in England to charges that the treatment of native women by white settlers in Rhodesia is brutal and immoral in the last degree. The value of Rhodesia itself, a country into which have been poured sixteen millions sterling of British capital, is much in dispute, though the testimony of Mr. Selous, given in Toronto last August, is probably as accurate as any, though dealing chiefly with the agricultural possibilities of the region. There is no reason to suppose that the investors will lose capital and interest, though the returns may be slow.

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Far more significant of the future chances of the Silver party in the United States than the New York election is the bimetallism policy of President McKinley. Senator Wolcott's mission to Europe has failed, since the British Government rejects the proposals agreed upon between France and the delegates from Washington, and will join no international convention. But the sound money party are in a weaker position since the question of remonetizing silver has ceased to be a fallacy in Republican eyes if other nations will join in. Mr. Bryan can effectively appeal for a movement that will force the hands of foreign Governments. That will be the strength of the Democratic campaign in 1899. The President's explanation to Congress will be known in a few days ; but the advocates of the gold standard already feel that their political position is no longer so impregnable.

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The Imperial Blue Book has laid bare the causes of the break-down of the Wolcott mission. Before closing the mints to silver, India was anxious to secure an international agreement fixing the relative value of gold and silver currency, and would have kept the mints open if any prospect of one had appeared probable. Having resolved, in 1893, to place India on a gold basis, and four years of trial having now elapsed, the India authorities declined to take part in a proposal for a limit union "confined to two countries, with some assistance from a third." They have also grasped with much insight the chief defect in any propositions emanating from the United States on any subject—the lack of permanence and stability of a foreign policy controlled by a Congress and President that change every few years. Lord Elgin and his colleagues point out a contingency which we know has arisen in connection with nearly every treaty the United States have made when they say "either France or the United States might any day find some reason for thinking that some other nation was obtaining some advantage at their expense," and thus a demand to terminate the arrangement would

arise. Mr. Bryan's course is thus cut out for him, to press strongly for independent action by the United States, regardless of what other countries may do. That policy is one that would appeal effectively to a nation jealous in the extreme of any dependence on foreign countries.

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The results of the conference at Washington between the Canadian representatives and the Administration must depend, first, upon the desire of the Cabinet to establish better relations; and, secondly, upon the degree of compliance that the Senate may show. The first condition we may assume as fairly settled. Of the state of feeling in the Senate nothing can be predicted with certainty. The fate of the Brown Treaty in 1874, and the Bayard-Chamberlain Treaty in 1888, may also attend any new arrangement with Canada. It is said that all the questions at issue will be put in the pot so as to ensure a comprehensive arrangement—the sealing regulations, the fisheries, alien labour laws, commercial reciprocity, and so forth. While Canada might lose some advantages in a treaty that covered so many subjects, she would also stand to gain something. To terminate the long-standing fisheries dispute which was bungled in the original agreement of 1783, and was scarcely improved by that of 1818, would be a diplomatic victory of itself. The issue of the whole matter, however, turns upon ratification by that branch of Congress in which the Administration has the least power. In 1854 Lord Elgin first found his Senate and then produced his treaty. To secure ratification by both branches of the Canadian Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have to show that his treaty will carry at Washington. This we cannot know for a time at least.

No Canadian dispute with the United States, however, requires attention so badly as does the old-standing grievance of Newfoundland regarding the French shore. Commodore Bourke, who has charge of the warships engaged in protecting the shore fisheries, has just reported to Sir Herbert Murray, the Governor of Newfoundland, the steady deterioration and apparent speedy destruction of the lobster and herring fisheries along the French shore. This district is administered jointly by the commanders of the French and British fleets under the temporary arrangement which expires next year. The Newfoundland officials have no power to repress illegal methods of fishing or to establish hatcheries. The powers of the British naval officers are also limited: they may prevent the establishment of illegal canneries on the land, but the clumsy, inefficient methods of curing and canning the fish carried on by individual fishermen flourish unchecked, and the ultimate annihilation of a once valuable industry is a matter of time. Such is the fruit of unskilful diplomacy in framing treaties. Under the new Ministry of Sir James Winter, who is known to favour union with Canada, Newfoundland may come more to the front and press upon the Imperial Government the necessity of being included in the arrangement and pacification of conflicting British and French interests now believed to be in progress. It would be hard to carry a union measure in Canada without some prospect in view of terminating the French shore question; otherwise Canada would be adding another complication to a list already long enough. Meantime, quicker communication between the island and this country has been established, the mail service is now twice a week, and commercial intercourse is expanding.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*

# A GREAT CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

*A Description of one of our Greatest Manufacturing Establishments and an Explanation of Some of the Methods of Making Paper, Woodenware and Matches.*

THE organization of an army of soldiers under a general and his staff is an interesting subject for study, especially when that army is in battle. So the organization of a great body of industrial workers under one managing head forms also an interesting subject for investigation. Our forefathers of the eighteenth century knew nothing of industrial armies and factories, and huge manufacturing establishments. The steam engine and steam-driven machinery had just seen the light of day when that century closed, and its people never dreamed of the changes which the steam engine would work. Within a hundred years a factory system has been perfected which has revolutionized the production of articles on which labour is bestowed. "Division of labor" has been introduced and has worked wonders, multiplying the number of articles which may be used by man for his sustenance, his comfort, his pleasure and his advancement.

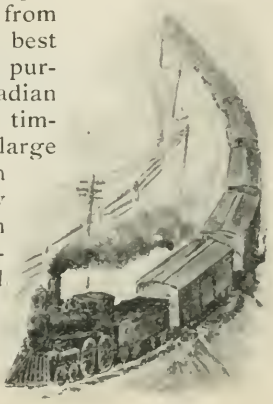
In the City of Hull, Que., just across the river from the capital of Canada, is one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country; indeed, it has been said, by a leading English prelate and scientist, to be the largest of its kind and the most unique establishment under the British flag. An average of about 1,800 employees are daily ranged in ranks and squads and companies, all working under a central organization—a general of industry and his staff. It is a description of this interesting establishment, a representative Canadian manufactory, which will here be attempted by one who, after a good deal of hard work and some smooth begging, was allowed inside and permitted to snap his Kodak "not more than 10 or 12 times."

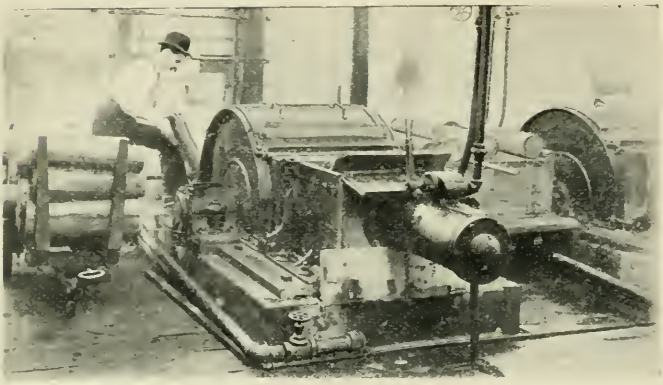
The works under the control of The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, comprise about forty factories, and cover many acres of ground. The wages paid total over $1,200 a day, or nearly $400,000 annually.

The average daily output is as follows:—Matches, 35,000,000; indurated fibre ware, 800 articles; woodenware, 3,000 pails and tubs; washboards, 600; paper, 45 to 50 tons; sulphite fibre and wood pulp, 50 tons; paper bags, 500,000.

HOW PAPER IS MADE.

As many people already know, much paper is now made from wood, and the best wood for the purpose is Canadian spruce. This timber is found in large quantities in the territory along both sides of the Ottawa River, and from these limits the supply of Eddy's material is





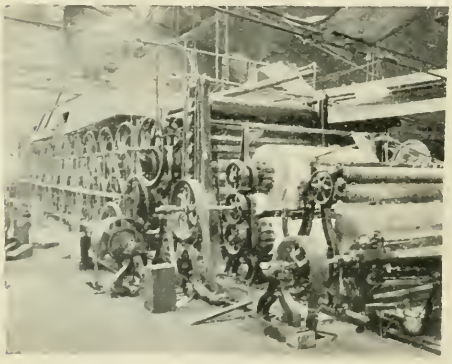
PUTTING PULP STICKS INTO A GRINDER.

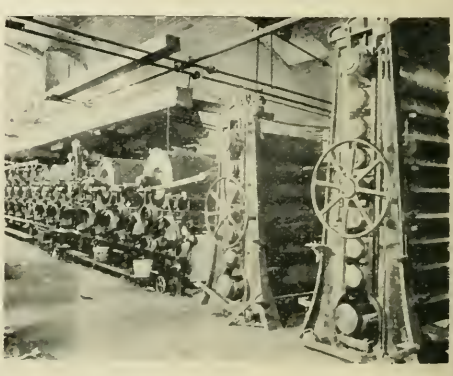
demand for fibre and pulp will be of the greatest benefit to Canada.

Such spruce trees as are from six to ten inches in diameter are cut down in the bush and the logs floated down the river Ottawa to the mills. Here they are sawn into two foot lengths, and the bark is removed by special machinery. These sticks are then ready to be taken to the grinders. The accompanying illustration shows a truck load of pulp wood and a workman in the act of putting a stick into a grinder. This machine grinds the wood up into a product which is called "mechanical wood pulp," the cheapest kind of wood pulp. The pulp is then dropped into an agitator and afterwards run through a wet machine, coming out in rough sheets about an eighth of an inch in thickness. A pile of this

drawn. Of course spruce is found in many other places in Canada, and it would appear that this country must some day supply a large portion of the world's requirements so far as pulp and paper are concerned. Such countries as Great Britain, France, Spain, Africa, India, Australia and Japan, must continue to import their paper or the raw material for its manufacture, and as the use of paper becomes more and more general, the

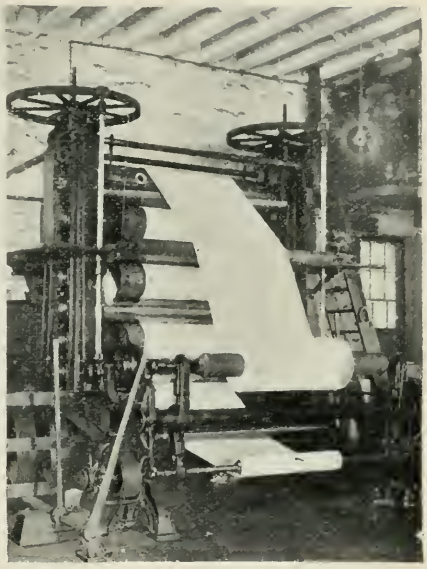
AS IT COMES FROM THE WET MACHINE.





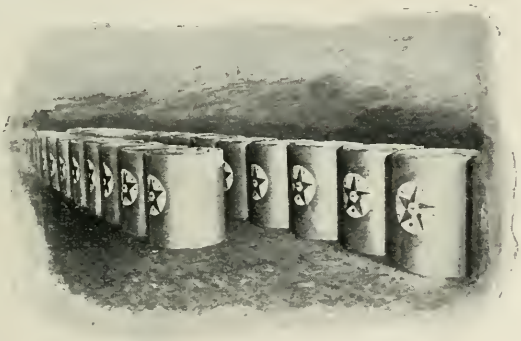
TWO LARGE PAPER MACHINES.

is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. In this shape it is taken to the beating engines and re-dissolved into a milky liquid, finally it is carried to the paper machine proper, run over plates and wires to a proper thickness, and passed over a succession of rolls which squeeze and dry out the water and cause the sheet of paper to be formed. These paper machines are of enormous length and height and of delicate mechanism, as may be seen by the illustrations. They are started on Monday morning and are run day and night without a stop—except in case of an accident—until Saturday night. During each hour each machine will turn out several miles of paper, and there are seven such machines at these mills.



A LARGE SET OF CALENDERS.

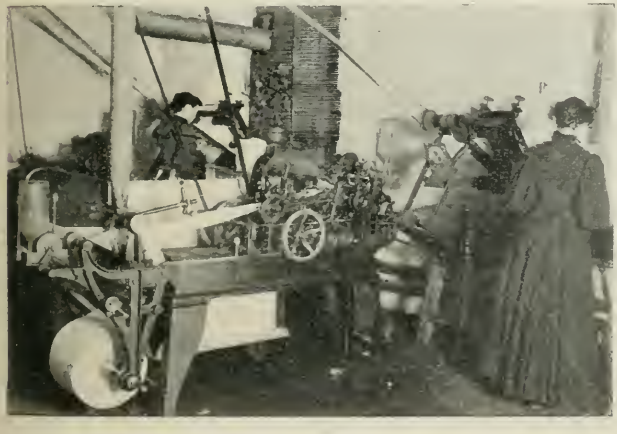
At the end of each machine are stacks of heavy steel rollers. Over and under and between these rollers the paper passes until it acquires the proper "calender" or smoothness of surface. Ordinary "news," or paper for the use of daily and weekly newspapers, requires little calendering; that used in magazines, books and catalogues requires much more. Sometimes special calenders unattached to machines are used, and a very large and heavy set of these—the largest set in Canada—is illustrated here.



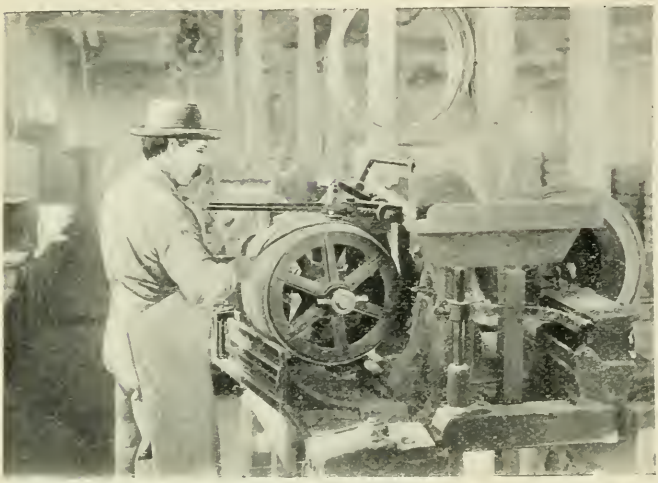
"NEWS" READY FOR SHIPMENT.

There is another process where the wood is cut by a saw into smaller pieces or disks, or cut into chips, and placed in huge boilers or digesters containing acid and converted into what is known as "sulphite pulp," so called because of the use of sulphurous acid.

The finish of the paper turned out depends on the amount of calendering which it receives, while the quality depends upon the percentage of wood pulp, sulphite fibre and rags used. The cheap grades of paper are made chiefly from wood pulp; the middle grades contain



A MACHINE THAT MAKES 8,700 PAPER BAGS AN HOUR.



A LATHE FOR SMOOTHING THE OUTSIDE OF A TUB AND FOR PUTTING ON HOOPS.

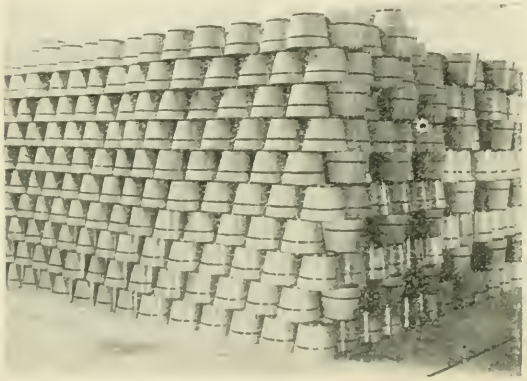
more sulphite fibre (or chemical pulp), and the higher grades contain a small percentage of wood pulp and a large percentage of sulphite fibre or rags.

Manilla paper, yellow in colour, is manufactured largely into paper bags and flour sacks. In this establishment the bag-making industry is a delightful study. The machines are specially made, and some of them will make, direct from the roll and wholly automatically, 145 complete, pasted bags in a minute ; or, 8,700 bags an hour.

MAKING WOODENWARE.

The manner in which pails and tubs are made in this establishment is just as surprising and interesting as the making of paper. Each workman has a part to perform, and the skill shown is something wonderful. Each man or boy is paid by the piece, and often, while the sun is still high in the sky, has completed the number of pieces required to give him a good day's wages. The manner in which the roughness is taken off the staves of a tub and the hoop then put on is illustrated here by a cut. The tub is then put into another lathe and the inside made perfectly smooth with a planer and sand-paper. Another man puts in the bottom and

STRIPING THE HOOPS OF A PAIL.

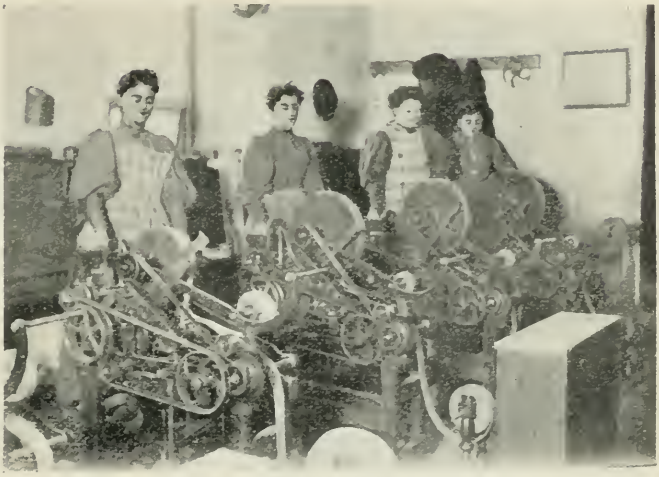


A PILE OF NEWLY PAINTED PAILS.

puts on another hoop. Farther on in the long factory the tub goes ; the outside is treated with several coats of paint and the hoops are striped. The picture of a boy striping the hoops of a pail will be found especially interesting. Finally the handles are put on and the tub or pail is ready for packing and shipping.

There is no confusion, no waste of energy ; each man has a machine to assist him in doing

his part of the work, and each boy has his portion of the production assigned to him. Every one is expert in his own particular line, and as all articles are inspected by an overseer before leaving the building, no slipshod work is allowed.



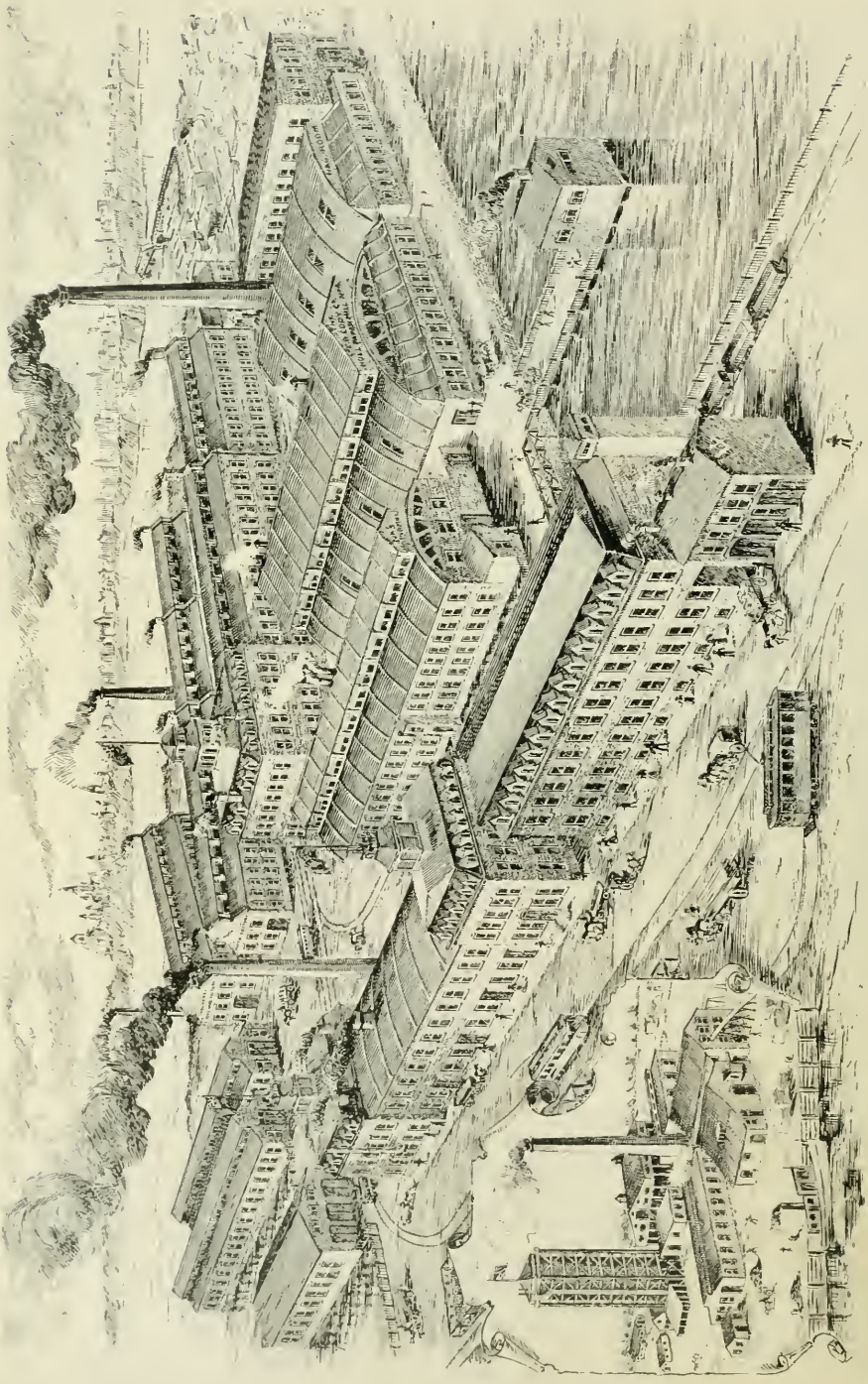
ROLLING THE MATCHES INTO CIRCULAR BUNDLES.

MATCHES.

But the branch of the business which has made the name of Eddy known in every home in Canada is the manufacture of matches. It is marvelous to think of one factory making thirty-five to thirty-six million matches a day, while the perfection of the process by which this is done is a tribute to the mechanical genius of man. Small, square blocks of wood are fed into machines and cut up into sticks the thickness of ordinary wood matches, but twice the length. These are then fed into other machines and rolled on strips of webbing into circular bundles, each match occupying a space of its own. As each stick projects beyond the webbing on both sides, both ends may be dipped in sulphur. After this process, they are dried and then dipped in phosphorus. After again being dried, these circular bundles are unrolled by machines which cut each stick in two matches. They are then taken to the packing-room, where a hundred or more young girls with deft skill put them in the small boxes and then into quarter gross

DIPPING THE BUNDLES IN PHOSPHORUS.

GIRLS BOXING MATCHES.



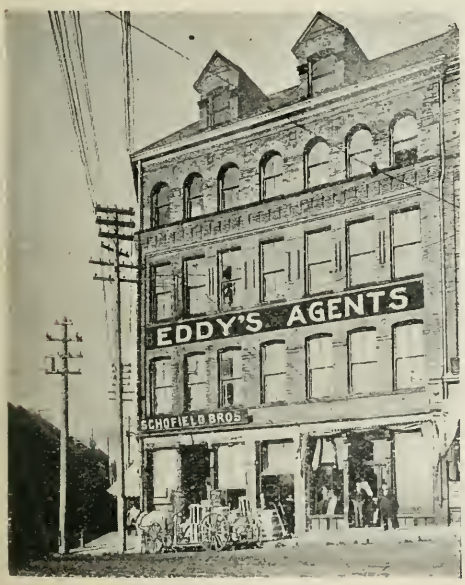

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EDDY WORKS, HULL, CANADA.

*The City of Ottawa is seen in the distance, with Parliament Hill to the left.*

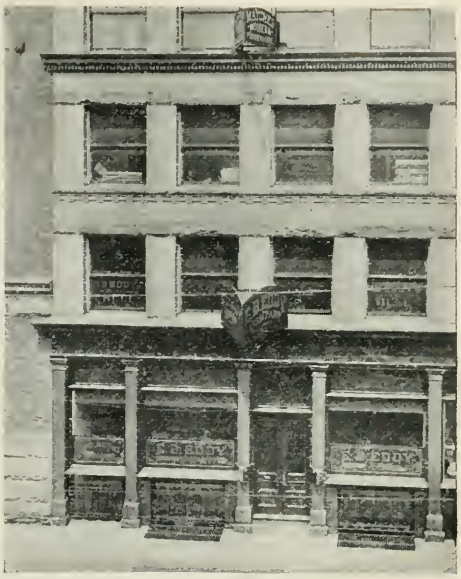
boxes ready for packing into the cases. The dexterity with which these little bright-faced French-Canadian girls will pick up from a pile the exact number of matches, push them into the little paper boxes and put on the lid, is highly amusing and interesting. The girls work very fast, but always have time to look about and say something in their musical "patois" to their neighbours.

The inventive genius of man is seen at almost its best in the four wonderful machines used for making the little paper boxes for the matches. A strip of paper about three inches wide is fed into each machine from a spool. This machine points, cuts, pastes and forms up the little box so that it drops down into the receiver complete. Each of these machines is made up of three thousand seven hundred pieces, and was manufactured on the premises from designs made by Mr. Millen the mechanical superintendent of the company. They are so valuable that they are kept in a separate, fire-proof room.

If any reader thinks that the invention of the match is a small thing, let him try to do without one for a week. The modern world owes a great deal of its present comfort and convenience to these little sulphur-tipped articles.




ST. JOHN, N. B., AGENCY.



THE TORONTO BRANCH.

## INDURATED FIBREWARE.

Indurated fibreware is another line of articles made at this establishment. These are made from wood pulp, chemically treated, and baked much as pottery is fired. Some 800 articles, such as tubs, pails and bowls, are made every day. The enduring quality of this ware is wonderful, as people all over Canada can testify. The manufacture is carried on along scientific lines, and the secrets of the process are carefully guarded, hence the lack of illustrations of the process. The greatest difficulty in the production of indurated fibreware is the devising of machinery which will mould and compress a wood pulp vessel, and at the same time allow drainage from both sides of the article during this process.

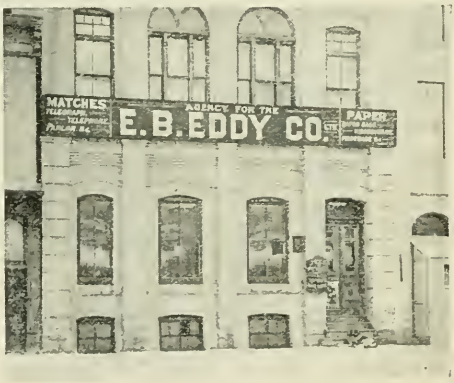
## MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES.

There are many other features of their great establishment which would bear special description. There is the electric lighting plant with its six dynamos, and a capacity of 60,000 candle power; the battery of huge

MONTREAL BRANCH.

boilers with their blazing furnaces in which the refuse of the mill is burned; the system by which this great group of buildings is heated; the water power of the famous Chaudiere Falls, and how it has been harnessed in order that these hundreds of machines may be driven; the system of wire rope transmission, which conveys the power from the water wheels to the different factories; the quantities of raw material used every year, and the sources of supply—all these points are worthy of study. Then there is the fire protection system, which is said to excel in efficiency even that of the City of Ottawa across the river.

The system by which all the wares manufactured at Hull are distributed through the country is an admirable one. Apart from the vast quantities of goods that are sold direct to all the leading jobbers and wholesale dealers throughout Canada, other very large quantities are shipped to the Company's various branches or agencies in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., London, Halifax, Charlottetown, St. Johns, Nfld. From warehouses at these points smaller lots are then distributed to customers. The men who have charge of the branches and agencies are specially selected for their work, are thoroughly conversant with their business, and they must have few other thoughts than those which concern the selling of the Eddy goods.




WINNIPEG AGENCY.

MR. EDDY.

The most interesting personality in connection with this wonderful industry is, of course, the founder, Mr. Eddy, who entered on business in 1851, and so continued till 1886, when the joint stock company was formed. He started originally in the match business, which has made him so well-known in Canada. Early in

KINGSTON BRANCH.

life he harnessed the Chaudiere Falls, built his match and saw-mills, bought timber limits, sent his gangs of men with their axes in the woods, built and ran fleets of barges and tugs, and distributed 75,000,000 feet of lumber annually. In 1887 he began to make woodenware, then added the manufactur e of pulp and indurated fibreware; and, finally, during the past six years, built the finest group of paper mills in Canada. Like other men, he has met with misfortunes in his time. Serious fires have at times destroyed the work of years, yet these have but served to nerve Mr. Eddy to fresh endeavour and renewed effort. By ultra-conservative men Mr. Eddy has, perhaps, been thought reckless, so quick are his movements when once he decides upon a new enterprise of any kind. Rapidity of action and quickness of conception always mark the successful statesman, general, or man of affairs, and a great deal of Mr. Eddy's success has been due to the possession of these qualities.

E. B. EDDY, ESQ.

MR. EDDY'S HOUSE.

Mr. Eddy is proud of his achievements and of his great industries, but has not the pride to make him despise the toiler and his welfare. He lives in a beautiful home in the City of Hull, has represented his county in Parliament and has been the mayor of his city from time to time. His business, however, is first in his mind, and his time, when not devoted to this or some of the social interests of his army of workers, is spent in travelling. He has seen a great deal of the world, and knows how to sharpen himself against the wits of other

W. H. ROWLEY.

people. Although not a Canadian by birth, he is truly Canadian in spirit. Having spent nearly fifty years of his life as a citizen of this country, and having made his wealth here, he feels that to this Dominion he owes much, and honourably endeavours to repay the debt. In any movement which will benefit the nation, either materially or socially, he is always deeply interested. He has seen the growth of the country as one watches the boy merge into youth and then into manhood; and, his own growth being similar and simultaneous, his attitude as a citizen could not be otherwise than has been stated.

GEO. H. MILLEN.

THE LIEUTENANTS.

There are always lots of "Blue Noses" about Ottawa not only in political but in commercial circles, and Mr. W. H. Rowley, who was born at Yarmouth, N.S., in the early fifties, is one of the latter. After some sixteen or seventeen years' service in the Merchants Bank of Canada, during six years of which he was manager at Ottawa, he was selected by Mr. Eddy as Secretary-Treasurer of The E. B. Eddy Co. at its incorporation in 1887. Mr. Rowley's business and banking training has evidently stood him in good stead, for the financial standing, the business capacity, the well defined, settled policy of the Company and the admirable system by which the sales and purchases, collections and payments and general conduct of the office and accounts of the Company are carried on, show his hand in a marked manner. Personally, Mr. Rowley is a most genial fellow, whether he be met when engaged in the multifarious duties of his position or at "Worfield House," his beautiful home in Ottawa. By the way, Mr. Rowley is descended from a line of ancestors, several of whom were admirals in the British navy.

Mr. G. H. Millen, the General Mechanical Superintendent of the Works, was born at Glen's Falls, N.Y., about fifty-five years ago. Every piece of machinery and every building, except the match factory, has been put up under his personal supervision; and a glance at the bird's-eye view of the Company's plant will impress the reader with the extent of his work. Mr. Millen is an inventor of scores of labour-saving devices, and no small part of the machinery in this Company's use is the result of his inventive skill.

*James Alexander.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

OWING to the fact that several of the subscribers of "The Canadian Magazine" have strongly objected to receiving their numbers untrimmed, we have decided to take a plebiscite on the question. Every reader, who has enough interest in the question to write a post-card to the editor, is asked to send his or her opinion as to whether the magazine in future should be trimmed or untrimmed. If there are only a few objectors to the present practice it will be maintained, but if public opinion is against the management and its untrimmed copies it will yield the point. A trimmed magazine looks much more formal, but if our readers prefer the trimmed to the untrimmed number, they shall have their preferences respected.

Trimmed or Untrimmed.

With a circulation over double that of last December, and with nearly twice as many pages, the Christmas number appears. Prosperity has filled our hearts with gladness and charity, and we wish that every reader may find that peace on earth and good-will towards his fellows which alone make perfect citizens and ideal nations.

Good Will.

The author of "Progress and Poverty" was well-known to the Canadian reading public, and when the news arrived that, in the midst of his campaign as a candidate for the mayoralty of Greater New York, Henry George had been called to account for his stewardship, a tremor passed through the nation's breast. He realized, as few men have, the brotherhood of man, and his efforts to alleviate the distress of the poor have essentially affected the social attitude of the age. He has sowed seed of which no man can foretell the harvest. This enthusiasm may sometimes have affected his logic, but the aim and purpose of all he wrote are worthy of all commendation.

Henry George.

"Mr. George's philosophy," says a recent writer, "rests on two basic propositions: that the earth is the property of the human race, no generation having the right to alienate any part of it, and that what a man produces is his own against the world, no man or Government having any right or claim to it. To assert the first proposition he would take in taxation for the benefit of the people in every community, rural or urban, the economic rent or continuous value attaching to land, irrespective of improvements. To assert the latter he would abolish all tariffs, all inland revenue taxes and all municipal or other imposts on houses, buildings, machinery and other products of labour. For that reason his scheme has been designated 'the single tax.'"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent address to workingmen, said that he had known what it was to do without a fire because he could not afford it, and that he had worn patched clothes and boots. Many of Great Britain's leading men, despite her aristocratic society, have laboured with their hands in their early days, and most of them will acknowledge that there is a dignity in manual labour. Here in Canada our nabobs too often despise the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, no matter what his intelligence or honesty. Too often they patronize him and render his position more and more unbearable. In their fierce, mad rush

Dignity of Labour.

for fame, wealth and position, they trample him as dust under their feet. For this reason mainly, our young men are leaving the farms of their fathers, and marching on to the towns and cities, where fine linen and patent leather shoes are the distinguishing characteristics of the gentlemen of society. Ask one of these nabobs if he believes that a gentleman may be a labourer and yet retain his dignity, and he will answer "Yes!"; but it is a lie, for his everyday conduct answers "No!"

The bank note circulation is a good index of the state of trade. The amount of bank notes in circulation in September, 1897, was $6,000,000 more than in September, 1896. As our system forces all unused notes back upon the banks, this comparison indicates that the people were buying and selling more than usual. This deduction is justified by other circumstances and by experience.

Our Prosperity.

For the quarter ending September 30th, Canada's foreign trade showed an increase of over $12,000,000, the advance being mostly made in exports. Everything indicates that this expansion will be duplicated and perhaps exceeded during the next quarter.

The sales of land in the Territories during the past few months have been enormous. It is said that the C.P.R. received in September $50,000 more cash from the sale of land than in September of last year. The smaller land companies are feeling rather jubilant.

The development in British Columbia must be seen to be appreciated. New towns and villages are springing up all over, and railroads are being built; navigation extended, and new avenues of commerce exploited. British Columbia will menace Ontario's pre-eminence in Confederation.

The question of the advisability of holding an examination at the end of each college year is being seriously discussed by the students at the University of Toronto. The present system has been condemned on two or three occasions in these columns, and many of the thinking students are in favour of a change. Recently I met an old graduate of Edinburgh University, and he took much pleasure in telling me that the final week of each session, when he attended lectures at that famous institution of learning, was devoted, not to examinations, but to friendly conferences between students and professors as to their vacation reading. At Stanford University, California, the students' daily work in the class-room is noted by the professor, and written and oral examinations are held frequently and on short notice, with the result, it is said, of a rational admixture of toil and recreation all through the year.

University Examinations.

There seems to be no valid reason why the students at a university—or at a high school for that matter—should be tested by but one examination, and that a final written one. It puts a severe strain on them toward the close of the term, many breaking down or injuring themselves by the consequent tension. A student with a good memory and a faculty for rapid cramming of the mind has the advantage over the methodical plodder. Moreover, it does not ensure steady work during the year, the first two or three months being idling periods. Perhaps it would be impossible to do without a final examination of some kind, but it might be made less important than at present by giving more credit for term work, and adopting oral examinations in some mild form.

Referring to our recent remarks to the effect that every able-bodied male citizen between 21 and 26 years of age should be compelled to drill in a militia corps for at least twelve days in every year, the Ottawa *Citizen* points out that this would

Military Training.

mean the training of 250,000 men in the use of the rifle and the sword. It says that the scheme is impossible, in the first place, because the cost would be too great; in the second place, because the enforcement of the levy would probably wreck any Government that attempted it; and, in the third place, because our rural population is so scattered that their drill and training can only be carried on in camps or by mobilisation.

It suggests:

"A more practicable scheme would be to continue and enlarge upon our present system by increasing the number of squadrons, batteries and battalions, while lessening the number of men per corps to a working minimum, and insisting that all officers and non-commissioned officers should be thoroughly trained and efficient. In this way we should have the nucleus, or skeleton, of an army that could be swelled to any extent and mobilised in a day or two at proper centres, and that could also under proper heads be sufficiently trained to take the field in fifteen days and act as a formidable reserve to the city corps and field batteries that must always form our first line of defence."

The recent article on the Universities of Nova Scotia does not seem to have been entirely satisfactory to all interested. Rev. Dr. McCawley, writes a daughter of his, was elected president of King's College in October, 1836, and, prior to that time, was vice-president of King's College, Fredericton. He resigned in 1875, and was succeeded by Rev. J. Dart, now Bishop of New Westminster.

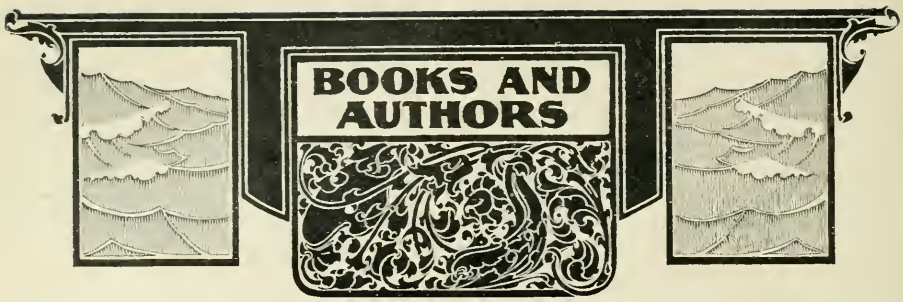
Nova Scotia Universities.

Another correspondent complains that the omission of Dalhousie's attendance spoilt the perspective of the picture of Nova Scotia's higher educational institutions. Dalhousie is the only university not under denominational control, and prides itself considerably on this feature. A recent issue of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the college paper, contains the sentence: "Moreover, the air at Dalhousie is not polluted with any obnoxious taint of denominationalism." The Governors are appointed and are removable by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

With regard to attendance, the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Education for 1896 gives some statistics on p. 147. King's College had 32 students attending during 1895-6; the Presbyterian College, Halifax, 54; Acadia College, 121; and Dalhousie, 326.

There seems to be little activity among the greater Canadian poets. Roberts is writing very little; we hear almost nothing of Carman; Campbell seems to have given up Canada for Great Britain so far as themes are concerned; last spring Lampman wrote some sonnets on Crete, and has since been mute. And yet this has been Canada's greatest year! Have our poets nothing to say about our progress, our increased reputation, our new hopes, and our new heroes? Is the supply of Canadian poetry declining because of lack of sentiment, or have the poets abandoned verse composition as a hopeless and rewardless labour? It must be the latter; for the Canadian sentiment never was greater or deeper. The poets of Great Britain have continued to enthuse us with the greatness, the glory, the bravery of the Britisher in peace and in battle, but there is no singer to chant the praises of the Canadian. Our past is full of great men, but they have no descendants to sing their praises; our present is bristling with men and events which stir the prose writer and the orator, but not our poets. Have the latter withdrawn themselves from our national life? If so, we must have new poets-laureate at once, for Canada's praises must be sung. Perhaps it would be advisable for the Dominion Government to advertise at once. Poets are more essential to the development of national life than the politician, the railway contractor and the immigration agent—more essential even than the marble busts and monuments which remind us of our dead heroes.

Poetry Declining.




## HEART SONGS.

IT is good that the poems of Jean Blewett have been gathered into a volume, a book of excellent appearance. For some years there have appeared in the periodicals and newspapers of Canada and the United States poems over the signature of this woman, poems which have somehow more than compelled attention, poems with soul and heart-throb in them, poems which have made a place for themselves, with the exquisite shades of feeling and gracefulness and musical quality. These poems, appealing to the heart and intellect of a far-reaching army of readers, created naturally an interest in the personality of the author. Nor has the interest been confined to this continent, as many of the poems found in "Heart Songs"* have graced the pages of some Old World publications. The late Eugene Field, among the foremost ever in perception and insight, wrote thus of her four years ago:

> Once upon a time a great number of writers were sending out their thoughts to the world in prose and verse. Once and awhile, among their high notes and their low notes, good prose and bad prose, there would be found something so fresh and fair, and subtle, that everyone paid heed to it, and by-and-by began to watch for it and to question, "Who is the maker of it?" "She is old," said one. "Only years could teach her the sweetness and fulness, and sadness of life." "She is grave," said another, she strikes the minor key with a practiced hand. "She is a strange, happy creature," said yet another: "the birds sing aloud, and all the world laughs in some of her songs." But the wise man said, "She is a nun, for she could not tell of heaven as she does had she not climbed to its heights by holy living." Then one day, she, Jean Blewett, came among them in the body, and lo! she was just a girl, sweet-faced, clear-voiced, holding unconsciously the God-given dower, a poet's soul.

The poems, gathered, give, necessarily, a better idea of the real force of Jean Blewett than could be gained from reading her sketches and verses as they have appeared apart, and here and there. The entire character of her work is made manifest by context. In "Heart Songs" is gathered together the full wheat-sheaf, and the quality of the harvest appears. One almost regrets that such title was given to the book. It seems almost too much after the manner of titles of a quarter of a century ago, when "Ladies' Annuals" were published; but a title does not always indicate the contents of a book. The title in this case certainly does not convey an idea of the keen perception of what is fine in nature, and in human nature, possessed by the author, nor of her gift in wording. It is difficult always to express in exact terms the character of any writer's work. Natural, lovable, perceiving, and with an under-current which sometimes ripples and curls upon the surface of humour or of tenderness—some such comment as that may, perhaps, give an idea of the nature of Jean Blewett's writing. We find that the one who writes the tender, happy things can be stern at times, sorrowful, but never cynical. We catch the stern note in "My Lady of the Silver Tongue," and in others, notably "Envy."

*Heart Songs, by Jean Blewett. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang.

When Satan sends to vex the mind of man
And urge him on to meanness and to wrong—
His satellites, there is not one that can
Acquit itself like envy. Not so strong
As lust, so quick as fear, so big as hate—
A pigmy thing, the twin of sordid greed,
Its work, all noble things to under-rate,
Decry fair face, fair form, fair thought, fair deed,
A sneer it has for what is highest, best,
For love's soft voice, and virtue's robe of white;
Truth is not true, and pity is not kind,
A great task done is but a pastime light.
Tormented and tormenting is the mind
That grants to envy room to make its nest.

"The Boy of the House" will be read so long as there are homes in the world, homes of which some jolly, rollicking lad is at once the light and the torment. It is so with "Jack," "his own little black-eyed lad," "my little maid." The fathers will all recognize the young autocrat who has discovered the royal road to his heart's desire:

"You're growing so big," says my dad to me,
"Soon be a man, I suppose,
Too big to climb up on your old dad's knee,
And toast your ten little toes."
Then his voice it gets the funniest shake,
And, Oh, but he holds me tight!
I say when I can't keep my eyes awake:
"Let me sleep with you to-night."
I tickle him under the chin—just so—
And I say: "Please can't I, dad?"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say no
To his own little black-eyed lad.

It has been said of her descriptive work that it is purely Canadian. This does not detract from its beauty nor freshness. Who cares where the big green wood through which she leads us on her "A Day in June" is located? We get the dappling of God's sunshine, the singing of His breezes and His birds, the breath of sweet briar and of soft green leaf; in truth, we get very close to nature's heart. Distinctly Canadian she may be in her illustrations and applications, but there is no trace of provincialism. There can be no lines or nationalities with those who write for others.

To consider apart the different poems which make the so-called "Heart Songs" is, of course, out of the question in a review of this length. We quote some verses from "A Sunset Talk" because there is in them, beside the beauty of wording, a direct rebuttal of the old belief that the crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. The woman speaks to the man she loves:

I have been thinking of you to-day,
You smile as you listen. "Is there an hour
I'm not in her thoughts?" I hear you say.
Look at that butterfly hid in a flower.

Yes, I have been thinking all day long,
For the fancy came, and it will not go,
That if I were to die—I am strong—
'Tis only a fancy of mine, you know.

Only a fancy (you take my breath
With your passionate kisses), people die,
And happiness is no bar to death,
Or we never need fear time, you nor I.

Would you remember the full, glad years,
And remembering them forget to weep?
When two have been happy no need for tears
If one of their dear ones falls fast asleep.

One summer's morning I heard a lark
Singing to heaven—a sweet-throated bird,
*One winter night I was glad in the dark*
*Because of the glorious song I had heard.*

"The joy of my life," I've heard you say,
With her love and laughter, her smiles and tears;
Let those be the larks' songs, sweet and gay,
That will sound in your heart through all the years.

For, tell me, dear one, what is love worth
If it cannot crowd in the time 'tis given
To two like us, on this grey old earth,
Such bliss as will last till we reach heaven?

So, if I should die, just bend your head,
And kiss my lips as I lie at rest,
Whisper "I love you, living or dead;
Always and ever I love you best!"

Why talk of it now! A woman's whim;
We are whimsical creatures, as you know.
Look yonder, the twilight, soft and dim
Comes hurrying over the world below.

There is a lilt of laughter in many of her poems, a mist of tears in others. The perfume of half-forgotten, old, tender things seems to come to us with the reading. There is the mother whispering to the dead child:

To you the great world was a place
That care might never stay in,
A play-ground built of God's good grace
For happy folks to play in.

The white lids hide the eyes so clear,
So witching and beguiling,
But as my tears fall on you, dear,
Your lips seem softly smiling.

And do you feel that it is home,
The city we call heaven?
And were they glad to have you come,
My little maid of seven?

Methinks when you stand all in white,
To learn each sweet new duty,
Some eye will note with keen delight
Your radiance and beauty.

And when your laughter softly rings
Out where God's streets do glisten,
The angels fair will fold their wings,
And still their songs to listen.

The work, as a whole, must everywhere win a full measure of regard, for its author, Jean Blewett, is recognized as a wonderfully gifted writer among those who are writing to-day, and, with many others, we will hope that she will have other songs to sing. We close this necessarily hurried review of "Heart Songs" with a verse from her "Our Host and His House." Note the lightness and the truth of it :

As for this grey old world,
It is not half so murk, so wanting in all light,
all glow, and warmth, as some declare.
As we oft picture to ourselves, my dear,
It has its windows looking east, and west;
It has its sunsets and its morning gold.
The trouble is we will look towards the east
At eventide, and towards the sombre west
When heaven is shaking down upon the world
A lusty infant day; and so we miss
The glory of the sunset and the dawn.

*Stanley Waterloo.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 8th, 1897.

## NEW FICTION.

The novels of the past month are numerous and important; but lengthy treatment of any particular one is impossible in this issue.

JEAN BLEWETT.

First on the list is Kipling's "Captains Courageous," a study of the New England fishing fleet and its life on the Grand Banks. Harvey Cheyne, a millionaire's son, falls off an Atlantic steamer, unnoticed by those on board. He is picked up by a fishing schooner and put to work "to airn his keep." He rebels and tries to bribe the fishermen to take him to New York, but they think him demented. So he is forced to settle down to work under severe discipline, and ultimately has a general good time. Captain Disko Troop is a type, and as such is strongly drawn. The whole story is inimitable in style, fresh, vigorous, delightful.

"Quo Vadis,"* by Henry K. Sienkiewicz, is the most elaborate of recent novels. Some information concerning this Polish writer was given last month...

* Toronto: George N. Morang—Canadian Copyright edition.

His story is laid in the time of Nero, the first century of the Christian era, and gives pictures of the opening scenes in the conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire—a conflict from which Christianity issued as the leading force in history.

Stevenson's books have plot, interest, rush, daring, and that deeper insight into the inner soul and sentiment of men that holds the reader and his affections. In his last book, "St. Ives,"[1] these qualities are milder than in his best work, because the book was dictated, not written. Nevertheless, here and there the old charm appears. Quiller-Couch, who added the last six chapters, has done a difficult task with much grace. The tale is a romance connected with a Napoleonic soldier, confined in Edinburgh Castle, who falls in love with a Scotch maiden of much grace and character.

To those whose interest in India has been awakened or created by the recent famine, disease and military troubles, "In the Permanent Way,"[2] by Flora Annie Steele, will be both interesting and helpful. This volume contains twelve short Indian tales, each one describing some particular trait in the Indian character—the fanaticism of their religion, the opposition to sanitary regulations, the attitude towards the foreigner and the other various social peculiarities. Mrs. Steele is best known by her marvellous novel of the Indian Mutiny, entitled "On the Face of the Waters," now in its twelfth edition. She writes with a brightness of style, a vividness of description and a directness in narration which enable her to produce vivid pictures in the mind of her readers.

"Wayfaring Men,"[3] by Edna Lyall, is a story of actor life and its relation to the ordinary life of the world. Ralph Denmead desires, while a boy, to be an actor, but finds it difficult to obtain his guardian's permission. It is the tale of his life, his love, and his stage successes, which fill up the volume. The writer seems actuated by the generous desire to show that human virtues and noble sentiments flourish in the breasts of the rank and file of the profession ; yet, at the same time, she does not allow this anxiety to prevent the telling of a charming story.

"Dariel,"[4] by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," seems to be a wholesome book. The author does not write too much, and his books are consequently more rounded and more artistic than some of the wish-washy novels which even good writers and large publishers foist on a credulous public. The details of his work, the individual paragraphs, the complete pictures, may be singled out for admiration, while some of his characters, when they have been outlined and depicted, stand almost as prominently in our memories as those from the books which we have inherited from such masters as Dickens and Scott. It is an old English tale, charming in its simplicity, homely philosophy, and absence of any straining after effect. Blackmore's style can be safely recommended to the study of young Canadian writers.

"The Tormentor,"[5] by Benjamin Swift, is a book of the directly opposite character. Its story is unwholesome and its style deplorable. One hates to receive such a book for review, for it is filled with darkness, meanness and crime.

"Iva Kildare,"[6] by L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," etc., is a matrimonial problem, and a book with some very dry humour in it. It is not exactly literary, but it is fresh and crisp. It is a bright, enjoyable picture of a little bit of life, and I cannot think the author intended it to be more than that.

1 St. Ives, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 438 pp.
2 In the Permanent Way, by Flora Annie Steele, author of On the Face of the Waters. New York : The Macmillan Co. ; Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.
3 Wayfaring Men, by Edna Lyall. Longman's Colonial Library ; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
4 Dariel, by R. D. Blackmore ; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
5 The Tormentor, by Benjamin Swift ; Unwin's Colonial Library.
6 Iva Kildare, by L. B. Walford. Longman's Colonial Library ; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Touchstone of Life,"[1] is a novel which will interest Canadians, because it studies, to a certain extent, the connection between a colony and the Motherland. Ivor Clay, the illegitimate son of a peer, goes to a colony and becomes one of its chief men. His half-brother, Lord Sithrington, becomes governor of the colony, and the two become antagonistic in politics and rivals in love. There are weak spots in the book but, on the whole, it is decidedly interesting and has a certain dramatic quality which maintains the reader's interest.

"They That Sit in Darkness,"[2] by John Mackie, is the story of the Australian wilderness known as "Never-Never." This writer is also author of a good Canadian story entitled "The Devil's Playground," a locality situated near the Rockies. This Australian story is bright and readable, although not overly artistic. It gives a good idea of primitive and original life in our antipodean colony.

"The Story of Ab" is a tale of the time of the cave-man, by Stanley Waterloo, a Chicago writer, who has many friends and admirers in Canada, and has won some success in England. He contributes to this issue of "The Canadian Magazine." This book attempts, in the form of an interesting story, to depict the life of the cave-men, and will be especially interesting to the students of ethnology and archæology. In his introduction, the author declares that he has adopted all the usual theories, except that he does not accept the mysterious gap supposed by scientific teachers to divide Paleolithic from Neolithic man. He claims that the change from chipped to polished instruments was gradual and that there is no gap. The book is decidedly educative as well as entertaining.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A really artistic collection of fairy tales is the new one in the series[3] edited by Andrew Lang. It is entitled "The Pink Fairy Book," and is admirably illustrated by H. J. Ford. There are Danish, Swedish, German and other stories, but perhaps the newest of the collection are the Japanese. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The most striking and artistic child's book that has come to hand is "Old Youngsters,"[4] by Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. There are six full-page colour plates, after quaint paintings in water-colours, by Maud Humphreys, representing sweet little maids engaged in occupations or pleasures usually pursued by their mothers. The volume also contains new stories and verses, by Elizabeth S. Tucker, which are further rendered attractive by decorative borders and other designs.

## A XMAS NUMBER.

The Xmas number of the Toronto *Saturday Night* is rather above the average. Most of the contributors' names are already familiar to the readers of "The Canadian Magazine." There are stories by E. Pauline Johnston, Charles Gordon Rogers, Kathleen Sullivan, E. E. Sheppard, W. E. Tupper and Grace S. Denison. Mack contributes an eloquent article on the graves of three great Canadians. The illustrations are better than last year. Mr. Kelly's paintings might have been reproduced much better, for "Canada Sixty Years After" looks more like an agricultural show poster than a work of art. The article on the climate of Canada was the happy thought of a patriotic editor.

1 The Touchstone of Life, by Ella McMahon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: Bain Book Co.; cloth, 75 cents.
2 They That Sit in Darkness, by John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Toronto: Bain Book Co.
3 The Pink Fairy Book. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
4 New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co. Boards, $1.25.

HISTORIC DAYS OF CANADA.

The talented and enterprising women who last year got out the Cabot calendar and made such a success of it, have arranged for another calendar entitled, "Historic Days of Canada." It consists of twelve cards with a table of events for each month. Each page or card is embellished with portaits and engravings of old fortifications, historic buildings, flags and ships, exquisitely reproduced in gold and colours. A reproduction of the first page is given herewith, and it will give some idea of what this work is like. Copies may be secured from the publisher, William Briggs, or from the Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto.

A NEW HISTORIC CALENDAR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. H. Cogswell, B.A., of Victoria, B.C., has just published a small "History of British Columbia," which seems to be a bright piece of work. Unlike most small histories, it is written in such a way that the general reader will find it interesting.

The graduating class of the University of Toronto is publishing a year book entitled "Torontonensis, '98," which promises to be a work of art and a source of pleasure to those interested in University life, past or present. It will be ready for the holiday trade.

A copy of J. G. Colmer's "Across the Canadian Prairies" has reached us. This little volume was published some two years ago by the European Mail, Ltd., Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, but is still decidedly fresh and interesting.

Capt. E. Cruickshank has brought out the second volume of his "Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier in 1814." The price is placed at 75 cents, or Parts I. and II. at $1.25, and they may be procured from the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, Fort Erie, Ont. The two volumes are very valuable, and should be in every Canadian library. They will be reviewed later.

Arthur Campbell has given "A Ride in Morocco" (William Briggs, Toronto), as an addition to Canadian descriptive writing. The most interesting and most polished part of the book is the chapter entitled "A Beggar at Monte Carlo," although the whole volume possesses considerable merit. It is slightly marred, however, by loose constructions and lack of concordance in the early portion.

G. N. Morang of Toronto is bringing out a Canadian edition of Sarah Grand's new volume entitled, "The Beth Book." It traces the development of a woman of genius from her birth to her marriage, and afterwards during her married life. The reader is introduced to some vivid pictures of social and of poor life in London—pictures which include the hospital as well as the drawing-room. Some of the earlier scenes are laid in Ireland.

# NATIONAL SPORT.

NOVEMBER is always the great month for football, and November, 1897, has been no exception. By the time this reaches the eye of the public, the championship of Canada will have been decided, so far as the clubs in Quebec and Ontario can decide it, the clubs in the extreme West and East of Canada not being counted in the Association—most unjustly. Canada should stretch from ocean to ocean in sport as in territory and government.

In Ontario, there has been a great struggle. Varsity had a fairly good team, but it fell before the onslaughts of the T.A.C.-Lornes. Queen's had a strong team also, but Osgoode was better. Then the T.A.C.-Lornes were badly beaten by Hamilton, and Osgoode and Hamilton were in the finals. Both teams were evenly matched, and each won a game. Hamilton, however, had three more points on the round, and won the championship. Unfortunately there was some doubt about time and, at writing, there is a prospect of a protest—a circumstance much to be regretted.

In Quebec there have been lively times because professionalism crept in, and in its slimy trail was found much ruffianism and brutality. Finally, the union took action and Ottawa city team was expelled from the League. The championship was ordered to be decided in two matches. Ottawa College defeated Montreal in the first, and have to play McGill for the trophy. The prospect at present is that Hamilton will play Ottawa College for the championship of Canada and will be defeated. I saw the College play one match, and I think it has the finest team in the two unions. It is well-balanced, eager, spirited, and under the watchful eye of the College authorities, who count, most properly, athletics as important as scholarship.

There is much encouragement to be drawn from the season. Brutality and roughness have been quite apparent, but they have received some severe checks. Semi-professionalism, long apparent, has been frowned upon at every opportunity. Next season there will be cleaner football because of what has occurred this year.

In fact, there will be some reorganization of unions. The prospect is that that the four universities—Ottawa, McGill, Queen's and Toronto—will form an inter-collegiate league. President Loudon of Toronto told the writer, nearly two years ago, that he was in favour of such a league, and no doubt his influence has been of assistance. Such a league would ensure the college teams being composed entirely of undergraduates in bona-fide attendance at lectures. It would also restrict the number of championship matches, and make such as are played of more importance.

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In all this discussion Rugby alone has been in mind. Association football seems to be gradually working its way back into public favour, and at present gives promise of being more important next season than during the past four years. Even now it holds the prominent position outside the large cities.

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Preparations for the hockey season are now being made. There will be little of this sport in the United States this year, as artificial-ice rinks have proven themselves unsuitable for an audience. But in Canada the season promises to be of more than usual interest. It is to be hoped that teams from the West and the East will visit Montreal and Toronto at some time during the winter, so that the Canadian championship may be decidedly in reality as well as in name.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAINTING.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

## A HARVEST SCENE IN FRANCE.

The original of this is now in the Gallery in Montreal, and was painted by Wyatt Eaton, a Canadian Artist, who died in 1895. See article in this issue.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## CANADA'S SHARE IN IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

BY CAPTAIN C. F. WINTER, OF "THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS."

AMID all the functions and celebrations which have marked the recent Diamond Jubilee of our aged and beloved Sovereign, the "Imperial" sentiment and idea has been most prominent and pronounced, ever cropping out in the fore-front upon each and every occasion. To the friends of Imperial Federation throughout our world-wide Empire, this must be a source of very great satisfaction, augmented as it has been by the Imperial Government's recent denunciation of the Belgian and German Treaties, an action which should go far to atone for the indifference and neglect accorded their proposals in the past, even by those who, perhaps unconsciously, have, in the recent festivities in London, endorsed practically the very essence of the Federation movement among the British peoples. In these functions and endorsements, Canada, through her Premier and other representatives, has taken a very pronounced and leading part, and it seems in no way inopportune that her people should now, in the light of recent and present happenings in connection with our relations with our neighbours, look thoroughly into the matter of Defence, and see if they are doing their whole duty to themselves, their country, and the great national family of which they form no inconsiderable nor insignificant part.

Nothing could be more hearty than the welcome given the military representatives of the Colonies at the recent Jubilee, and this, not on the part of Government officials alone, but by the whole people everywhere. The feeling of kinship, of enthusiastic pride in the growth and prosperity of those great communities which have sprung up beyond the seas, was universal; and, that it was most cordially reciprocated by the peoples of "Greater Britain," was more than apparent from the globe-encircling round of festivities which in every corner of the earth where Britons are established proclaimed their loyal adherence to the sway of England's Queen. Like a fond parent, the old land has patted us on the head; they have told us they hoped we would go on and prosper, and that "their last ship and last shilling were pledged for our defence," if need be. Scarcely a word was said about our share of the family burdens, though few Canadians can dwell seriously upon the position of affairs at present without coming to the conclusion that we have much the smaller end of the load, and, though often that load may be increased or added to for our protection, the weight of it has

never yet been shifted. At the present time, and for some time past, one of the most troublesome and threatening questions which have worried the Imperial Ministers in their relations with foreign states has been one of—you may call it—Canadian origin—one in which the rights to be redressed are those of Canadian citizens. These rights have been stoutly upheld and maintained for us—Imperial war-ships are now in Behring Sea, as much to see our seal fishermen treated fairly by the officials of a country jealously unfair in this respect towards our people, as to see the provisions of the finding of the Paris Award properly carried out. For this protection our citizens, directly or indirectly, contribute not one cent. We pay nothing towards the maintenance of a navy, the whole power and might of which is available in our need. There are, however, other ways of contributing to Imperial Defence than by direct money payments for the Fleets. Our chief duty, of course, is to develop our latent natural resources, and, for Canada, this must continue to be her leading aim ; but, at the same time, does it not behoove our people to make adequate provision for the local protection of those interests, the enjoyment and development of which they are determined shall be proceeded with in their own time, in their own way, and under their own administration.

At the present time Canada spends about a million dollars annually on her Militia, and recently, at a cost of between two and three millions, has rearmed her entire force with modern magazine rifles and carbines, and up-to-date field artillery guns, all taking the same ammunition as those in the hands of the Imperial Regular troops. Many consider that having done this she should rest content, well pleased at having made this provision for what at worst is generally looked upon as a very improbable "might-be." Without, however, entering into the argument as to the chances of war with the United States, it should be remembered that if there is reason in providing a workman with the best of tools, it is imperative, if good workmanship is to be expected when he does use them, that he be skilled and trained in their handling and use. Arms of precision, delicate in their parts, require careful handling, and are only really effective when in the hands of men trained and practiced in their use. Canada's capital expenditure will be unremunerative in days of trouble unless a sufficient annual expenditure to train our whole force yearly is made. Knowing that the matter of expenditure for Militia and Defence is by the majority of our citizens looked upon in an indifferent sort of way—it is tolerated, but many do not just see its necessity or utility—it may be mentioned that the cost per head of our population for all military services and works of every description, in 1895, reached a total of 32 cents ; while the average cost to the people of the United States during the same year for military (Regular army) and militia (State Guards) services and works amounted to 57⅓ cents. This, notwithstanding their immense population, and not taking into account the Navy, which, of course, is a most important factor in their defence. It would be very unfair, of course, to contrast Canada with Great Britain, where the expenditure for military purposes alone, in 1895-6, averaged $2.24 per head of the population, but it might not be out of place to remark that Switzerland, a country more advantageously guarded by Treaty guarantees of the Great Powers from hostile attack than Canada, yet expended an average of $1.55 per head of population, in 1895, as a national insurance against disaster in the form of military expenditures.* From this one can realize at a glance how favoured Canada has been in this respect, inasmuch as her people have been mulcted for military purposes of all kinds to the extent of but 32 cents per head, one of the very lowest rates for similar services paid by any people in the world at the present time.

*Figures taken from "The Statesman's Year Book," 1896.

During the recent Jubilee festivities the question of Imperial Defence received more or less recognition—the Duke of Devonshire giving it his special attention, and very properly insisting that any adequate scheme must include ample provision by the Colonies themselves for their own local defence, whilst the Home Government sets as its task the continued command of the sea and the insurance of uninterrupted communication along the regular tracks of commerce and main routes of travel. The average taxation of an inhabitant of the British Isles for defensive purposes, *i.e.*, for combined military and naval services, was, in 1895, roughly speaking, in the neighbourhood of £1 sterling. As the whole of the forces represented by this taxation of £1 (except the volunteers in G. B.), is available for the defence and protection of all and every part of the Empire, equally as for the home defence of the Imperial taxpayer, it is scarcely to be wondered at that when it is found that while the Canadian pays but 32 cents, and the Australian (N.S.W. taken as example) about $1, the old couutryman pays a golden sovereign, many should advocate that some direct contribution should be made by the various Colonies to the Imperial Naval fund, and so reduce this glaring inequality in taxation for common defensive purposes. At first sight this looks quite reasonable. Canada or Australia stands as good a chance of loss in the English Channel or off the Carribean Sea, as they do along the line of the St. Lawrence, or off Torres Strait—Captain Mahan has taught us the far-reaching influence of sea power, and the corresponding baneful effects of its decadence—but, notwithstanding this, and the fact that our large Canadian shipplng now gets every advantage of the protection of the British Navy, this can be paid for in a much better way than by any direct money contribution to the Imperial Naval Funds, such as we would be able, or willing, to give for this purpose. The view taken by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., in his late letter to the *Times*, anent the spontaneous offer of a first-class battleship to the Admiralty by the Authorities of Cape Colony, as a contribution to Imperial Defence, is undoubtedly the correct one. Lord Charles stated, in substance, that the better course was for the Colonies to establish their ports as better naval bases, and, rather than spend their contributions upon ships, to employ them in perfecting their own local defences, because every addition to their self-defence was, practically, an addition to Imperial Defence, inasmuch as it left free more of the Imperial regular forces of both services for strictly Imperial duties, and the defence of the heart of the Empire, rather than for scattered and more expensive effort spread over its outlying parts. A policy of this sort, rather than any direct contribution in money, also obviates any necessity for arrangement in respect to representation and control, a question sure to be raised, however small our contribution might appear in the Imperial Budget for Naval purposes. "Taxation without representation" is too old a question, and one of which they have had too much experience in the past, to again trouble the British peoples.

Britain has made the sea essentially her own—her capacity for building ships is wonderful and unsurpassed. The official figures for the last year are: Sea-going ships built in Great Britain in 1896, aggregate tonnage, 1,400,000 tons; aggregate tonnage of sea-going ships built during same year by all the other nations, 365,000 tons —so that we need scarcely trouble ourselves about the shipping part of it.* We might, however, do our share by training men—our maritime fishermen offer some of the very best material in the world—and by adding to the defences of our sea-ports. In the main, however, our duty to the Empire, and our share in Imperial Defence, lies, not in contributions to the Imperial Exchequer, but in improving our own local defence, in making it so it may be, in the event of hostilities, as much

*Figures taken from "Lloyd's Register, 1897."

as possible self-defensive and self-sustaining, and in educating our people so that they may rely more upon themselves and their own efforts and sacrifices than upon the red coats from over-sea, who would very probably in time of trouble be required more urgently somewhere else. This work of adding to our local defences, and thus contributing our share to the Imperial Defence of the whole, may be roughly detailed in the following manner :

*A.* LAND FORCES.

Improve the efficiency of our existing Militia Force.

(1) By providing for the training of all units annually.

In no other way can it be expected that the Militia will be able to perform the duties that will be exacted from the force in time of trouble, should such occur. The present course of twelve days' drill, though all too short from a purely military standpoint, is, probably, that best suited to meet the peculiar requirements of our Canadian population. Annual trainings should, however, be the rule, and not the exception, as has been too long the case in Canada in the past. The Corps that has not assembled for training for two, and as has been frequently the case, for three years, has at the expiration of the latter period quite lost any good it might have obtained from the previous drills—the personnel changes continually, and almost entirely new men have to be secured for each camp. Under these circumstances the only way to ensure what would be a nucleus of partially trained men having some knowledge of camp life and military discipline, is by the establishment of a rigid system of annual trainings for all Corps.

(2) By the provision throughout the Dominion of suitable rifle-ranges for the new Infantry arm, and the establishment of adequate facilities for the manufacture of its ammunition, as well as storage of the same at central points easy of access by the local units in time of need.

With new rifles of modern type it is essential that our men should have the means of learning how to use them properly. For this purpose ranges which can be used with safety are indispensable. When providing her Militia in 1896 with magazine rifles, taking the same cartridge as those borne by the Imperial Regular Troops, Canada did a good deal for Imperial Defence ; but her action in this regard will never be complete until supplemented by the provision of the necessary grounds where the art of good shooting with these new weapons can be inculcated. This is accentuated at the present time by the fact that during the current year many of our best corps of the Active Militia has been unfairly deprived of any musketry training whatever, owing to this absence of ranges where the "Lee-Enfield" can be used with impunity. The great necessity, from another point of view, for some training for raw men, however slight, is shown by the recent unfortunate accident in Ireland, whereby a promising young officer (Lieut. Sherwood) of the 1st Batt. "Leinster" Regiment ("The Royal Canadians," late 100th Foot), lost his life whilst instructing a squad of recruits at volley-firing on the Ballyglass Rifle Range, Tipperary. Such an occurrence, due apparently to the possibility of a cartridge being unintentionally left in the magazine after the firing, and exploded in performing the motions prescribed upon the command "cease firing," would be equally as probable with many of our recruits. The possibility of such occurrence adds to the necessity for adequate training facilities for our forces —raw and unaccustomed as the majority of them are to the use and care of the new rifle.

In the matter of the provision of ammunition, Canada can also do much for Imperial Defence by rendering herself wholly independent in respect of shell and small arms ammunition. At present the normal supply for our Militia is manufactured at Quebec, but with the small appropriations allowed for this purpose yearly, and our fron-

tier of immense distances, he would be a bold man indeed who would undertake to defend Canada in case of invasion with but this one quiver for his bow. As in all human probability our force is now armed as it will continue to be for the next 25 or 30 years, generous supplies of ammunition should be manufactured, and stored throughout the country at convenient centres, so that in the event of trouble, and the consequent sure interruption in our lines of communications, disaster could not result from an actual want of cartridges for the rifles of the men.

(3) By the establishment of a permanent Intelligence Branch of the Department of Militia and Defence. (*a*) For the accumulation and compilation of all military data bearing upon our frontiers. (*b*) The military supervision of all railways entering the Dominion. (*c*) The education of officers generally upon the geographical and topographical features of our borders, with the military and strategic value of the same.

The Intelligence Department of the Imperial War Office has undoubtedly accumulated much varied and valuable information upon the defences and natural resources of our country, and it may be relied upon with equal certainty that the Intelligence Department of the U.S. Army has collected similar data at Washington. In this age of rapid movement and quick succession of events, we cannot afford to be unequipped with what has become indispensable to the organized defence of all civilized States, viz., a permanent Intelligence Department. Railways now play a most important part in the operations of war, and those leading to our frontiers make the work of preparation for the invasion of Canada an easy task, so far as transportation is concerned. An organized watch, (not necessarily a permanent guard), should be kept upon these entrances, and particularly all important bridges and tunnels, so that no force could be landed quietly and surreptitiously, (as would no doubt be attempted by an active enemy), without the immediate knowledge of our authorities. Telegraph and telephone communication should also be rendered capable of military control on short notice. Data that would be valuable in case of hostilities should also be accumulated in respect to the territories immediately contiguous to our frontiers, for although our whole Militia system is for "Defence, not defiance," yet the best defence is not always that which waits supinely until your opponent has quartered himself in your own immediate vicinity. "Knowledge is power," and in war nothing is more imperative than a knowledge, as complete as possible, of your own and enemy's territories. For this purpose Canada requires a small permanent Intelligence Branch, which, in the great scheme of Imperial Defenc could render most valuable aid and service.

(4) By the organization of a first-ciass Militia Reserve, and the expansion of the cadet system.

Theoretically the whole of the adult male population of the country between the ages of 18 and 60—outside of those actually serving in the Active Militia—from the Militia Reserve of Canada, and in time of real need there is no question but that the great majority of them would be required, and forthcoming. Wars, however, now-a-days come to a climax so rapidly, and the need of men more or less trained is so imperative for success, (one needs but to recall the recent Turko-Grecian campaign), that any and all means of securing men with some military training should not be disregarded lightly. In time of stress, the enthusiasm and patriotic impulses of untrained thousands, while excellent in their way, cannot be of the same material assistance to their country as the disciplined efforts of hundreds possessed of military training and experience. Every year—speaking roughly—we lose one-third of our Active Force by men retiring upon the completion of their three years' term of enlistment. The majority of these men remain in the immediate vicinity of their local corps or company headquarters. Could not some system be

devised of retaining these men and keeping track of their addresses as a first reserve for some three or four years further, on the understanding that they could be immediately called up for service in case of mobilization? Even as "half a loaf is better than no bread," a little military experience is better than none at all, and these men could be counted upon to take their places in the ranks with less preparation by the Instructor than those who would be called up by the ballot. The present General Officer commanding the Militia (Major-General Gascoigne) has taken advantage of this principle to provide a Reserve of Officers, and there seems no reason why the same might not be extended to the N.C.O's. and Men with equal advantage and profit to the Force. The present veteran organizations of the "Queen's Own Rifles," "3rd Vics.," "2nd Regt. Canadian Artillery," and others of our leading corps, might be taken advantage of, and the idea extended and improved. These first-class reservists would be mature men, the very flower of our manhood, in fact, and of invaluable aid in furnishing back-bone and stamina, as well as other solid qualities to our active battalions, should mobilization ever require their united services.

The organization and encouragement of "Boys' Brigades," Cadet High School and collegiate companies, forms one of the very best means of providing, at little, if any, cost, a most valuable and useful auxiliary to our national Militia. None are fonder of or more easy to instruct in drill and the handling of arms than growing lads between 10 and 15 years of age—they take to it, as the saying is, like "young ducks to water," and the lessons then learnt of obedience to constituted authority, order and regularity, are seldom lost, but bear fruit in after years in the orderly decorum of respectable citizenship. Their boyish training also makes them the best of recruits for the Active Militia, and our most enthusiastic and smartest officers are generally those who, in boyhood days, have been members of a cadet, collegiate, or High School company.

By extending and encouraging these youthful organizations, by adequate supplies of arms and appointments, and the provision of instructors, much good at comparatively little cost would be done—directly for the benefit of our own Force—ultimately for the larger and greater improvement of Imperial Defence.

(5) The gradual and systematic accumulation of camp equipment, and all kinds of non-perishable warlike stores, etc., etc., such as would be required on a sudden mobilization of our forces, and the annual appropriation by Parliament of a sufficient sum for such purpose.

The contingency of invasion is, we all think, and hope, remote; but, if it is at all at any time likely, it is our plain duty to remove it to a still greater distance by placing ourselves as much as possible in a state of preparation to resist, rather than to invite, the evil by our weakness and open assailability. One of the greatest of United States Presidents has left it as his opinion that "a defenceless position and a distinguished love of peace are the surest invitations to war." To the success of troops in the field nothing is more necessary, after good arms and leaders, than adequate stores and supplies—camp equipment, waggons, cooking and butchery implements, tools for repairs, spare accoutrements (we have not a "water-bottle" at present), hospital and medical supplies, etc., etc., and all the indispensable impedimenta that go to make an army's movements possible under the trying vicissitudes of modern campaign life before an active and aggressive enemy.

All these necessaries are difficult, if not impossible, to obtain upon the short notice now preceding the actual outbreak of hostilities. As an example of this truth one has but to turn to the recent Turko-Grecian embroglio, and the helpless confusion and indiscriminate suffering that resulted to the army of Greece for lack of proper preparation while there was time for such. Almost

everything had been left to the last moment, and in these days of rapid movements and short wars, that alone was enough to ensure disaster. Canada cannot afford to run the same risk. It is poor economy for Parliament to pare down the Militia Votes annually, and then, at a moment of supreme danger, to pour millions into the lap of the Minister of Militia and Defence with the hysterical entreaty, "For God's sake save us!" The danger is that the time will be too short, and that before the requisite supplies for such a force as we would be compelled to mobilize could be delivered, the period of their utility to Canada would have passed. The common sense plan seems to be to gradually gather all such stores and supplies as will not deteriorate by keeping.

If ever invasion comes the duty of this force, it must seem plain to every Canadian, is to maintain intact our frontier water line of communication with the Great Lakes for sufficient time for an adequate flotilla of small gunboats and torpedo boat destroyers to reach the Lakes. To perform this duty our Militia ought reasonably to expect that all necessary supplies, etc., should be constantly maintained to thoroughly equip the whole force at short notice. Anything short of this is simply handicapping them in a work which the whole Dominion would expect them to undertake successfully, until help would be forthcoming, or greater forces mobilized. In no better way could we aid in the scheme of Imperial Defence than by placing our single Army Corps of Active Militia in a position to perform their functions, if this unhappily should ever become necessary, in a proper and satisfactory manner.

### *B.* MARINE FORCES.

Theoretically, as provided by the "Militia Act" (Ch. 41, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1886), the Militia of Canada is composed of two great divisions—the land force and the marine force—but, as yet, no advantage has been taken of this legislation to form or organize any units whatever of the Marine division. At the present time, when much attention throughout the Empire is being attracted to the propriety of Colonial contributions to Imperial Defence—meaning generally, to most people, direct assistance to the Royal Navy—and when our sea ports are soon to become enhanced in value and importance by the establishment of a fast Atlantic Service, whilst our coast lines, except at Halifax and Esquimalt, remain practically defenceless, it does seem that any consideration of Canada's share in Imperial Defence should naturally include some local scheme of protection for her maritime coast ports. Were a Marine branch of our Active Militia established along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and New Brunswick, augmented by a few sub-marine mining and torpedo stations at the more important points, much valuable assistance would be rendered the Royal Navy; and, by the very existence of such aids, tend to diminish the work that in the event of war would fall upon the North Atlantic and West Indies Squadron in protecting our long and open coast line from the depredations of an enemy's cruisers and small craft. Pictou and Sydney, important coal producing points, and therefore of Imperial importance, are too valuable to be left open to any hostile gun-boat that might come along. In the Maritime Provinces we have a wealth of raw material from which an excellent Marine Force could be constituted. In 1895, between 30,000 and 40,000 fishermen in the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the extreme eastern portion of Quebec, participated in the distribution of the payment of the Fishing Bounty, while fully a third more had not complied sufficiently with the requirements of the Department to entitle them to share. (Report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, 1896). It would require but a small augmentation of this Vote for Fishing Bounty (at present $160,000 yearly, and represents the interest on the Award of $4,500,000 paid to Canada

by the United States, under the terms of the Treaty of Washington (1871), for the use of Canadian waters by United States fishermen), to secure the services of as many of the more active and best suited of these men as would be required for an organized Marine Force. The presence of the ships of the North American and West Indies Squadron for a portion of each year at Halifax offers unsurpassed facilities for training the officers, petty officers, and selected men, in a similar manner as corresponding grades in our land forces are trained at present at our various Schools of Military Instruction; and now that a first-class battleship (H.M.S. "Renown") is attached to the Squadron, these facilities will be greater and better than before. That among our seafaring population exists excellent material for a Marine Force is self-evident, and that there is also a decided taste for the Navy among many of our young fellows is clear, from the fact that frequently men who have spent a season on our Dominion Fishery Protection Cruisers, and have imbibed a liking for the life, upon their discharge in the fall go down to Boston or New York and enlist in the Navy of the United States. This is done mainly because our own Imperial Royal Navy is difficult of access, owing to all the seamen being entered as boys in training ships, and thence working their way onwards—few grown men ever being accepted; whilst in the U.S. Navy they are only too glad to get a good seaman, be he man or boy, Yankee or foreigner. It seems a great pity that any of our Canadian bone and sinew should go to strengthen the naval power of a neighbour, none too friendly at any time, as a Government, to the interests and advancement of the Dominion. In obtaining seamen for their new ships, however, the United States have conveniently ignored the fact that they ever had an alien labour law!

With such grand raw material at our command, and the facilities for training afforded by Halifax and Esquimalt, the cost of organizing and establishing a small and efficient Marine Force, to be the nucleus of a greater should occasion require, ought not to be excessive, and with measures taken to render our chief sea-ports capable of defence by torpedoes and submarine mines, would be an assistance in the scheme of Imperial Defence of the highest possible value to Canada and the Empire.

Along our shores of the Great Lakes a similar skeleton organization should be effected. Under Treaty, armed vessels, other than certain specified small crafs, are forbidden on the Great Lakes, but the U. S., in the construction of their recent new Revenue Cutters for those waters, have so closely verged upon the stipulation, if indeed they have not completely over-stepped it, that it requires but little foresight to see that in the event of trouble these waters would become of the very greatest importance to us, and their control a matter of more or less the determination of our destiny. At various points along the United States side organized Marine Militia is already in existence, and that these bodies have not been created solely for the fun of the thing is shown by the words reported as having been addressed to the men at Cleveland, Ohio, by the Inspecting Officer at a review of the State Marine Force at that place recently.

The opportunity for training and instruction on the Canadian side is not as good on the lakes as on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; but, notwithstanding this, the skeleton organization of such a force is now opportune and would be invaluable in time of stress and danger.

Canada's action should therefore be in the direction of increasing and augmenting her resources for local defence rather than by any magnanimous offer, or direct contribution to the Royal Navy. In doing this she will contribute just as materially to Imperial Defence, and more effectively in the end, than by any other way. It may not look so imposing nor be capable of such dramatic presentment to an ad-

miring world, as Cape Colony's offer at the Jubilee of a first-class battleship, but it would, nevertheless, be of more lasting utility and far-reaching consequences in the great schemes of defence of a world-wide Empire. In the chain of Empire Canada forms a large and most important link; to make this link as strong as possible locally, so that it may stand any strain the chain may have to bear, is the primary duty of Canadians; if each link does its duty to itself, the whole chain must prove sound and true.

*C. F. Winter.*

# SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S ONTOLOGY.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON has recently published in America, under the title of "Relics of Primeval Life,"* the lectures on Pre-Cambrian Fossils which he delivered in November of 1895 at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Sir William is, perhaps, the foremost living example of an orthodox man of science of the extreme type, of a man, that is, who combines the highest scientific investigation with the most rigid evangelical views. The combination is a difficult one. Let us see how he accomplishes it.

A couple of sentences will suffice.

"Reason, in short, requires us to believe in a First Cause, self-existent, omnipotent, all-wise, designing from the first a great and homogeneous plan, of which as yet but little has been discovered by us. Thus any rational scheme of development of the earth's population in geological time must be, not an agnostic evolution, but a reverent inquiry into the mode by which it pleased the Creator to proceed in His work."†

If we submit this to a critical analysis we shall see how difficult it is to attempt to construct a scientific ontology when fettered by the restraints of a theological pre-conception.

For "reason," had there been substituted that comfortable and comforting, but perhaps cloudy, word "faith," no exception could have been taken to this assertion; for about faith, as about tastes, there is no disputing. But Sir William Dawson has appealed unto reason. To reason, then, let us go.

I. All our reasonings may be falsified by the limitations of our finite reason. That God should be cognoscible by human reason is surely as impossible as that man should be cognoscible by reptilian reason. Man's reason can no more conceive of the Deity than can a tadpole's reason conceive of man. The latter's is probably as purely ranal as has always been the former's purely anthropomorphic.

II. "A First Cause" is in reality unthinkable. The mind cannot conceive of any "first" unpreceded by any prior. It is a matter of time, and time, as Kant long ago showed, is a mere mode of the ego, a mere way of thinking, and has no existence outside the thinking mind. Nor have we at bottom any idea whatever of "cause." No possible relation other than that of time (that mode of the ego) has ever been perceived between cause and effect. Cause is a metaphysical fiction, and out of a metaphysical fiction no deity can be constructed.

III. "Self-existence" is also inconceivable. Existence, life, is known to us only through its manifestations, that is, through phænomena, phænomena which appeal to our senses. And what our senses are we do not know, much less what it is that is transmitted to us by them, what it is that stimulates them. Moreover, "self-existence" contains an inconceivability within an inconceivability, as it were; we can form no notion of life apart from phænomena; life, as we know it,

* New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revel Co., 1897.

† Page 284.

is a congeries of manifestations. What underlies manifestation, or whether anything underlies manifestation, we do not know. Life, too, it seems, is a metaphysical—or rather, a physical—fiction.*

IV. "Omnipotent" is equally erroneous. Power is a relative term, and can be predicated of a being only when that being is comparable with another. "Omnipotent" means nothing more or less than absolute, and of the absolute (which perhaps also is in its way a metaphysical fiction), we can predicate nothing—which probably is one of the meanings to be attached to Hegel's deep paradox to the effect that being and non-being are identical, for of non-being also nothing is predicable.

V. To the term "All-wise" the same reasoning applies. This, too, is a relative term. And to the assertion that the "First Cause" is both "omnipotent" and "all-wise," it may be objected that the world as it exists to us gives much evidence of impotence and unwisdom. Does the waste, the misery, the pain and suffering, do the destructive forces of nature, does the wreck of effort, the extinction of species, the uninhabitability of planets, the apparent non-existence of any attainable goal, the seeming futility of any progress towards any goal—for if, as the physicists say, this earth will one day be unfit for human life, whereunto tends all so-called human "progress"?—do these things point to "omnipotence" and "all-wisdom"? If, as is generally argued, it is the limitations of human reason that prevent us from seeing that they do; if

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right;" *

is not this in itself an argument that it is necessary to transcend erring reason, and appeal to faith, if we would posit an All-Wise and an Omnipotent? Unhappily, "la foi," as says Amiel, "est une certitude sans preuves;" and "étant sans preuves elle est le contraire de la science."††

VI. But this reasoning appplies with special force to Sir William Dawson's next point, namely, that the "First Cause" has "designed from the first a great and homogeneous plan." No "design" is in reality perceptible in the universe, Paley's historic argument notwithstanding. To recognize design we must be able to see the purport of the design. There is a design in a watch, of course, because every one knows what the works are intended to do; they accomplish that for which they are intended. There is no design in the heap of scrap-iron in the back-yard of a foundry, filled though this may be with parts of machinery far more complicated than the wheels in a watch; and the universe bears a closer analogy to the heaped-up scrap-iron in the back-yard of a foundry than does it to the wheels of a watch. It is not design that we detect in the universe, it is what goes by the name of "law." And what, at bottom, is "law"? It is, surely, regularity of sequence. When *A* happens, up to the present we have always seen that *B* followed it. That is all. And we must remember that this sequence is sequence in time and space; and time and space, we must remember again, are both nothing but modes of the thinking and finite ego, the limitations of the individual mind. What an infinite ego, *i.e.*, an ego unconfined by the limitations of time and space may be, and if there is such an ego—those are questions that no science and no metaphysics can answer.

VII. Again, on what just grounds can this "plan" be called "great"? This "plan," to us, is . . . what? The visible universe only, the visible, tangible, audible, olfactable, gustable universe: a solar system with planets, comets, aerolites, some fixed stars, themselves perhaps centres of more

* Besides, is it not possible that "being" too, like space and time, may be altogether *a priori*?

* Pope, Essay on Man, II., x.

†† *Journal*, II., 131; Geneva: 1884.

solar systems, a few nebulæ. There is, once more, nothing with which to compare this cosmos. It may not be "great"; it may be very little indeed. And what, after all, is "great"? Is it not merely a matter of extension in space, a space which has no objective existence? Accordingly, we have no conception of what "great" may be. In short, we know nothing whatsoever about this external "universe," whether it be "great" or "little," or whether it exists at all independently of our thinking minds.

This, it will be said, is the very abyss of agnosticism, the very vacuum of nescience. So be it. It is at least the rigid following of reason unfettered by any gyves whatsoever, theological or other, and therefore preferable to any heights scaled by any theology gossamers, to any plenum filled by any theological ghosts.

*Arnold Haultain.*

## "LADY MINE."

'MID the flowers I found thee roaming
In the gloaming, lady mine;
Tending like a queen, the roses,
Twining soft the scented vine.

Like a dream, I watched thee flitting;
All unwitting one was nigh—
One who worships every action,
One who holds thy beauty high.

Bound was I by spell bewitching,
All enriching, all supreme;
Noting well thy faultless features
Basking 'fore thine eyes' glad gleam.

Ah! my love, my heart's fond vision,
Indecision binds my feet;
Who am I to dare approach thee,
One so sacred—one so sweet?

Nought but Heaven can aid me reaching,
All beseeching, love like thine;
And to Heaven, I pray to raise me
Worthier of such love divine.

*Hastings Weblyn.*

# THE VALLEY OF THE LOST PEOPLE.

*A British Columbia Gold-Hunting Tale.*

IT was the afternoon of an early summer day and the hot sun, blazing overhead, made it impossible to work. From my window, where I sat trying to get the benefit of all the stray breezes, I could see the heat quivering up from the ground, and the long, shining rails, running into the prairie, waved and floated in a haze. Opposite me, across the track, a man was sitting on a pile of ties slowly whittling a bit of wood, the ground about him white with shavings. He had been there since the morning and had never moved, except when he strolled over to the station to make some enquiry after a train. I could see he was impatient at the delay and I was vaguely curious as to whom he expected. At last a dull roar and humming of the rails proclaimed the incoming train, and soon, panting down the line, came the long freight, the switches clanking as it was side-tracked. It was a very long train and completely blocked the view in front, so that I lost sight of the man on the pile of ties.

While watching idly, I noticed something black moving in the shadow under a car, then a leg was thrust out into the sunshine followed by its fellow, and then I saw a man backing out on his hands and knees. Travelling on the wheel trucks is sometimes done by the poor in pocket yet great of heart—for no coward could travel on a truck; and I had seen it before. Once clear of the car, the man rose to his feet and began to stretch himself slowly and luxuriously, to rid himself of the cramps incident to his posture during the journey. Seeing me at the window, he stopped and instantly walked up, dusting his clothes the while. He was a huge fellow in rather tattered clothes and high boots, with a great red beard and an assertive air; overbearing, yet not a bully. As he neared me he called out:

"Is there any water hereabouts, stranger? I'm that dry and dusty?"

"Wait a minute," I said, and, stepping back into the room, I got a jug of water and a glass which I placed upon the window sill, adding thereto a bottle of whiskey. Scorning the glass, he already had the jug to his mouth when I put down the bottle, but he instantly lowered it, and, filling the glass to the brim with the raw spirit, drank it down without a wink.

"Thanks, stranger! That's good!"

"Pretty dry travelling," I remarked, "good deal of dust comes your way on the truck." A man who could take down my strongest spirit raw, is a man whose acquaintance must be cultivated.

"Dry is it? I've swallowed all the loose dust on the track for the last twenty miles."

"Why did you travel that way?" I asked.

"Had to or stay away. Hev ye seen——-" I bethought me of the man on the lumber pile opposite, hidden by the intervening train.

"I know who you want," I interrupted. "He was sitting on some ties across the track just before you came in."

"How d'ye know?" he asked.

"I saw him waiting for someone and I expect you're the man. Run around and see."

He returned to the track and, falling on his hands and knees, crawled underneath the car. In a few moments he reappeared followed by the man who had been whittling, and together they walked back to me. My first acquaintance, with an interrogatory lift of his eyebrows, took the bottle from the sill, filled the glass and gave it to his companion, and then, putting the bottle to his mouth, took the rest off at a draught. The other diluted his spirit and drank

more slowly, winking hard. Then the big man spoke.

"Now I've drunk, an' the dust is laid, we'll have a bit of oratory. We've come out to a strange lan' an' ye've shown us yir hospitality—which is whiskey; an' that not stinted. An' now to be proper an' parliamentary, my name is Dennis Galbraith an' this is Lil' Gus Carnegie, both gentlemen of fortune, but millionaires which is to be. Can ye see us privit?"

The office was empty and I went round to the door and let them in. Galbraith marched in like a king and took my easy, revolving chair, while Carnegie, small and weazened, perched upon a high stool like a monkey. I sat on my desk. Galbraith's eye roved over the room searchingly.

"No more whiskey, eh? Well, ye've treated us well an' we'll be askin' no more. Have ye got a map of this part of the country—large an' plain with all the rivers an' hills an' plains marked?"

Surprised, I got down what he wanted and spread it out on the desk in front of him. He put a dirty finger on the spot where the railway crosses the Rockies and slowly moved it up till he came to a thread-like line marked Smoky River.

"There," he said triumphantly. "I said millionaires, didn't I? Well it's billionaires. It's Solomon in all his glory. Did ye ever hear of the Sun Dance Valley an' the gold? There or thereabouts—that's what we've got to find, is where the Sun Dance River is, risin' in the heart of the mountains an' flowin' into Smoky River, runnin' through a valley of gold. Gold in heaps! It's only known to some Injins an' none of them will go near it for some curse or other, an' it runs over sich cliffs an' through sich canyons; no white man ever got to the yellow paradise alive, bein' such rough work. But Dan Galbraith is goin' to go an' see an' get. I heard all about it from a chief wot I made blind drunk down in the Kootenay, an' he has seen the gold lyin' thick but daren't touch. An' he says if a man takes plenty of food an' ammunition an' rope an' pluck he can get there an' help himself. Now I'm goin' with Lil' Gus Carnegie here to fetch it an' cause ye helped lay the dust, an' if ye're civil with the books an' maps we want, why we'll remember ye when we get back."

"But man," I said, "you two can't make a journey of that length all alone. It's a devil of a distance away. You would need to make up a large party and have a mule train and—"

"And a corps o' Royal Engineers, an' an hydraulic outfit, an' a railway, an' a gang o' navvies, an' all that truck. No! We're in this alone, Gus an' me. There ain't gold enuff in the whole mountains to satisfy me, let alone a crowd of clawin', greedy prospectorers. No! It's all for Gus an' me. I got all the information from the Injin an' tole Gus here enough to make him come too. He's handy an' willin' an' can shoot straight. I'll remember you 'cos you gave us whiskey. If ye've any more maps or books on the subject, trot 'em out, so as we'll know just what to do."

I ransacked the rickety bookshelf, got out government reports on minerals, reports of surveys, histories of gold mining, practical hints as to outfits, together with maps of all sections of the country, and far into the night we worked—Galbraith calculating on his fingers, on stray scraps of paper, making rough drafts of sections of the country, while I made out a list from several books of goods and provisions required for the journey. The express had passed the window and gone roaring into the outer darkness, the freight train had crawled away noisily and up through the silence came the sounds of the prairies; sounds to which a man cannot listen long and sit unmoved.

At last Galbraith was satisfied and, rising, stretched his huge frame, making his big joints crack. Carnegie roamed about restlessly.

"Now we've done an' we'll quit. I've got most of it all by heart an' the rest at my finger tips. We're much obliged for the use of yir books an' the trouble ye've tuk. We'll see ye again before we go. Good-night to ye."

Turning, he left the room, followed by the silent Carnegie, and together they disappeared into the night.

I did not see them again for several days though thinking often about them and their wild chase. Galbraith, strong and masterful, seemed the man to reach the treasure if any could; but I had heard strange tales of the Sun Dance River and the valley of gold and doubted if it was possible.

One afternoon the two appeared at the office equipped for the journey.

"Afternoon!" said Galbraith. "We're off for gold, to return as Solomons an' Queens of Sheby. See here!" He went round the corner and returned shortly leading two horses and four mules. "Them horses an' them mules is to carry us an' our provisions an' tools. That's goin'. Comin' home, them horses an' them mules 'ull carry the gold an' we'll carry ourselves. Them animals 'ull carry a ton apiece."

"How will you get food coming back?" I queried.

"Shoot it. Me and Gus. Gus shoots well. Lord! I've chased niggers at Zanzibar, an' sweated after dacoits in Burmy, an' chivied cattle thieves on the La Plata, but this gold chasin' beats all. Get aboard, Carnegie, an' let's off. Good-bye an' a pleasant meetin' on our return."

Both men shook hands with me and then mounted their horses. I handed them the leading reins of the pack mules and set all going with a smack on the flank of Galbraith's horse. Together they rode up the trail and I watched them till out of sight.

The summer passed quickly and autumn was fast nearing its end, yet no word came from the north. I was anxious about their welfare, but I must admit that an itching to finger my share of the prize was the predominant feeling during their absence. Galbraith, I felt, would be generous, and I had confidence enough in him to know that he would see me if he ever returned. He had counted on taking three weeks to go and four to come back—the mules being laden—if everything went all right, and it was now over four months since I had seen them disappear up the road.

One evening I returned to the office to finish some plans, and, after a few hours work, crossed over to the station to have a chat with the agent, returning when the express had passed. As I walked up to the door, which stood wide open, though I remembered having shut it, I heard a noise in the office as if a chair run quickly upon its casters, followed by a rustle and several heavy thuds on the floor. Hurrying in, I found the chair overturned in the corner, the aforementioned rickety shelf hanging by one side, all the books and papers over the floor, and, strangest of all, a small figure of a man huddled beside the desk, leaning over with an outspread map before him. He never heard me come in, and when I put my hand on his shoulder he shrieked and sprang into the air as if he had received an electric shock. I saw his face. It was Carnegie!

At once he yelled, "Lemme 'lone. I'm tryin' to find him. He's somewheres up there in the Valley of Gold." He pointed to the map with a hand crooked and bent like an eagle's claw. His wrists, sticking out beyond his tattered sleeve, were mere bone and skin, his face was haggard and sunken and his clothes were in rags. As he saw me the wild light died slowly out of his eyes and recognition dawned in them. He whimpered.

"Oh, you're the man wot showed him them maps an' things an' which he promised gold to?"

"Yes!" I said, sharply, for he had mussed my things. "Where's Galbraith?"

"Galbraith?" he repeated vacantly "Galbraith! Oh, I haven't seen him for years. Who's Galbraith?"

The man was shaking and idiotic. I got a flask of brandy and put it to his lips. He feebly struggled as I poured it down, while he coughed and choked at the fiery liquor. But I had seen those symptoms before, when a man is too much alone on the mountains and sees and hears those things

it is not lawful for a man to see or hear and live.

"Now!" I said, roughly, when I thought the brandy had done its work. "Where's Galbraith? What's become of Galbraith?"

The man looked up at me and I could see his eyes were sane.

"I don't know as I can tell it all," he answered, "it seems so long ago; so many things have happened since."

"You rode away from here one day in May," I said; "you and Galbraith, with two horses and four mules. What happened then?"

"Well, me an' Galbraith rode an' rode for days, right up north, keepin' close to the mountains on our left, lookin' out allus for Smoky River an' not findin' it; eatin' what we carried on the mules an' never gettin' a shot at nuthin'. I asked Galbraith how'd we get home if we'd eat all the grub an' couldn't shoot none, but he only says, 'I'd eat the gold, if I couldn't get nuthin' else.' He was clear mad for that gold. Well, we rode day after day, sleepin' at night in the open, with Galbraith sittin' up studyin' his maps an' charts an' plans an' mutterin' like an earthquake. An' he'd stuff his beard into his mouth an' swear' an' walk about, fidgetin' like an infant. Then as we went on, we kept in closer to the mountains, crossin' many rivers but not the Smoky River that we wanted. How he knew I don't know.

"Well, so it was Galbraith gettin' more restless an' the food runnin' low an' no Smoky River. Then at last we come to one with high banks an' mist hangin' low, an' Denny looks at his maps an' rides up an' down the bank an' then yells, 'Here's Smoky River, Gus,' an' I says, 'What now?' an' he says, lookin' at his plan, 'Keep right on up left bank into the mountains, where Sun Dance River runs into it. Here we go, Gus. I smell the gold already.'

"It tuk us nigh five weeks to get that far. Then away we goes, chasin' up the river bank, Galbraith cheerin' in front an' me pullin' along the pack mules, their loads light enuff. We rode up to the mountains an' into them, Galbraith findin' a track somehow an' ridin' with reins loose an' wavin' his arms like a lunatic. Then one evenin' we came to a canyon, set right afore us with the water gurglin' and splashin' away down in the black, with cliffs smooth an' straight half a mile high, an' Galbraith whoops 'Here's Sun Dance River, the darlin',' an' he lied down on the edge an looked over an' chuckled.

"We camped there that night an' I could hardly keep him quiet. At sunrise he was up an' away to explore. Soon he came back and said we couldn't get up the river nohow from there, for there was no gettin' over the cliff, an' that we'd have to turn back an' go down an' round the shoulder of the mountain an' strike Sun Dance River higher up. I said, 'I vote we cut for home. Grub's nearly done,' but he turned on me savage. 'You stay here an' help me, Gus Carnegie,' he said, or I'll carve you up an' throw you into the river.' So we tuk all that day goin' down again an' all next day goin' round the mountain base, an' all a third gettin' up again t'other side, so that was evenin' when we came on the Sun Dance River again, higher up this time with level banks. There we camped an' pushed on up next day till stopped about noon by a great cliff a hundred feet high, smooth an' straight, over which the river came like a sody siphon, all milky an' roarin' fit to burst your ears. Then Galbraith halted an' said solemn like, 'Over that cliff lies the valley of gold, with gold for the pickin', so the map says, an' here we are.' Then he says, 'I'm goin' to take pervisions an' explore. As we can't get the horses no further, you stay here an' mind them. I'll try an' get round the cliff or over it an' work up an' see what's atop of all this an' then I'll come back, when everythin' is mapped out, an' bring you along with ropes, an' we'll get what we come fer.' Then he went off.

"Three days I waited for him on that plateau under the fall, expectin' each day to hear him halloo with his

arms full of gold, an' the suspense was wearin'. On the third mornin' he came, an' it's gospel truth I'm tellin' ye. I was lyin' back lookin' up at where the water came over the cliff, smooth an' green for a second, then all soapy an' churned, an', as I looked, I seen somethin' shoot over the top an' come down twistin' an' turnin' an' twistin' in the foam, till plump ! it came into the water, an' then appeared on the great pool where the water fell, a log, an' on that log Galbraith stickin'."

He shuddered and started to sob but I caught him in time with the brandy and his mind came back.

"Where was I?" he asked.

"You said Galbraith came over the fall," I replied, "and if it's a lie may you be forgiven."

"It's truth it is, though ye can't ask him. He lay there on the log turnin' an' floatin' to where the water rushed for its great, green slide into the can'on, we had seen before, an' I was afraid I couldn't catch him. But he drifted in close an' by wadin' I caught hold of the end of the log an' towed him in, dragged him off an' laid him on the grass. I gave him a good dose of brandy an' set rubbin' his feet an' his hands an' after which he came to an' opened his eyes.

"'Where am I?' he says, an' then he looked up to where he'd come over an' near fainted again ; but I got some more brandy into him an' he got round to his senses, but weak and kind of battered, though I could find no wounds on him. For several days I fed him an' nursed him before his strength came back, an' I think Denny Galbraith the only man in the world that could a come over that fall an' lived. When he got stronger he told me what had happened him.

"He said as how he had left me an' gone round the base of the cliff for a mile or so, it risin' higher an' higher without crack or foothold for a fly, till he was clear despairin'. At last he came to a long split runnin' right into the cliff, widenin' at top like as if a wedge had been driven in an' then pulled out, an' he got into this an' found it easy climbin', though fearful high, an' he daren't look down or go back. When he got to the top an' looked down, he saw he must have climbed up near five hundred feet of straight cliff and his head started to buzz, so he began to look around. He said it was like a great dumpin' ground up there, all peaks an' hills an' valleys, an' he despaired of ever findin' what he wanted, but towards evenin' he heard a hollow roarin' of water, an' he guessed he'd struck the cliff somewheres above me beside the fall, but, when he came to it, the water was runnin' over a cliff on a level with him, and, as he had climbed so high, he knew this could not be the fall where he had left me. Then he says he whooped an' danced. 'Twas as the map said. The river came down from the mountains an' fell over a cliff into the valley of gold and out of the valley over another cliff down to Smoky River. He was standin' on the brink of the first fall ; I was campin' below the second ; the valley lay between, an' he plumps on his knees an' tries to look down. But the sun had set an' everythin' was dark, an' he couldn't see nuthin', so he began to build a fire an' settle for the night, intendin' to be about at sun-up an' explore.

"This all is as Galbraith told me, lyin' on his back an' lookin' up at the waterfall, an' a man can't lie smooth an' easy lookin' a friend in the face, when he's up in the mountains an' nobody to benefit by the lie. This is as Galbraith says. He had lit his fire an' was stumblin' about for more fuel on the edge of the cliff to keep it goin' durin' the night, when suddenly he stumbled on somethin' soft an' dark lyin' in the shadow, an' afore he knew anythin', the thing heaved up with a growl an' a black bear made at him. This was so suddint he hadn't no time to guard, an' the beast swept him up an' hugged him close. A man can't fight much when he's hugged by a bear, an' he'd only time to give a kick an' wriggle, an' then everythin' dropt away beneath them an' he felt himself fallin' through the air. Just for a

second, an' then the bear under him hit the ground with a thud an' he heard the great bones crack inside it. Then he fainted ; but not before he'd time to see the ground all about him was shinin' with a pale, yellow light. He was in the valley of gold !

"When he came to, the stars were shinin' bright an' the breezes blowin' soft an' everythin' around was dark. Then he got to wonderin' where he was an' tried to get up, but just then he felt a pair of hands under his head an' another pair grippin' his ankles an' he felt himself lifted up an' carried along, with roarin' of the water in his ears, an' put down on a soft couch of pine branches in the dark an' left to sleep. He said he wakened well on in the mornin' an' found himself lyin' in a little cave with the sun streamin' in the door an' up on the roof, leavin' the floor in shadow. At first he was too tired to notice, but it soon struck him as funny that the sun should shine on the roof, especially when the valley was surrounded with such high cliffs. Curious, he crawled to the doorway an' looked out. I seen it myself. It's the truth, every word. I seen it. The bottom of the valley around him was paved with great slabs an' rocks of gold an' quartz an' reflected the sun like a great mirror, while the river twisted an' rushed down the centre over the fat, yellow gold. Call me a liar ! I seen it with these eyes."

The wretched heap of rags in my chair giggled and chuckled ; and again the brandy saved his wits. We sat face to face, neither of us moving, and my limbs were stiff and cramped in their strained position. Outside the wind was blowing in from the prairies, talking boastfully of the big things it had done in the north, and the little stream behind the house raised its voice in the stillness and babbled nonsense to itself. I shook Carnegie and he went on :

"Gold ! That's what he saw, an' he gave a whoop of joy, an' tumblin' out of his cave rolled head over heels to the bottom, an', once on the gold, he started to lay about him an' try to tear it up. But the lumps was all too big and heavy to move, an' he says the very feel of it made him dizzy. The valley was very small, tucked away among the peaks, with sides like a basin, all smooth rock, and the side, where the cave he had slept in was, had been honeycombed with holes, just like the one he had rolled out of, some of them half ways up the cliff with little steps cut. This surprised him, an' he began to think how he had been tended the night before, an' the more he thought the more puzzled he became. But his yell when he saw the gold seemed to arouse the natives, for he saw figures appear in the cave doors.

"'Tis as Galbraith told me, lyin' on his back with the brandy in his fist. The people came out of the caves an' climbed down to him. They were all tall an' handsome an' dark, somethin' like Injins, only much finer an' bigger. What an Injin might a' been before the whites came. An' they were all got up in skins, soft an' shiny, with feathers in their hair, an' the women had long bands o' colored quills decoratin' them, an' all looked proud an' haughty. Then, with never a word, four of them laid hold on him an' carried him back to his cave, solemn as pall-bearers an mighty as kings. Then some of the chief on them set down just outside the cave-mouth an' had a sort of parliament, all slow an' dignified. Galbraith couldn't understan' nothin', but they seemed to be discussin' him, an' one great feller pulled out a stone hatchet an' seemed to advise killin' him. But others shook their heads, an' there was a lot more talk, till one man pointed to his throat an' rubbed his belly, an' the others laughed an' seemed to think it was a good joke, an' then all got up an' went away.

"Then Galbraith lay on his back thinkin', an' wishin' if there was any killin' to be done he could get some sort of a weapon an' leave a trademark or two on the Injins afore they settled him, when, plump, he hears somethin' at the door, an' he looked an' saw an Injin layin' a great stone in the way, an' then another comes an'

lays a stone beside it, an' another sticks some mud between, an' so on. An' the sweat broke out all over Denny, an' he got up tremblin'. The savages were goin' to wall him in an' let him die. He gave a yell an' rushed to the door, but they fought him back, an' laughed an' went on pilin' up their stones, an' the cave grew darker, an' Galbraith rushed round sweatin' with fear. But they was cruel beasts, an' went on, an' he could see the girls, lovely as moons, come about an' giggle an' look curious, an' the young men worked an' the old men smoked, till the last stone was put in its place and the light went out. Then he raved an' swore an' shrieked, an' butted round in the dark tryin' to find the door an' push the wall out, but he soon lost his bearin's, and all the walls seemed the same, wi' no way out. So he fell down exhausted, an' weak as a baby with fright an anger.

"He lay for a long time weak an' faint, for hours, till his strength came back an' he felt like fightin' agin. He noticed the air was cool an' fresh, an' wondered how it was when everythin' was walled in close an' solid, so he got up an' started to go round again. An' round an' round he went seekin' for an outlet, an' at last he finds a hole down close by the floor, just large enough for his body to go through, an' Galbraith's no small man. Then down he gets on hands an' knees an' in he goes, an' dives an' crawls an' crawls, bumpin' his head and barkin' his shins, an' generally scrapin' off the corners, till at last he sees daylight ahead, glowin' small like a star, an' he pushed on an' on till he came out on the cliff, just above the second fall. There he lay, breathin' the fresh air in great chestfuls. Then he fell asleep, half in an' half out of the hole, in the sunshine, an' the gold glimmerin' an shinin' below him. For a day an' a night he slept in that hole, half in an' half out.

"Then the hunger gripped him in his innards an' he pulled in his belt. The fear of the Injins kept him in all day till it got dark, then he stole out an' round, lookin' for food, an' stumbled acrost the carcase of the bear he had fallen with. Then he whipped out his knife and carved into it, eatin' it raw an' bloody with both hands. Then when he was full he clomb back to the hole in the cliff an' slept again. He woke when the sun was high an' looked out. The river was rushin' over the fall an' the gold was glimmerin' along the bottom, but never sign nor sound was there of any Injin or any life. An' then the greed of gold took Denny again, an' he slid down to the river, tryin' to get some small pieces to show me, an' lookin' about for a likely place to climb the cliff to get back. But then all the peoples swarms out of the caves, an' he saw them comin', shakin' with fear. An' he remembered the wallin' up alive, an' the hunger, an', as they went to touch him, he made a rush an' sprung into the water, grabbed a log rushin' by, and then whirled away over the fall into the pool, where I grabbed him."

Carnegie's voice died away, and his eyes wandered, while his face puckered in a blue-white grin. His narrative had excited me painfully, and, impatient for the end, I shook him roughly.

"Go on!" I said. What's after that?"

"After what? He looked like an almighty frog, twistin' an' turnin' in the air. Twistin' an' turnin'. Twistin' an'——"

Again I forced the brandy on him, and again the spirit strengthened his failing faculties. He coughed and shivered, and his eyes steadied.

"It took Denny Galbraith a week to get strong again, me nursin' continuous. Then I begged him on my knees to leave the cursed place an' make for home. But he swore if the place was hell itself, with ten thousand devils, he'd not go till he'd got some gold. So he said, an' I stayed by him. When he got strong, we set out early one mornin' to follow the track he had taken ten days before. We took two hunder' feet of rope an' guns an' provisions. We followed the foot of the cliff as Galbraith had done, an' found the great crack clear to the top, an' up we climbed, tearin' an' clawin' at the

knobs of rocks to get a grip an' foothold. At last we got up and looked about. It was one of the waste places of the earth—as if, when the rest of the world had been made, all the chippin's an' scraps had been tumbled in there to fill up a hole. Great big peaks cuttin' into the sky, an' ravines cuttin' into the earth, and stones lyin' loose everywhere, fearful desolate an' lonesome. We went somehow acrost this, Denny, with his nose in the air, snuffin' and smellin' more than seein', till at last we heard the water roarin', an' we came to where the river goes over the first cliff. There lay the little valley like a basin, the sides high an' smooth an' overhangin' almost, with the water fallin' in one end an' out t'other. An' all the bottom was shinin' with a pale light, like a bunch of fireflies on a dark night, for the sun hadn't touched it yet. An' I seed the gold an' hollered, an' Denny hollered, an' we shook hands an' danced an' laughed an' cheered. Then I made the rope fast round a tree an' let it down over the cliff, Denny gettin' ready to slide down before it was ever fastened."

"What about the people Galbraith saw there?" I interrupted. "Did you see any of them?"

"No, not a soul. We'd clean forgot them when we seen the gold. Then Galbraith laid hold of the rope an' slid down, leavin' me at the top to follow when he got clear. Down he slid foot by foot, the rope sawin' the edge, fer Galbraith's not an ounce under two hunder' an' fifty pound, an' me bendin' over at the top, quiverin' to follow. When he got about half way down, I heard him yell like mad. 'Pull up!' he says; 'Pull up! Pull up! Quick!' I started to pull but he was a dead weight, an' no man livin' can lift that at the end of a hunder' feet of rope; he kickin' an' squirmin' an' yellin' with fright, but not tryin' to climb a foot. His kickin' started the rope swingin', an' me at the top could do nuthin' to help. I couldn't see what scared him or I would have shot at it. Like a big pendulum he swung out an' in, out an' in, struck with fear at what he saw in the cave mouth where he was danglin'. Out an' in he swung, and then a long, red arm stretched out from the hole an' grabbed him an' pulled him in, leavin' the rope swingin' light an' easy in the sun. An' never a sound came from below, an' I knew the red, clawin' devils had hold of Denny Galbraith, an' he would never come out alive. So I turned an' ran, yellin' with fear, an' the echoes cursed an' laughed back at me, an' the devils streamed out of the hole after me, an' tripped me up an' flung me about an' tossed me, twistin' an' turnin', twistin' an' turnin'. Oh, Lordy!"

He fell forward in the chair and began studying the map, his face twitching. He drew a trembling finger down the map.

"All that way I came, eatin' the mules an' horses, an' ridin' alone day after day, with Galbraith callin' after me an' the devils yelpin' behind."

His wits were all astray, and he sank down a senseless heap on the floor He had lived too fast. I sent him to the railway hospital, but he died that night and they buried him immediately.

As for his story, I can say nothing. Whether they secured the gold and he had murdered Galbraith for his share and then found he had to leave all so as to escape alive by eating his mules and horses, cannot be told. I incline to that theory. But old Peter, my Indian oracle, came to see me next day, and, when he had taken more of my brandy than was good for him, I asked him about the Sun Dance River and the valley of gold. His faded eyes gleamed.

"They say there are people there. My own people, perhaps. Who knows? Only one man, a white man, saw, and he never came back. That was forty or fifty years ago. None have gone since, but many will go. There be two things that will drive a man, no matter how strong. Woman? No. Wine? No. Gold and the White Fear. Perhaps the Great Spirit made it so. And, in the Valley of the Lost People, He put the gold so that none may carry it away. Has the great white Chief any tobacco?"

*C. C. Pangman.*

# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## III. EXPLORERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY AND THE GREAT WEST.—(1608-1743).

I PROPOSE in the present paper of this historical series to follow the footsteps of those men who gave the great valleys of North America to France during the seventeenth century, explored the West almost as far as the sources of the Mississippi, first saw the outlying buttresses of the Rocky Mountains, and laid the basis of ambitious schemes which were never realized.

Spaniards discovered the Mississippi during the first decades of the sixteenth century, and De Soto was buried in its depths in 1542 ; but from that time his countrymen took no further interest in its exploration. The French discovered the valley of the St. Lawrence a few years earlier than De Soto's famous voyage, but it was not until 1608 that Champlain landed on the rocks of Quebec. This eminent Frenchman took the first steps in unravelling the secrets of the West, and showed the way to those adventurous explorers who, within less than fifty years after his death, followed the course of the mighty river, so long forgotten by the Spaniards, to the Gulf of Mexico.

The hope of finding a short route to the rich lands of Asia by the St. Lawrence River and its tributary lakes and streams, influenced French voyagers and explorers well into the middle of the eighteenth century. Cartier gave some credence for a while to the fables of Donnacona, the Indian Lord of Stadacona, that there was a rich and strange people beyond the headwaters of the Saguenay. When he stood on Mount Royal and saw the waters of the Ottawa there must have flashed across his mind the thought that perhaps by that river would be found that passage to the western sea of which he and other sailors often dreamed in those and later times. It was for a long time a belief, current among geographers and navigators, that the land stretching northward from South America was extremely narrow and might be pierced at some point or other. After the voyage of Verrazano there appeared in some maps of the sixteenth century a great sea stretching from the north to the south of the American continent, as far as Carolina or Florida, from which it was separated only by a narrow isthmus. Many adventurous sailors entertained the delusion of eventually reaching this sea—some by the Chesapeake, others by the Hudson. No Englishmen, however, ventured over the Appalachian Ridges, nor solved the mystery that lay beyond ; and it was left for Frenchmen, in the course of a century after the foundation of Quebec, to follow the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and to eventually solve the many secrets of the illimitable region through which the Mississippi and its many tributaries flow.

The easiest and shortest route to the Mississippi from the St. Lawrence settlements lay through the Ohio country, which could have been speedily reached at an early period in French Canadian history but for the possession by the Iroquois of "one of the most striking geographical vantage grounds on the continent,* which enabled them to con-

* Justin Winsor, "From Cartier to Frontenac," p. 177.

trol the upper reaches of the beautiful river." When Champlain evoked the bitter hostility of this brave, relentless Confederacy, he inflicted a blow on the struggling settlements by the St. Lawrence, and also closed effectively the doors of the Ohio country to western and southwestern exploration for a century and longer. As it was, Champlain was forced by his alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons, and by his interest in the fur-trade which they controlled, to follow the Ottawa route in his efforts to explore the country that lay to the west and north-west of Mount Royal. His first movement westward from Quebec was in 1611, to Montreal Island, where he made a clearing on *Place Royale*, now Custom House Square, with the idea of building a fort and making a settlement at this important point. Though he was never able to carry out his intention, Montreal became from that memorable year a rendezvous for fur-traders and Indians. His first exploration of the Ottawa River took place in 1613, when he reached Allumette Island, the half-way house to Lake Huron. L'Escarbot tells us that Champlain in those days clung to his vision of reaching Asiatic lands by a Canadian route. "Champlain," says that historian, "promises never to cease his efforts until he has found either a Western Sea or a Northern Sea, opening the route to China which so many have thus far sought in vain."

Lake Huron was for many years the only great lake of which the French had an accurate conception. In 1615, Champlain found his way to Georgian Bay by the route of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, Lake Nipissing and French River. Here he visited the Huron villages which were situated in the district now known as Simcoe County in the Province of Ontario. Father Le Caron, a Recollet, had preceded the French explorer, and was performing missionary duties among these Indians, who probably numbered 20,000 in all. This brave priest was the pioneer of the army of faithful missionaries—mostly of a different order—who lived for years among the Indians, suffered torture and death, and connected their names not only with the martyrs of their faith but also with the explorers of this continent. From this time forward we find the trader and the priest advancing in the wilderness, sometimes one is first, sometimes the other.

Champlain accompanied his Indian allies on an expedition against the Onondagas, one of the five nations who occupied the country immediately to the south of the Upper St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. The party reached Lake Ontario by the system of inland navigation which stretches from Lake Simcoe to the Bay of Quinté. The Onondagas repulsed the Canadian allies, who returned to their settlements, where Champlain remained during the winter of 1616. It was during this expedition, which did much to weaken Champlain's prestige among the Indians, that Etienne Brulé, an interpreter, was sent to the Andastes, who were then living about the headwaters of the Susquehanna, with the hope of bringing them to the support of the Canadian savages. He was not seen again until 1618, when he returned to Canada with a story, doubtless correct, of having found himself on the shores of a great lake where there were mines of copper, probably Lake Superior. In Champlain's map of 1632 it is clear that he had some conception of such a lake in the West, but he knew nothing of Lake Michigan, and delineated Lake Erie as a mere river. He had heard of Niagara—as the map indicates—but he never had a true conception of its magnitude.

As early as 1641 two Jesuit priests, Fathers Jogues and Raymbault, ventured as far as Sault Ste. Marie, and preached there to a large number of Indians, but for some years it was not possible to establish a mission at that point in consequence of the constant raids of the Iroquois on all parts of Canada. In 1649 the Iroquois destroyed the Huron villages, and the Jesuits for years established at Sainte-Marie, on the banks of the Wye (which flows

into Matchedash Bay, an inlet of Georgian Bay), were forced to give up their mission after the death of the heroic Brebeuf and Lalement and the dispersion of the Huron nation. Even during the troublous days that followed, Medard Chouart, Sieur de Grosseilliers and the Sieur de Radisson ventured, in 1658-9, as far as La Pointe, the modern Ashland, on the shores of Lake Superior. It is even suggested that these men went southward and reached the Mississippi, but this is a mere surmise on which it is not worth while dwelling. Réné Menard, Jesuit, in 1660, accompanied Grosseiliers to the Lake Superior country, but he was lost in the wilderness. The first mission in that region was established by Father Allouez in 1665, at La Pointe, in the vicinity of the Chippewas. At this time the French heard from bands of wandering Sioux of the existence of the "Misipi."

Lake Michigan was first seen by an adventurous interpreter and trader, Jean Nicolet, of Three Rivers, who had lived for some time among the Nipissings on the lake of that name, and had heard of a mysterious people who had neither hair nor beards, and travelled in great canoes in a region of which he could get no intelligible account. It was probably from the belief that these people were natives of China that Nicolet, in 1634, presented himself in a brocaded gown before the Winnebagoes of Green Bay—a corruption of Grande Baie—one of the inlets of Lake Michigan which, thenceforward, was an important point in French western exploration. Nicolet was the first Frenchman to pass through the important straits of Mackinac—one of the keys of the Upper Lakes—and is supposed to have pushed his way even from Grande Bay by the Fox River as far as the Wisconsin—a mere hypothesis not supported by substantial authority. He also approached the rapids at Ste. Marie, but we have no evidence that he ventured beyond the river and saw the great lake.

With the new era of peace that followed the coming of the Viceroy Tracy in 1665, and the establishment of a Royal Government, a fresh impulse was given to exploration and mission work in the West. Priests, fur-traders, gentlemen-adventurers, *coureurs de bois*, now appeared frequently on the lakes and rivers of the West, and gave in the course of years a vast region to the dominion of France. In 1668, one of the most interesting persons who ever appeared in early Canada, the missionary and explorer, Father Marquette, founded the Mission of Sainte-Marie on the southern side of the Sault, which may be considered the oldest settlement of the Northwest, as it alone has a continuous history to the present time.

In the record of those times we see strikingly displayed certain propensities of the Canadian people which interfered with the colonizing plans of the Government. The fur-trade had far more attractions for the young and adventurous than the regular and active life of the farms on the seigniories. The French immigrant as well as the native Canadian adapted themselves to the conditions of Indian life with a facility that the English colonists never displayed. The settlements, at times, were deprived of the very bone and sinew which ought to have been steadily engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and in the production of the necessaries of life of which the country never raised enough. Wherever the Indian tribes were camped in the forest or by the river, and the fur-trade could be prosecuted to the best advantage, we see the *coureurs de bois*, not the least picturesque figures of those grand woods, then in the primeval sublimity of their solitude and vastness. Many a lake and river, where now huge propellers fret and fume, were first seen by these adventurers of the past. The Ottawa River and its tributaries, like all the rivers and lakes of Canada, illustrate the progress of the *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*. The falls, rapids and lakes of the Ottawa district—the *Chenaux*, *Lac des Allumettes* and *Chats*, for example — undoubtedly received their distinctive names from those rov-

ers of the forest and river. On the north shores of Lake Superior—a region which called up visions of copper and silver, of adventure and danger, in early times—we meet with many names which also illustrate the quick imaginations of the *voyageurs*. *L'Ance Noir, Grand Marais, Tête de Loutre* and any number of others, are characteristic of the ready wit and fancy of a roving class.

Their manner of life can be very simply described. Four or five, and sometimes a dozen or more, would combine and fill a large canoe, generally of their own construction, with such provisions and cheap merchandise as the Indians were likely to buy, and paddle away into the interior of the wilderness, where they would remain for twelve months, and often much longer. Du Luth and his comrades, it is said, bound themselves to an absence of four years from the settlements; and then they would return to Montreal or Three Rivers, in company with a long retinue of Indians, whose canoes would be deeply laden with a rich collection of furs, which, in the course of time, would find their way to the gay capitals of Europe and adorn many a fair lady's white shoulders. Montreal in those days was often the scene of debauchery when Indians and rovers of the forest assembled at the annual sale of furs. The authority of the Government had constantly to be brought into operation to restrain these reckless men, and bring them within the pale of civilization. The officials issued edicts inflicting severe penalties on such wanderers from the settlements and towns, but it was not possible for years to check the evil to any extent. Eventually it was found necessary to give a semblance of regularity to the roving inclinations of the youth, and in a measure keep it within limits, by issuing licenses to a certain number every year, and this licensed class became known in the eighteenth century as *voyageurs* to distinguish them from the less respectable *coureurs de bois*. All of these *coureurs de bois* were not, however, mere rovers of the forest and river, trading after their own fashion, or living a loose life among the native Indians. Many of them were followers of some prominent gentlemen-adventurers like La Salle and Du Luth, or of traders like Perrot and Jolliet. Despite the vices and weaknesses of a large proportion of this class, not a few were most useful in the work of exploration and exercised a great influence among the Indians of the West. But for these forest-rangers the Michigan region would have fallen into the possession of the English, who were always intriguing with the Iroquois and endeavouring to obtain a share of the fur-trade of the West. Jolliet, the companion of Marquette, in his ever-memorable voyage to the Mississippi, was a type of the best class of the Canadian fur-trader. Possessed of an adventurous spirit, he was also patient, collected, resolute, admirably fitted in every way for the tasks which devolved upon him at an important time of Canadian development.

As early as 1669, the Sulpician priest, Galinée, made the earliest map of the Great Lakes as a sequence of an expedition which he and that sturdy priest of the same Order, Dollier du Casson, the first historian of Montreal, made to Lake Erie. These two priests and Jolliet were the first to pass, east and west, through the Detroit River. Lake Erie is delineated, not very accurately, as the Lac du Chat, subsequently changed to Erie, the designation of the nation of the Iroquois Confederacy, who lived at the western end of the "Long House," and were called "Cats," or more strictly speaking "Racoons," animals then very common in that country. Some years, however, passed before the magnitude of the Falls was known; indeed, they were not seen by the French until 1678, as I shall presently show.

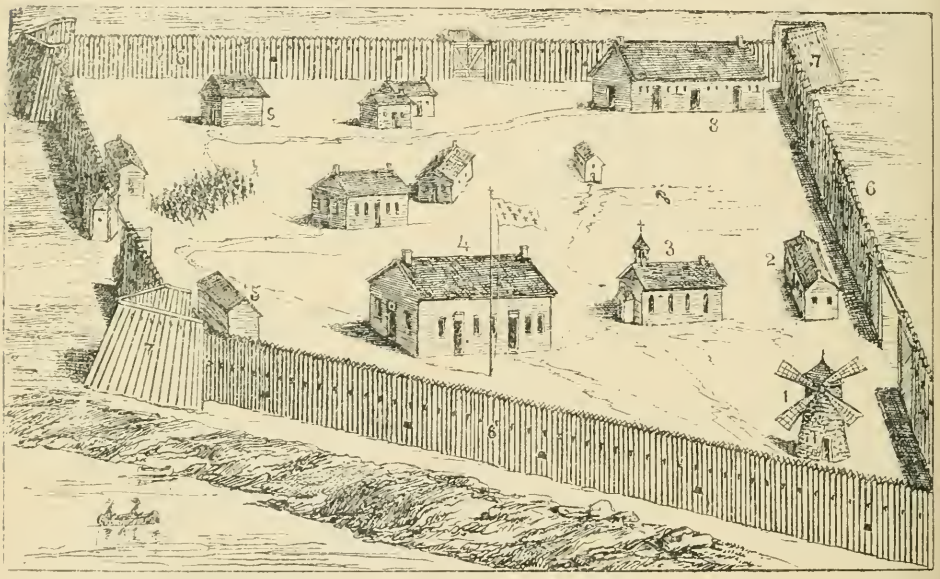
By 1770 the importance of the Sault and Mackinac (Michillimackinac) as missions and trading-posts was understood. A mission was established on the island of Mackinac only a year later than that of the Sault. It was

subsequently removed to Point St. Ignace on the mainland, and still later to the northern point of the southern peninsula. "Mackinac," wrote Marquette, "is the portal of the southern tribes as the Sault Ste Marie is of those of the north and west, and many nations pass these gates to reach the settlements of the French."

Recognizing the importance of western explorations, the French Government in 1671 sent Francois Daumont, Sieur St. Lusson, to take formal possession of the Sault and the surrounding region in the name of Louis XIV. The ceremony, most impressive in its way, took place in the presence of Indian representatives of the West in their savage finery, of French officers in their gay uniforms, of *coureurs de bois* in their tawdry costumes, and of Jesuit priests in their black robes.

The next memorable event in the history of the lakes was the establishment, in 1673, of Fort Frontenac at Cataraqui, now Kingston, by the famous Governor who gave his name to this important post, which was intended to be a barrier to the aggressive movements of the Iroquois and form an entrepot of the fur-trade on Lake Ontario.

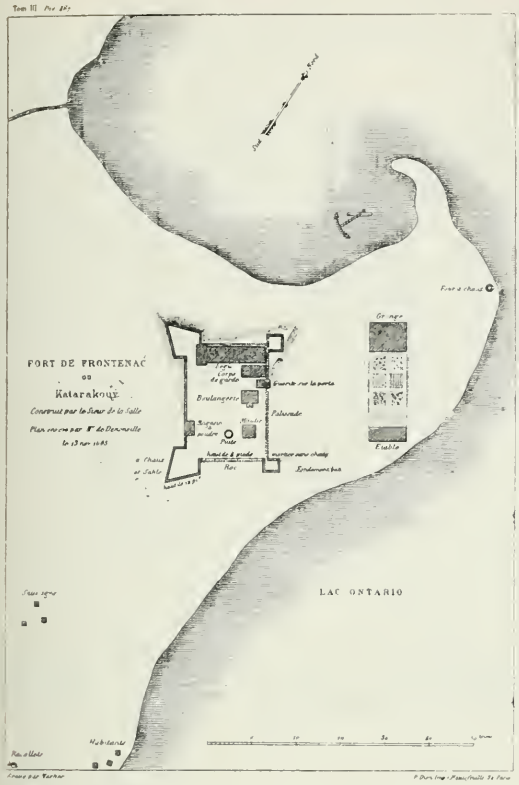
In this same year Jolliet and Marquette solved a part of the problem which had so long perplexed the explorers of the West. The trader and priest reached the Mississippi by the way of Green Bay, the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. The "carry" from the "Fox" to the "Wisconsin" was then less than two miles across marshes and ponds filled with wild rice. Indeed, it was possible in the time of rain for a canoe or boat of light draft to pass directly from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi —in other words, the St. Lawrence system of waterways was directly connected with that of the mighty river which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Marquette and Joliette went down the Mississippi as far as the Arkansas. They were still many hundreds of miles from the mouth of the river, but they realized the fact that it must reach, not




FROM GIROUARD'S "LE VIEUX LACHINE" (MONTREAL, 1889).

FORT REMY AT LACHINE, 1671.

(1) Windmill. (2) Priest's House. (3) Chapel. (4) Mellot's House, formerly La Salle's. (5) Barn. (6) Palisades. (7) Bastions.




FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

FORT FRONTENAC, AT CATARAQUI (KINGSTON).

liet occupies a position inferior to that of La Salle, who completed the work commenced by the trader and missionary. The story of that remarkable explorer has been told in graphic narrative by Francis Parkman, who has not failed to place a high estimate on his character. His indomitable courage and patience amid innumerable obstacles, his earnest and successful efforts to open up the great West and South to the dominion of France, will be always readily recognized by those who regret at the same time his want of tact and conciliation in his management of men. Réné Robert Cavalier, better known as the Sieur de la Salle, was probably educated among the Jesuits, but appears in later life to have given his preference to the Sulpicians, among whom he had a brother stationed at Montreal. He obtained a grant of land at the head of the rapids above Montreal by the side of that beautiful expanse of water which is still called Lachine

the western ocean, but the southern gulf first discovered by the Spaniards. Marquette died not long afterwards, worn out by his labours in the wilderness, and was buried beneath the little chapel at St. Ignace. Jolliet's name henceforth disappears from the annals of the West. He was appointed subsequently a royal pilot of the St. Lawrence and hydrographer at Quebec, besides receiving grants of Mignan and Anticosti Islands. His ash always been an honoured name among his Canadian countrymen.

In the judgment of history, however, Jol-

INTENDANT TALON (1670-1700).

THE FIRST VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS—HENNEPIN.

—a name originally given to La Salle's starting place in derisive allusion to his hope of finding a short route to China by some western stream. The King, Louis XIV., gave him a concession of Fort Frontenac as a base for operations in the West. He is believed to have discovered the Illinois River in 1670 or 1671, and there are some writers who think that he reached even the Ohio, but his movements from 1669 until 1672 are wrapped in mystery, and no one can positively trace his actual route, since he left behind no report. In 1769 he saw the Niagara Falls for the first time, and the earliest sketch is to be found in *la Nouvelle Découverte*, written or compiled by that garrulous, vain, and often mendacious Recollet Friar, Louis Hennepin, who accompanied La Salle on this expedition. It was in the winter of 1679 that La Salle built on Cayuga Creek the *Griffon*, the first vessel launched on the lakes, and the loss of which, not long afterwards, on Lake Michigan, when laden with furs, was a great misfortune at a critical time of his enterprise. With the assistance of Henry Tonty, always his staunch friend, La Salle endeavoured, eventually with success, to establish French influence in the country of the Illinois, who have given their name o an importantt affluent of the Mississippi. The first fort, Crévecour, was abandoned, and another, Fort St. Louis, was built on the top of what is now known as "Starved Rock," near the city of Ottawa, on the Illinois. The Indians of various tribes, chiefly Miamis and Illinois, were encouraged to establish themselves in the neighbourhood for purposes of trade and security against the Iroquois, who were claiming dominion as far as the Mississippi itself. In the winter of 1682 La Salle and his companions reached the Mississippi, and for weeks followed its course through the novel and wondrous scenery of a southern land. Their progress has been poetically described :

"Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river,
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders;
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream; and along the wimpling waves of the margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded."

On the 9th of April, at a point just above the mouth of the great river, La Salle took formal possession of the Mississippi valley in the name of Louis XIV., with the same imposing ceremonies that distinguished the claim asserted by St. Lusson at the Sault in the lake region. By the irony of fate, La Salle failed to discover the mouth of the river when he came to the Gulf of Mexico in 1685, but landed somewhere on Matagorda Bay on the Texan coast, where he built a fort for temporary protection. Finding his position untenable, he decided to make an effort to reach the Illinois country, but when he had been a few days on this perilous journey he was treacherously murdered by some of his companions near the southern branch of Trinity River. His body was left to the beasts and birds of prey. Two of the murderers were themselves killed by their accomplices, none of whom appear ever to have been brought to justice for their participation in a crime by which France lost one of the bravest and ablest men who ever struggled for her dominion in North America. Years later the famous Canadians, Iberville and Bienville, founded a colony in the great valley, known by that name of Louisiana, which was first given to it by La Salle himself.

The names of Perrot, Du Luth, La Sueur, and La Vèrendrye are also associated with the history of western exploration and discovery. Daniel Greysolon du Luth was a member of a respectable French family—in fact, of the *petite noblesse*—and came in his early manhood to Canada, where he sought that excitement in western wanderings which men of his class generally found in the military life of Europe. At a critical time in the affairs of Canada, Governor La Barre sent

FROM THE ENGRAVING IN HENNEPIN'S "NOUVELLE DECOUVERTE," AMSTERDAM, 1704.

THE BUILDING OF THE GRIFFON, 1679.

LA SALLE.

him to build a palisaded fort on Lake Nepigon, with the object of checking the western Indians who were being drawn away to Hudson's Bay, where an English fur-trading company, afterwards famous in the history of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory, were endeavouring to establish themselves, to the prejudice of French interests. Du Luth also raised a post near where Fort William now stands—at Kamanistiquoia—as it was then called—and on the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was the first Frenchman who nearly reached the sources of the Mississippi. Another adventurer of almost equal merit was Nicholas Perrot, who had been employed for years as an *engagé* or body servant of the missionaries. His name constantly recurs in the records of the West. He established forts on Lake Pepin, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River, and at other important points. One Le Sueur also explored the Minnesota, and opened up friendly relations even with the wild Sioux, the Arabs of the plains, that stretched even to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Du Luth, as early as 1686, by the orders of Governor Denonville, built a temporary fort on the Detroit River; but it was not until 1701, after the peace concluded by Callières with the Iroquois, that La Mothe Cadillac made the beginnings of the present beautiful city of Detroit. By the possession of the Sault, Mackinac, and the Detroit, the French were now supreme on the lakes, and had full control of its Indian trade. The Iroquois and their English friends were effectively shut out of the West by the French posts and settlements that followed the explorations of Jolliet, La Salle, Du Luth, Perrot and Le Sueur.

Plans continued to be formed for reaching the Western or Pacific Ocean even in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Jesuit Charlevoix, the historian of New France, was sent out to Canada by the French Government to enquire into the feasibility of a route

which Frenchmen always hoped for. Nothing definite came out of this mission, but the Jesuit was soon followed by an enterprising native of Three Rivers, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, generally called the Sieur de la Vèrendrye, who with his sons ventured into the region now known as the Province of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory of Canada. He built several forts, including one on the site of the city of Winnipeg. Two of his sons are believed to have reached the Big Horn Range, an "outlying buttress" of the Rocky Mountains, in 1743, and to have taken possession of what is now territory of the United States. The youngest son, Chevalier de la Vèrendrye, who was the first to have seen the Rocky Mountains, subsequently discovered the Saskatchewan (Poskoiac) and even ascended it as far as the forks—the furthest western limits so far touched by a white man in America. A few years later, in 1751, M. de Niverville, under the orders of M. de St. Pierre, who was acting in the interest of the infamous Intendant Bigot, who coveted the western fur-trade, reached the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and built a fort on the Saskatchewan not far from the present town of Calgary. The Vèrendryes were never adequately rewarded for their great services in leading the way into the great Canadian Northwest.

We have now followed the paths of French adventurers for nearly a century and a-half, from the day Champlain landed on the heights of Quebec until the Vèrendryes traversed the prairies and plains of the Northwest. French explorers had discovered the three great waterways of this continent—the Mississippi, which pours its enormous volume of water, drawn from hundreds of tributaries, into a southern gulf; the St. Lawrence, which bears the tribute of the great lakes to the Atlantic ocean; the Winnipeg, with its connecting rivers and lakes, which reach the dreary Arctic seas and the foot of the Rocky Mountains. La Vèrendrye was the first Frenchman who stood on the height of land or elevated plateau of the continent, almost within sight of the sources of those great rivers which flow, after devious courses, north, south and east. It has been well said that "if three men should ascend these three waterways to their farthest sources, they would find themselves in the heart of North America; and, so to speak, within a stone's throw of one another."* Nearly all the vast territory through which these vast waterways flow then belonged to France, so far as exploration, discovery, and partial occupation gave her a right to exercise dominion. Only in the Great North, where summer was a season of a very few weeks, where icebergs and icefields barred the way for many months, where the fur-trade and the whale fishery alone offered an incentive to capital and enterprise, had England a right to an indefinite dominion. Here a "Company of Gentlemen-adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" occupied some fortified stations which, during the seventeenth century, had been seized by the daring French-Canadian corsair, Iberville, who ranks with the famous Englishman, Drake, as a representative of the same adventurous class of sailor. On the Atlantic coast the prosperous English colonies occupied a narrow range of country bounded by the Atlantic ocean and the Appalachian Mountains. It was only the middle of the eighteenth century—nearly three-quarters of a century after Jolliet's and La Salle's explorations, and even later than the time Frenchmen had followed the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains—that some enterprising Virginians and Pennsylvanians worked their way into the beautiful country watered by the affluents of the Ohio. New France may be said to have extended at that time from Cape Breton or Isle Royale west to the Rocky Mountains, and from the basin of the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Yet France soon after lost all that had been gained.

* Professor Hinsdale, in "The Old Northwest," Vol. I. Ed. of 1891, p. 2.

*(To be Continued.)*

# WITH BOOKER'S COLUMN.

*Personal Reminiscences of the Events of the Fenian Raid of June, 1866; by Robert Larmour, then Superintendent of the B. & L. H. Railway.*
*(Concluded from last Month.)*

THE morning of Saturday, June 2nd, 1866, was bright and clear at Port Colborne. Nothing had occurred during the remaining hours of the night to interfere with Col. Booker's carrying out the orders of Col. Peacock, which were that he should take the force under his command forward by train to Ridgeway (now called Bertie), and from thence march across to Stevensville* to join the Regulars. Nothing further had been heard from the Fenian force, and it was supposed they were still in camp on the Newbigging farm, near Fort Erie. All was ready, and the troop train started promptly at 5 o'clock, a pilot engine running ahead as a precaution in case the track might have been interfered with by Fenians since it had last been passed over. Half-an-hour's run brought the train safely to Ridgeway station, where the troops were immediately disembarked and preparations made for the march. Col. Booker closely inspected men and arms, and had ammunition served out. As the order of marching was being arranged, a horseman was seen coming up the road from the direction of Stevensville, at full speed, brandishing a revolver and gesticulating in a most frantic manner. Without noticing the troops he continued at full gallop, until the railway track was reached, where he found the road blocked by the troop train. This stoppage seemed to increase his excitement, as whether by accident or otherwise the revolver was fired off, the bullet passing through the roof of the car. This seemed to cap the climax, as he fell from his horse in a state of total collapse. When spoken to, the only intelligible utterance he made was: "The Fenians are after me." No further notice was taken of the man, it being considered that he was crazed with fright. This was a serious mistake, as the events which afterwards took place go to show that this man might, if more closely questioned, have given valuable information. No doubt he had seen the Fenians on the march, and they probably tried to capture him to prevent his giving information or spreading the alarm.

In little more than an hour from the arrival of the train the troops were ready, and the order to form fours and march was given. It was arranged between Col. Booker and myself that the empty troop train should return to Port Colborne, and *with it the reserve ammunition*, as he had no ammunition waggons. The pilot engine was to remain at Ridgeway with myself and a few railway men. There being no telegraph there at that time I agreed to have the wire cut and a temporary office opened at once, so that if its use were required he could send back a messenger. The few people in the village had nearly all followed the troops, so that the place was almost deserted, and I had some difficulty in finding a breakfast for myself and the few men that remained with me. After we had made telegraph communication, and before we had finished the meal, the villagers came running back in terror, shouting: "They are fighting!" "There is a battle!" and such like exclamations. I soon understood that the Fenians had taken Col. Booker by

* It is doubtful if Mr. Larmour is quite accurate on this point. Col. Peacock ordered Col. Booker to meet him at Stevensville, but did not specify the route. Apparently Peacock had no map of the district and could not give definite orders to Booker. Therefore, as senior officer, Col. Peacock must bear some of the blame for Booker's choosing a route which brought him too close to the enemy's position. Had Peacock possessed the knowledge and equipment which he should have possessed, his orders to Booker would have been more definite and the result of the campaign different.—EDITOR.

surprise and that the first intimation he had of their presence in his front was a volley fired on his advanced guard. I lost no time in telegraphing this news to headquarters. In a few minutes a *Globe* reporter rushed up (the telegraph office consisted of a plank in the angle of a snake fence), calling on me to send off a report to the *Globe*. A volunteer wounded in the wrist came next, wanting his friends advised of his misfortune. Then came a messenger from Col. Booker with this brief message: "We are at it; bring back the reserve ammunition from Port Colborne, quick."

I waited for no more, but, jumping on the pilot engine, started for Port Colborne, Engineer Sunter running his engine at her highest speed. On our arrival not a moment was lost in having the reserve ammunition loaded on a couple of flat cars that stood in a convenient position. We also got on board of these flat cars a company of volunteers that had reached the Port after the troop train had left in the morning. With all speed we started again for Ridgeway. When about seven miles east of Port Colborne we came in sight of the retreating volunteers. The railway track ahead of us was crowded from fence to fence, and in the fields on each side of the track they were scattered as far as could be seen. The train was brought to a stand, the whistle blown to attract attention, and the company of militia sent ahead and formed in line across the track from fence to fence. This was done in the hope that this would cause a halt and give a chance for re-forming the scattered companies; but it proved a failure. Like a stream of water they parted in front of the company, passed around its flanks, and again closed in the rear. As many as could get a foot-hold clung to the engine and two flat-cars.

The scene that I witnessed from the foot-plate of the engine was painful in the extreme. Some of the men were so utterly exhausted that they dropped in their tracks, and lay there as if dead. Many were without their arms and accoutrements. Some were weeping, while others tramped on in sullen silence, and yet others were cursing. Someone had blundered!

Finally I saw Col. Booker marching on foot among his men. I hailed him, and got him on board the engine. He said there was no use in attempting to halt the men or re-form until they all got back to Port Colborne. As soon as the road was sufficiently clear, and it was safe to do so, the train started slowly back towards Port Colborne, in rear of the marching men.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. BOOKER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. OTTER.

Now D.O.C. M.D. No. 2; Adjutant in 1886 of the Queen's Own Rifles; this photograph shows him in his uniform as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Q.O.R., a post he held from 1875 to 1884. Under his regime the name of the regiment was changed from the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto to the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada (Jan. 1882).

Col. Booker had but little to say during the journey. He seemed to be completely broken down and tired out. On arrival at Port Colborne, the first and most urgent duty of the officers was to organize a party with teams to return to the scène of the fight, to bring in the dead and care for the wounded. This was undertaken and carried into effect at once by Mayor Gillmor.

At Port Colborne the remainder of the day (Saturday) was occupied in restoring order, mustering the men under their proper company officers, and foraging for provisions. While this was being attended to, the "Robb" arrived from Fort Erie, having on board forty prisoners, who had been captured by the Welland Battery that morning. Arrangements were at once made to convey these, by special train, under a strong guard, to the Brantford jail.

Upon arrival at Brantford station, late in the evening, we found an immense gathering of citizens there, in such an excited state that fears were entertained for the safety of the prisoners. A company of the Brant battalion of volunteers was called upon to assist in guarding them through the streets to the jail; but even with this additional protection the task was not an easy one, as missiles were thrown over the heads of the guard into the prisoners' ranks. They were finally landed safely in jail.

On Sunday morning I returned to Port Colborne with a special train, composed of several cars loaded with provisions which had been contributed by the citizens of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford and other towns along the line of railway, as it had become known that the volunteers were actually without supplies—there being no proper commissariat organization with Col. Booker's column.

During Saturday night orders had been received at Port Colborne for the Queen's Own and the York Rifles to start early Sunday morning and march to Fort Erie to join the regular regiments there. The 13th Battalion at the same time were ordered to remain at Port Colborne to guard the Welland Canal and harbour. So that when the train of provisions arrived at Port Colborne the Queen's Own had already started on their march to Fort Erie, still without a proper supply of food. I decided to push on with the train,

after obtaining the aid of a few men to act as a guard, in the hope of having supplies already there when the volunteers arrived. But we found the track had been torn up in several places, and that Sourwine's bridge had again been burned. These obstructions caused so much delay that it was after dark before the train reached Fort Erie, and long after the Queen's Own had arrived there, the men actually suffering from hunger after their long march. No time was lost in giving them the benefit of the supply when it reached them. The car doors were thrown open, and the men told to help themselves to bread, cheese, ham, etc., of which there was a plentiful supply; while the uncooked meats were handed over to the officers for distribution.

All remained quiet at Fort Erie during Sunday night and Monday, and on Tuesday, the 5th, the Queen's Own and Capt. Davis' company were ordered to Stratford, as there were wild, exciting rumours circulating that an attack was about to be made on Goderich or Sarnia — Stratford being within a few hours' run of either of the threatened points. But no attempt of the kind was made, and the excitement gradually subsided.

I had an opportunity of visiting the prisoners in the Brantford jail before they were removed to Toronto for trial, and talked with a number of them, particularly with one well-dressed, intelligent-looking young man, who sat with his face buried in his hands—a picture of dejection and misery. Speaking to him in a kindly tone, I asked how it was that a man of his appearance had allowed himself to be drawn into such a wild, hopeless enterprise. He replied freely, saying that he came from St. Louis, that he had served in the Northern army, and had been persuaded by Fenian agents that there was little or no risk to be incurred in joining the expedition, as the Canadians were friendly to the movement, and that all they had to do was to avoid the U.S. authorities while crossing the border.

He freely confessed his ignorance of Canada and Canadian affairs, and that he had allowed himself to be utterly deceived as to actual facts.

*Robert Larmour.*

ENLARGED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. KING.

As Captain R. S. King, he commanded the Welland Canal Field Battery at Fort Erie in 1866, where he was twice wounded and suffered the loss of a leg from one of these wounds. Although only Brevet-Major upon his retirement in 1882, he was granted the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, as a special case, in consequence of his long and faithful service in the Active Militia of Canada. Col. King's father was an officer in the Imperial Service (Army List, 1803) and afterwards an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary.

# DARGAI RIDGE.

One of the most thrilling events of the recent war in India was the storming of Dargai Ridge by the British on October 20th. The Afridis held an almost impregnable position in front of which was an open plain, across which the Ghoorkhas crossed ; they were, however, unable to take the ridge unassisted. The Derbyshire and Dorchester Regiments essayed to help but were driven back. It was then that Col. Mathias uttered the words which have stirred the hearts of the whole English-speaking race :

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders :—The General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

Piper Patrick Milne, though shot through both legs, propped himself against a boulder and continued the music, winning for himself the Victoria Cross. There were many other deeds of bravery before the position was won. Col. Mathias is a Welshman and many of his men were not Scotchmen, hence this wonderful charge was a truly British one. Of the two following poems, the one by Reginald Gourlay was written for The Canadian Magazine, and the other was written by the celebrated actor, Richard Mansfield, for the New York Tribune.

## ON DARGAI RIDGE.

FROM Dargai ridge the guns flashed red,
Where the mountain people stood.
The plain was strewn with Ghoorka dead ;
The rocks were splashed with blood.

From that death ridge, so grim and high,
Our line was backward borne ;
Loud rose the tribesmen's battle cry,
The Afridi's shout of scorn.

But pipes are sounding up the pass,
Where moving bayonets glance ;
With steady step—in serried mass—
The Highlanders advance.

Short are the words their Colonel speaks
"That ridge must carried be,—
The Highlanders will do it ;
Forward—to victory !"

The Highland bayonets flash and shine,
As upward still they pressed ;
Each instant nearer draws their line
To that grim flaming crest.

The pipes are screaming loud and shrill.
Fierce stood the foe at bay,—
But the Gordon men marched onward still,
Like lions on their prey.

In vain the grape shot howled and crashed,
  Humming like bees that swarm—
Right up that deadly ridge they dashed,
  And o'er it like a storm !

Woe to the Afghan wolves that hour !
  When in their ranks they feel,
What makes the bravest foes to cower,
  Resistless British steel.

As fought our troops before,
  Our troops can fight to-day—
Our foes still tremble as of yore,
  When Britain stands at bay.

*Reginald Gourlay.*

## DARGAI GAP.

BULLDOGS, hark ! Did your courage fail?
  Bulldogs, hark ! Did your glory pale ?
What of the slander that says "Decayed"
  And "Gone to the Dogs" since the Light Brigade ?
For the blood and the bone that humbled Nap ;
  'Twas there again, boys, in the Dargai Gap.

Did ye hear the swish of the flying shot,
  The roll of the drum and the rattle-pot ?
The music that rose clear o'er that yell ?
  And thrilled through the ranks and stirred up Hell?
Come, Highland Laddie—Head up— and step forth ;
  A crown of glory—Cock of the North.

You Cock of the North, aye, pipe away,
  With both stumps gone, and you won the day ;
You may lean your back against comrades now,
  They'll moisten your lips and they'll kiss your brow ;
For they fought like men, and a man may weep,
  When he lays a man to his last long sleep.

Bulldogs, who sleep on the Dargai Ridge,
  Fall in, quick march, and over the bridge,
The pipers ahead and the same old air
  To pipe you to Heaven, and veterans there.
And—you'll tell the bullies who humbled Nap—
  The Glorious story of Dargai Gap.

*Richard Mansfield.*

# CALAMITY'S GIRL-CHILD.

*Three Drawings by W. Goode.*

"BY Jove, boys!" said young Travers in enthusiastic tones, as he joined a knot of men chatting in the hall at Mrs. Price-Willoughby's reception, "I have unearthed a veritable Venus."

"Where, Jemmy?" asked one.

"Saw her talking to that English baronet in the conservatory just now. She is as dark as an Italian, and has a face like a Madonna, only there's lot of fun in it. Hush! here she comes."

As he spoke, Sir Fenwick Smythe from the Embassy, with a lady on his arm, came slowly along the hall; he, tall, fair and athletic; she, lithe, dark, slender, with masses of silky black hair coiled about her shapely head, and eyes that seemed to burn in their brilliancy. Young as she was, and she did not appear to have passed twenty, she had the poise and carriage of a princess. "Thoroughbred down to the heels, both of them," was Barrington's semi-audible comment, in his own particular slang. As the loiterers stepped on one side to allow the young couple to pass they observed that her skin, where it showed through delicious waves of creamy lace, was of a dusky hue.

"Whew!" ejaculated Wills of the Navy, "Jemmy was right for once. Foreigner, that's evident; but who—and whence—and why?"

"Not so very foreign after all?" remarked a bronzed man with fierce, grey moustache, "a native of Canada."

"Tell us, old chappie," came in a chorus, "who is she? She must be enquired into."

"She's not for any of you, I can tell you that much," said the former speaker, with a grim smile. "Yes; I know something of her, as I happen to be her godfather."

"You don't say!" said Wills incredulously. "If it's a fair question, Hilton, might I ask her nationality—parentage, I mean, of course."

"She is a Great Cree Indian from Assiniboia, away up in the Northwest prairie. Pure blood on both sides, not a strain of white in her. You look startled. Well; it is a strange story and shows the proverbial cowboy in a new light. If you care to hear it follow me quietly into Willoughby's sanctum. He, worthy man, not being so enslaved of fashion as Mrs. Van Hansen Price-Willoughby, *née* Milligan, his spouse, has thoughtfully provided for us vagabonds a choice little collection in the way of cold beef and pickles, oysters on the half shell, and some ripping good bottled beer—with other *sweetmeats*, as you would observe, Casey."

"Now," resumed Hilton, when they had assembled in their host's snug study and attended to the various wants of the inner man, "if you fellows will keep quiet for five minutes, I will spin you as pretty and pathetic a little yarn as you ever heard. But remember you are gentlemen; don't go and garble it over half the clubs in the country."

He finished the beer in his glass with all the relish of a connoisseur, cleared his throat and began:

"First of all, her name is Walker, Rose Walker. That's a blow for you, eh? Don't weep, Jemmy; I quite agree with you it should be Eugenie Claribel Maud de Vere Fitzgrandby; only it isn't. She's Rose Walker and nothing else. Secondly, she was launched into the vortex of society, as ladies' papers put it, about a month ago, in Philadelphia, by Dr. Irving Thomas, my old chum, and one of her fathers."

"What do you mean?" asked Barrington, irritably.

"Just what I say, Jack; one of her fathers. She had several, and thereby hangs the tale. So far I have told you that she is the celebrated Philadelphia debutante, Miss Walker, about whose beauty the society papers have been raving lately; you also know

that she is Dr. Thomas's adopted daughter and *my* god-child. If you can forego that feminine pleasure, interruption, for a few moments longer, I will tell you how it happened. I suppose you know that I was once a trooper in the Canadian Mounted Police?"

"Ah, I often thought you acquired those abnormal shoulders and that indescribable swagger in some kind of cavalry corps," said Casey.

"Thanks. Was that meant for a compliment, Pat? Well, I was in the Police eighteen years ago, and a wild time it was. They had not been many years in existence then, and the country was pretty lawless. However, quite a few cattle ranches were being started in the vicinity of the Police forts, and the prairie was slowly getting settled. We had long patrols to make across the rolling plains and often considerable danger to face. At this particular time I was camped in a tent with half-a-dozen others, south of the Cypress Hills, watching the old Indian trails. One scorching hot day, an hour or two before sunset, I was riding home alone after a cruel patrol without food or water, thinking of supper and a swim in the White Mud River, when I caught sight of a large white tent and the waggon and herds of a 'round-up' camp on a flat about two miles distant. 'Supper sooner than I thought,' said I, for I had still ten miles to ride, and spurred down to see whose outfit it was.

"I was riding home alone."

"It turned out to be a fall round-up of the once celebrated 'L. bar L.' ranch, (so-called after the letters of their brand), run by a Scotch syndicate owning some thousands of cattle. Broken up now into a score of smaller companies, I am told. They did things in pretty good shape, paid high wages and kept quite a number of cowboys riding the range. As nobody came to the door of the tent to greet me, I slung my broncho's reins over his head, leaving him to feed at will with the other horses, and walked inside uninvited. There was an appetising smell of beef cooking, which was invitation enough.

"Inside I found Bob McIntosh, the cook, busy preparing the evening meal. What a fine cook he was! or, at all events, I thought so in those days. There was an old waggon-cover drawn across the center of the tent, and on the other side of it I could hear low voices.

"'Hello, Bob! what chance for supper?'

"'Sh—' he said, with an anxious

face; 'not quite so loud. Supper will be ready in the dining-car in ten minutes.'

"'Why, what's wrong?' I asked, 'any one dead?'

"'Far from it,' he replied, 'only, don't make a noise. It—it—is kinder makes my head ache.'

"I burst into a loud laugh, and pushing past him, walked behind the waggon-cover. Seated in a semi-circle round a small packing-case were six cowboys. Four were comparatively new faces to me, but two of them—'Calamity' Walker and 'Cockney' Thomas—I knew well. All wore a troubled and preoccupied air, and held their revolvers thoughtfully across their knees. Some kind of a council was evidently being held. 'Calamity' Walker looked up with a vacant nod of greeting as I entered.

"'What's in the wind now?' I asked.

"'Oh, nothin'; at least, we're kinder rattled,' he answered, with an artistic oath.

"'What's in the box?' I asked, as a faint whine came from under a blanket. 'Coyote pups?'

"'Somethin' o' that sort,' said Calamity, who appeared to be spokesman. 'Anyways, we picked it up on the prairie.'

"'Wild?' I queried again.

"'Wild as a Texas steer,' he said, expectorating solemnly into the ring and relapsing into silence.

"Calamity was the terror of the prairie. A man about forty years of age, with a face scarred and small-pox pitted, and almost as red as the moustache that reached, without exaggeration, nearly to the waist. His eyes, though keen enough, were inflamed with drink and exposure, and his hair hung in tangled masses over his forehead, and below his shoulders behind. I noticed this night with surprise that he had recently shaved, and had on a clean white shirt. Something unusual had most decidedly happened.

"After a short silence, in which I felt a bit awkward, Calamity turned to 'Cockney' Thomas, a sturdy young Englishman about twenty-six years of age, who was sitting next to him, and jerked his thumb in my direction.

"'*You* tell him, Cockney,' he said. 'The police have got to know sooner or later.'

"'Look under that blanket,' said Thomas, with a laugh, 'and give us *your* opinion of it.'

"I raised the corner of a piece of saddle-blanket that was carefully tucked into the box, and peeped beneath. At first I could not make out what the thing was, but after a second look, I saw—I shall never forget the shock—a very small, very feeble, *Indian baby*, wrapped in Calamity Walker's ten-dollar black silk shirt!

"'You see, it was this way,' said Cockney Thomas, speaking rapidly and half-apologetically: 'Calamity and I were riding home about eight this morning, after being out all night hunting up strays, when, just at the forks of the Swift Current and the White Mud, we saw something lying on the ground close to a patch of rose-bushes. It turned out to be a young squaw stone-dead, and this blamed youngster just born and living. I was a medical student at St. George's for two years before coming out to this country, and luckily remembered enough to fix things up for the kid, and old Calamity wrapped it up in his shirt and carried it home under his pea-jacket. You would have died laughing to see him trying to make that bucking broncho go quietly.'

"'Who was the squaw?'

"Haven't the least notion. I never saw her before. Cree, by the paint and blanket, and not more than twenty years of age, I guess. She had this ring on her thumb. I took it off to give to you fellows for purposes of identification; for you'll have to take charge of the body. We partly covered her with stones, and ran up a flag alongside to scare off wolves.'

"As he finished speaking he handed me the queer brass ring which you see hanging on my watch-chain to-night.

"'I suppose there'll have to be an inquest,' said McIntosh; 'though its

pretty plain the poor creature died from heart disease or exhaustion.'

"'Inquest or no inquest,' interrupted Calamity, with a fearful scowl and a still more fearful oath, 'I shall keep this 'ere girl-child. I never had no luck in my life, and she's bin sent as a mascotte. She belongs to you and me, Cockney, mostly *me*, and don't you forget it.'

"And, as I live, the savage scoundrel bent over the box and touched the sleeping infant on the forehead with his lips. We were too astonished to laugh, even had it been safe to do so.

"At this point supper was announced, and during the process of the meal talk became more general, and ways and means were discussed with regard to their newly-acquired treasure.

"'Pears to me,' said Gibson, a big fellow from Montana, with his mouth full of hot beans, 'that the kid wants a start in life. This camp ain't no place for it, and old mother French would take charge of it at Silver Creek till it's old enough to get some schoolin'. I ain't had a very good year, but I'm game to go fifty.'

"'And I,' 'and I,' came one by one from the rest.

"'Thanks, boys,' said Calamity with an air of proprietorship which there was no contradicting; 'and as the girl-child's mine—mine and, to a slight extent, Cockney's—and, as I've no particular claims on me, I'll go a hundred and we'll give her a good send-off. This here is the —, —est best bit of luck this old camp ever struck.'

"After supper I got the loan of one of their horses and started out with Thomas to view the remains, leaving an excited argument in progress between McIntosh and Calamity Walker. The former, as a married man, averred that the milk in the child's bottle should be two-thirds diluted with water, which drew from Calamity the remark that *his* girl-child was going to have her milk straight, and not only that, but with cream on it! and further, that he would bore holes in the whole shooting-match if they tried on any of their monkey-tricks with him.

"The inquest was, of course, only a matter of form. There was no identifying the poor girl's body, and none of the many bands of restless Indians roaming about the country came forward to claim it. Female life does not count for much among them. So the jury brought in a delicious verdict of 'death from lack of proper medical attendance.' Calamity Walker took formal possession of the *papoose*, and I kept the ring. In due time the child was baptised under the name of Rose, for as Calamity remarked with unconscious poetry, 'Though rather a late blossom, I found her in the rose-bushes;' and the surname of Walker became hers as if by right. At the baptism, which was of a most imposing description, I was one sponsor and old Mrs. French the other. To this woman, the kind-hearted widow of an Irish settler, the child was sent to be cared for, and her two fathers, Walker and Thomas, pursued the noisy 'tenor of their way.'

"It seemed as though the child had really brought luck to Calamity, for his little bunch of cattle began to prosper from that time. Where others' died in the hard winters, his pulled through and multiplied apace. There were rumours that he was none too particular whose calves he branded in the spring, but let us hope that was only jealousy. Anyway, in a few years he was owner of a considerable herd of beef, and the child, growing into a graceful, delicate girl, was, unknown to herself, mistress of quite a decent sum in the savings bank, besides a percentage on the yearly increase of calves. Every winter Calamity would take up his residence in Silver Creek to be near the only creature that he loved; and she, lonely waif, thought that the sun rose and set in her strange father's fiery countenance, and old Calamity gambled and fought and drank, and fell foul of everybody in his own inimitable way, while the child, overhearing harsh remarks about him, would weep in solitude, her sensitive heart nearly breaking.

"Meanwhile, Thomas had quit

DRAWN BY W. GOODE. "We saw something lying on the ground."

ranching, and, being enabled by the sale of a few cattle and some slight help from the old country, to resume his broken-off medical studies, had taken his M.D. in good shape at Montreal, and started fairly well in private practice in New York State. You see, he was a boon companion, and after sitting up all night with a lady-patient, was always ready to spend next day carousing with the jubilant husband. Perhaps it did not tend towards obtaining a high class of patients, but, such as they were, he had plenty, and was popular. He had left a few head of cattle in Calamity's herd, and these had now grown into an important item, and been duly settled upon the prairie Rose.

"At length a change came. Calamity had been on a furious spree. He had been fined by the Police Inspector for drunkenness and brawling, and shortly afterwards had only escaped a conviction for manslaughter through a flaw in the evidence. Even the 'wild and woolly West' was growing too hot to hold him. One night he sat alone in his cottage with hands deep in his pockets, and eyes fixed moodily on the

mud floor. On a table near him lay his long Colt's revolver loaded in every chamber, by the side of a newly-opened bottle of Hudson's Bay rum. He had been drunk, off and on, for a full fortnight, and this night had been driven home after a desperate fight, only by sheer weight of numbers. In the ghastly process of sobering-up he was mentally reviewing the past, and counting its cost.

"The door opened noiselessly, and the Indian child crept softly to his side, where she fell on the floor, and burying her face on his knees, burst into a passion of tears.

"Calamity, with eyes averted, shifted uneasily, but did not speak.

"'Oh, daddy, daddy!' she said, at last, her low Indian voice broken by sobs. '*Do* try to be good. You are all I have—all I have in the world to love.'

"The man pushed the matted hair back from his blood-shot eyes and looked intently at her for some moments; then, bending suddenly forward, he clasped her to him with more than a mother's tenderness and rose unsteadily to his feet. Seizing the bottle from the table he dashed it furiously upon the ground, where he stamped it into small pieces with the heavy heel of his riding-boot; at the same time uttering an oath so novel, ingenious and complicated that it even startled himself.

"'That's the last of it, girl-child,' he said through his set teeth, 'the last drop for poor old broken Calamity Walker.'

"And the man kept his word, though it killed him. The sudden stopping of the fiery stimulant, which had been both meat and drink to him for years, hastened the collapse of a constitution already shaken by hardship, exposure and abuse. In six months the police surgeon told him that he had but a few days more to live. Calamity took the news with a philosophical smile—with all his faults he was sand to the back-

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"One might be sat alone in his cottage with hands deep in his pockets, and eyes fixed moodily on the mud floor."

bone—and asked the doctor to kindly write a business letter for him to 'Irving Thomas, Esq., M.D.,' at a village in New York State. When the letter was finished he carefully perused it, then, with trembling fingers, added, in the straggling letters so characteristic of his life, this postscript :

"'I am come for at last, lad. Remember, I leaves all my share of the herd to the girl-child, and I leaves the girl-child herself to you. Do your duty by her, or I'll drop you when we meet in the other world, sure as you are born, Cockney Thomas.'

"So we buried Calamity Walker on the lonely hill-side, and the Police fired a volley over him, for he had done some scout work for them; and, while the bugle sounded 'Lights out!' more tears than the Indian girl's fell from women's eyes into his open grave.

"There is no more to tell. Little Rose, now quite an heiress, came east to her new father, who accepted the charge faithfully. In due time he moved to Philadelphia, where he was married and made his present reputation as a ladies' specialist. You little thought that the sedate Dr. Irving Thomas, with the white hands and caressing smile, could give you a grip that would bring tears to your eyes, Barrington; or would drop *you*, Casey, in your tracks, at the first word of insult, big, hulking fellows, as you both are. It is well to learn these things sometimes, my boys.

"Rose met young Smythe at a tennis party at Washington last year. They are to be married in October, when the brass ring will be not the least highly prized among the wedding gifts. He is a decent young fellow, and has lots of money, and she will take him quite a goodly dower. For one thing you can take my word: Even among the fair ladies of his own land he could choose no sweeter, purer or better bride than poor old Calamity's girl-child.

"Now, come and be introduced."

*Irving Claxton.*

## SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

STRONG are thy sons against the foe,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
Purer thy daughters than the snow,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
All that I have I here bestow,
My Canada on thee.

For thy protection France has struck,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
An Indian maiden gave thee suck,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
A Mother-land has wished thee luck,
My Canada the free.

Never from the right withhold,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
Never let the heart grow cold,
Canada the fair, Canada the free ;
Till God and man their hopes behold,
My Canada in thee.

# WYATT EATON.

A CANADIAN ARTIST WHO WON FAME ABROAD; WITH SOME REPRODUCTIONS OF HIS WORK.

IN the death of Wyatt Eaton we have lost, not only one of the last connecting links between the Romanticists and the men of to-day, but one of the strongest portrait painters of the time. And those who may remember with what general approval and success the portrait of Sir William Dawson, the well-known geologist, and then principal of McGill University, was received in Montreal a few years ago, may perhaps feel an interest in his life and work. He was born in Philipsburg, a village of 250 inhabitants on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, on May 6, 1849. As a mere lad he went to Montreal to consult an artist of some local prominence, and submitted to him a few drawings made from casts before he had any instruction. This artist gave him such kindly advice and encouragement that he resolved then, despite the opposition of his parents, to become a painter. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and commenced the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Samuel Coleman, Daniel Huntington, Leutze, and other academicians, who criticized each in turns of two weeks, there being in those days no regular professors; "and," said Mr. Eaton, "these men contradicted each other so constantly that it was good for the students, inasmuch as it obliged us to think for ourselves."

After only four months drawing from the antique, he was admitted into the life classes, and at the same time he painted in the studio of Joseph Orion Eaton, in whom he discovered the rare combination of capable master and kind interested friend, and who caused him to meet many of the young men who have since become the makers of the history of Art in America.

In 1872 he went to Europe, and after a few weeks in London, where he had the good fortune to meet James McNeil Whistler, from whom he received many valuable suggestions, and where his

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. WYATT EATON

PAINTING BY WYATT EATON. MRS. RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

poetic nature became impregnated with the spirit of the pre-Raphælite painters, he went on to Paris, and entered the Atelier at the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Gerôme.

For the next four years his time was divided between Paris and Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainbleau. In Paris he came to know Munkaczy, who gave him occasional criticisms, and he was on intimate terms with Bastien Lepage, Dagnon, Wenker, and other young men whose names have since become familiar to us. It was on one of those summer vacations that, at a peasants' fête, he met the illustrious author, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose personality made so strong an impression upon him. In speaking of the occasion in after years, Mr. Eaton said, "He combined the face of a boy with the distinguished bearing of the man of the world."

It was during this time that he had the rare privilege of much intercourse with Millet, being a constant and welcome visitor at the artist's home, and treated with the familiar affection almost of a son by Madam Millet. In the evening they would play at dominoes together, and on rare and happy occasions the master would waive his habitual reserve on art matters, and discuss art, in its pictorial and higher meaning. Every meeting with Millet was a treasure in the memory of the pupil.

At this time he did not limit himself to the study at the school, but worked from nature, painting peasant subjects, portraits,

FROM A CRAYON. MODJESKA.

and making landscape studies in the forest, or in the fields of Barbizon, so famed for their rich cultivation; in 1874 his "Reverie" was exhibited at the Salon, and two years later his "Harvesters at Rest," now in the gallery at Smith College, a picture that, notwithstanding a great evidence of immaturity, elicited much praise for its sturdy and sympathetic representation of peasant life and character.

FROM A PAINTING. SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

To those acquainted with the history of art in America the name of Wyatt Eaton must always be familiar, for on his return to New York in 1876, fresh from a world peopled by such men, and surrounded by all those elements that contribute to foster and develop the love of beauty and all that is highest, truest and sweetest in the poetic and imaginative temperament, he was well equipped to take a leading part in the art world. He was active in the formation of the Society of American Artists, being one of its organizers, its first Secretary, and later President of the Society. It is not, however, of objective conditions or of training that we would speak, but of the intrinsic qualities of the works, upon which alone the endurance of a name must depend, and to those unacquainted with his early success these portraits, crowned in dignity, worth and beauty, will come as a discovery.

His first important work in America were drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Holland, and the meeting with these men was an experience to the young artist, fresh from the quaint and eventful Latin Quarter, that made a deep and lasting impression, and upon which, in after years, he loved to dwell.

In 1883 Mr. Eaton returned to France, and for two years lived a pastoral life among the peasants at Barbizon, when he painted the "Harvest Scene," now in the gallery at Montreal, and where he imbibed the spirit of seclusiveness and disregard of convention, assumed by that illustrious group of painters now called the Barbizon School, which clung to him and coloured all his after life.

In the spring of 1884 he exhibited at the Salon the portrait of Mrs. Hawkins,

mother of the eccentric artist, a picture which equals in style and nobility of conception, if not in execution, with the best of his later work, and was said to be in some respects the very finest canvas in the Salon.

Under such early influence it is not strange that he remained untouched by the ephemeral art pursued and patronized by many artists during the last years of his life. While far removed from any suggestion of the other extreme utilitarianism, he yet sought beauty in the appropriate, the seemly, being oblivious to all but his own feeling for and understanding of beauty. Seeing the good in every form of the expression of art, he absorbed all that he needed from the different sources, and was enslaved by none. It is difficult, therefore, to classify or identify him with any particular school or group of painters; between the almost aggressive accentuation of type of Lenbach, and the charming unsubstantiality of Chatrain, and that frivolity of treatment so characteristic of the French School, Wyatt Eaton is a distinct element. While his admiration for his contemporaries was unbounded, chief among whom was Sargent, whom he called the painter's painter, he went directly to the shrine of the old masters for his inspiration—Giotto for the harmony and simplicity in composition, and arrangement of the folds in drapery, Correggio for the silvery flesh tones, and the subtlety of modelling, especially in the shadow, Titian for his roundness and opulence, and Orcagna for that delight in chastity, that perfection of form and proportion which makes all mere adornment seem but excrescence, and appeals only to such natures when the spiritual has the mastery.

FROM A PAINTING. MR. R. B. ANGUS.

In much of his early work, however, this independence was his chief failing, being adopted before he had acquired the necessary knowledge to bear it out successfully. This is why he felt a restraint, almost an inability to express himself, for though the purpose was strong and the motive well conceived, it could not fully flower; for "the "freedom of the lines of nature," says Ruskin, "can only be represented by a similar freedom in the hand that follows them," so that his achievement did not equal his instinct; he was al-

ways less than he could be, gentle where he could have been strong, more marked by a delicate firmness than by vigour.

The portrait of Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder is one of the best of his earlier successes. This has a warmth, a life-like glow and serenity, that takes one back to the Venetians, and while there is not yet that perfection of technique that later distinguishes his work, in no other portrait has he so well given the sweetness and repose of the nature of the sitter, or conveyed such a sense of beauty, by the refinement of mind speaking through the expression of the features. One feels that the sitter was more to him than merely a subject for a picture, for while true to the external forms in nature, it is his own perception of the womanly charm and dignity before him that he has put upon the canvas.

FROM A PAINTING. HARVESTERS AT REST.

PEN AND INK SKETCH. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

This is what it is to create, for although copied after a model, a portrait may be none the less a creation, and the more a work of art is imbued with that spiritual, personal essence, that quality which holds while it eludes, which is temperament, the more of a creation it is; and is not this one of the highest essentials in art—to group and make to shine the momentary flashes of beauty

in the soul, and hold them captive? The fleeting has become fixed and is lasting.

In his later work there is none of the uncertainty, that groping after himself, that at times marred the spontaneity of his earlier manner; that searching which evinces the true artist, and without which nothing of permanent worth is accomplished, is there, but he now knows what he wants to do, and does it with ease. The hand, no longer hampered by an imperfect knowledge and use of the instrument, obeys the thought with swiftness and truth.

The portraits of Mr. J. H. R. Molson and Mr. W. C. McDonald, benefactors of the McGill College, are among the best of his later productions; these figures, clad in the conventional dress of the day, have a peculiar charm and interest for us; we take a contemplative and intellectual pleasure in them that is beyond our explanation. The hands, always a strong feature in his portraits, are exquisitely, tenderly and masterfully drawn, and the arrangement of the hands in a portrait show the fertility of invention of the artist, more than anything else; if, on a large canvas, they are omitted, that is, gloved or concealed in the draperies, there is a sense of weakness, a feeling of inability, and if given they must have some especial significance; they must bear an important yet minor relation to the head, as if in communicable obedience and sympathy with the brain.

FROM A PAINTING. HON. ARCHIE GORDON, YOUNGEST SON OF LORD ABERDEEN.

Among his contemporaries there is no one, excepting occasionally Sargent, who can equal him in the rendering of hands, as, indeed, in this particular, there are few among the old masters who can surpass him.

Mr. Eaton died too young to fully reap the benefit of his labours, having only just entered his 48th year; for in the plastic arts, where so long an apprenticeship must be served, and served with self-sacrifice and devotion, this was being cut off halfway to that goal towards which every true artist is striving; but he seemed to realize that his workings days were few and short, and if he would accomplish anything he must work and work in his own way. Thus it is that he has put all that he conceived and embodied of loveliness, grace and style, into his portraits, so that we frequently find ourselves thinking as much of the sensitive nature that pro-

duced as of the production. And is not this one of the attributes of true greatness, to awaken the consciousness of the refinement of sentiment and purpose, underlying the creative impulse, the vital fore-thought that floated, and mused, and sung, before the tools were handled?

He was given that clearer and more spiritual vision that often comes as if in compensation to those to whom the activities and delights of robust health are denied, the joy of which is a thing known only to those who possess it. He looked right through to the heart of things, and seeing the end in the beginning, he worked towards that end with an unflinching courage. His life, therefore, was one of constant attainment, enlargement of vision, breadth of treatment and singleness of aim, with a constant striving after a more perfect comprehension of the principle of simplicity, which is the highest form of the expression of all great art. So that the retirement and semi-oblivion in which he lived was not felt as a privation, being full of the brightness that comes only to those rare natures who, being unfitted for the struggle, can yet separate themselves and be content.

In 1892 Mr. Eaton made his second visit to Montreal, where he painted the portraits of Sir Donald Smith, Sir William C. Van Horne, and Mr. R. B. Angus, for the Canadian Pacific Railway, that were so favourably received that they were immediately followed by other important orders, and the remainder of his life was spent chiefly in Canada

FROM A PAINTING. "REVERIE."

The portrait of Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, is a gentle and touching representation of the precocious and interesting type of child, where the features are already formed, and beaming with the brightness of the intellect, but with a sweetness and grace that adds, rather than detracts, from the freshness and innocence of her years. It is, however, too hastily done to be regarded as anything than a sketch, the artist having had in mind the composition for a large picture; but though the hand was hurried, it struck the true chord and we enjoy it for what it is.

His last working days were passed at Ottawa, being invited by the Countess of Aberdeen to be present at the hanging of the portrait of her little son, the Hon. Archie Gordon, his last and most beautiful work, where he was tendered such appreciative kindness and hospitality that it was with real emotion that he afterwards spoke of his visit to the Government House, and of its gracious inhabitants.

In 1895 Mr. Eaton made a trip to

the south of Italy, with the hope of recovering from the effects of a surgical operation, and for a time, in the balmy air of the Mediterranean, the possibility of health became so tangible and filled him with such courage that he went to London, where he took a studio, with the intention of remaining some years; but after a few weeks these plans had to be abandoned, and he returned to America, and submitted to another operation, which proved fatal.

A few nude figures from his brush show a love and close study of the human form. The "Ariadne," owned by Mr. W. T. Evans, and the "Magdalene," owned by Clara Louise Kellogg, are, I think, two of the finest. These have an ideality, a poetry of conception and finish, and are painted with such sympathetic and harmonious quietness and grace that in their refinement and charm there is almost no feeling of the nude. They are not ambitious works, however, and give but a glimpse of what he might have achieved in this comprehensive field, and many of his sketches and motives for pictures speak of the purely creative power, that, had his life been a longer one, he would undoubtedly have been equally well known as a figure painter, as a painter of portraits.

But his death came too soon to fully realize the early prophecy, or mark the time with the character of his genius, and it is a serious loss, not only to his generation, but to the art of the nineteenth century.

*Charlotte Eaton.*

## THE GRANDMOTHER.

Beside Life's ev'ning lattice dim,
I see her sit alone;
And drear the lengthened shadows grim
Where sun so lately shone.

The form that erstwhile lithe and round,
Filled one man's heart with charm,
Stoops now at Nature's outmost bound,
Waiting its utmost harm.

Her ancient cap, for widow meek,
Her whited head doth crown;
Pale care sits in her wrinkled cheek,
But the old smile still looks down.

Those toil-worn hands, with falt'ring skill
Still weave some grandchild's prize;
Ah, God, that loving work should kill
The sweet light in her eyes!

'Tis true her sliding footsteps creep
Toward Life's final goal;
Let Love her guarding vigils keep
For sake of a mother-soul.

A mother-soul—that honoured trust,
Through a great world's pain and strife;
Nor fame that fades, nor crowns that rust
O'ervalue a bearer's life.

Out of a throng of forbears vast,
She was our pioneer;
The brimming draught of Life she passed,
And, passing, she is dear.

Toil for the body and hope for the mind,
And trust of the heavenly light—
These be the tokens she leaves behind
In her generation's sight.

O Time-worn hands! O tender heart!
Your blessings we implore;
Bequeath us the secret of that great part
Which, fronting your God, you bore.

*Reuben Butchart.*

# THE ROMANCE OF A GIFT RING

BY A. GORDON TAIT

I.

THERE occurs, I suppose, during the course of every lifetime, however unromantic, some event (or train of events) the recollection of which must always remain vivid in the mind—a recollection that time cannot efface or the memory allow to grow dim; some event (or events) which will mark, as it were, an epoch in the every-day round of the "sheltered life."

Let me remind the reader that in Scotland, in earlier and more romantic times than the present, long and faithful service in the household of a family of position, or the rendering of some exceptional service—as the saving of life in battle—ensured for the leal dependent or the gallant henchman generous and open-handed recognition. Whether the reward took the shape of a grant of land, a sum of money, a weapon of war or of the chase, or the presentation of some costly token, was determined by the will and the means of the giver, and by the nature of the services deserving compensation. In the case of the Earls of Glenfinnan, their tolerable wealth in the past had enabled them to bestow, in consideration of meritorious or signal service, presents of high intrinsic value. These invariably took the form of a handsomely be-jewelled *skene dhu*, a richly wrought dirk of fine steel, or a gift-ring of pure gold.

It is with such a gift-ring that this story is chiefly concerned. This ring—as I afterwards learnt whilst seeking its lawful owner—had been originally given by an ancient Earl of Glenfinnan to a certain Robert Dean about the close of the sixteenth century; and ever treasured in the family as one of its most precious possessions, had been handed down as an heirloom through generations. Of unusual size, and of exquisite workmanship, being surmounted by a head of the great boar encircled in minute diamonds with the words "DREAD GOD," the heraldic insignum of the honourable House of Glenfinnan, the ring was one that did not fail to attract at once the attention and the interest of all who might see it for the first time. Its guardian, at the time that the following circumstances came under my notice, was a young girl, Margaret Dean, who, with a sister rather younger than herself, had not only been orphans from early childhood, but were the last descendants in line direct from the said Robert Dean.

Of Margaret, or "Marget" Dean, the reader shall learn more.

II.

The eyes of all England—I might almost say of all Europe—were turned with feelings of no inconsiderable anxiety towards the Eastern Soudan. The Mahdi, after an exhibition of defiant bravado along the fringe of the Upper Desert, had suddenly, with a vast, fanatical following, swept unchecked over the entire country. The situation was critical. Hicks Pasha had been annihilated, the garrisons at Tinkat and Tokar had been massacred, Suakim was threatened and Khartoum itself, the key to the Lower Nile, was closely invested by bands of the Dervishes. Then, and not till then, did the Government at home decide to despatch a strong Expeditionary Force to break up the power of Mohammed Achmet, to re-establish communications with Gordon, beleaguered in Khartoum, and to restore the tranquility of the province.

I was then a subaltern in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, having but a few months previously, to my intense relief and satisfaction, passed with a very fair record the "final" at Sandhurst. Unlike certain other so-called "Scottish" regiments, the ranks of the "Forty-twos" were largely recruited from among the natives of the crags and isles of the Western Highlands. My own birthplace and home was Strathtilt, under the shadow of the blue Cullin range, where, hard-by, several mountain torrents tumbled themselves noisily into the pool of Loch Coruisk. It was from such scenes of wild grandeur—whether fired by the stirring narrative of some bronze and be-medalled veteran, who from time to time would find his way back to his native glen, or whether seduced by the irresistible artifice of the smart and not-over-truthful recruiting-sergeant, I know not—but it was from such scenes, I repeat, that many a young Highlandman, after abrupt adieu, had set his face towards Perth, or Glasgow, or Stirling, thenceforth to become a soldier of the Queen.

On joining the regiment, therefore, I had been glad to find, not only in the mess-room but also among the rank and file, some acquaintances of earlier days. One of these was a young corporal in my own company, Jock Sutherland by name, whom I had known some years before as a farm-lad near Strathtilt. He was of splendid physique, and about twenty-four years of age; he had light, sandy-coloured hair, bright blue eyes, and a skin of a ruddy tan that told of long exposure under a tropical sun. Corporal Sutherland was one of the Queen's good bargains. During five years' service he had never been on the "defaulters' sheet," and had been in hospital only one day, on account of a slight wound received at Tel-el-Kebir. In addition, he had qualified for the rank of sergeant, which promotion would take effect on the occurrence of a vacancy. He had been hoping to get married, in fact, I understood, had already applied for the necessary permission, when rumours of war dispelled for the time any prospect or possibility of an early union.

The few days following the receipt of urgent orders warning the "Black Watch" for active service abroad passed by all too rapidly in the bustle and excitement of preparation. On the multifarious duties incidental to the fitting out of troops about to take the field it is needless to dwell here; sufficient to say: the regiment, brought up to full fighting strength, paraded in the barrack-square on the morning of the sixth day in heavy marching order and clad in the serviceable *Kharki*. After inspection and a brief valedictory speech, we marched to the station to entrain for Southampton, where lay the great white troopship that was to convey us to the Red Sea.

The moment we had passed through the barrack gates the dense, eager crowds, which had been gathering in the neighbourhood since day-dawn, burst down amongst our ranks. The distraught wife dragged on the arm of her husband, and children strove to clutch to their father's kilt or to some portion of his equipment; the young

girl sobbed her heart out on the shoulder of her lover, and the mother bedewed the cheek, and the brother held fast the hand, of their "sodger laddie" whom they might never see return to them. Most had a friend in that wild, weeping throng, but several had none.

At length the station was reached and the barriers behind us secured.

The entraining proceeded without delay. A strong "fatigue" party worked with a will in loading up the great vans with the vast quantities of stores, baggage and other impedimenta that blocked the way on every side. A little distance off, tiny groups of ladies and officers and friends in mufti stood talking together until the last moment. So intent did each one seem to be with either the duties or the sorrows of the moment that no one noticed, half-concealed by a rampart of baggage, a young woman with head and shoulders covered with a green plaid, standing with eyes fixed steadfastly on a carriage window before her, without appearing to hear or to heed the noisy whirl around.

A HIGHLAND REGIMENT LEAVING HOME.

The signal was given to start. Instantly the shawl-clad figure darted forward.

"Jock! Jock! pit oot yir hand," she cried; "yir hand, lad, quick!" at the same time holding out a something, I could not see what, between her finger and thumb.

"Na, na," began the distressed Corporal; "keep it, lass. Marget, it mauna be——"

"Ay, Jock, it maun. Now, quick, tak' it i' yir hand; maybe 'twill bring ye hame agen baith sound an' weel. God guide ye, laddie!"

The depot band that had accompanied us to the station crashed out "Auld Lang Syne," the ladies waved hands and parasols, the crowds at the barrier cheered—or tried to do so, and the heavily laden train moved slowly out of the station.

III.

"But things like this, you know, *must* be."

Involuntarily did Southey's lines come to my mind as, in the beautiful

after-glow that follows the Egyptian sunset, I looked across the vast extent of almost level desert heaped with the bodies of the dead and dying—the price of that "famous victory."

The battle had been fought and won, but, as in many other desert fights, in that at Tamài we had sustained heavy losses. An unusually large number of senior non-commissioned officers of the 42nd had been returned "killed" or "wounded." Posted, as they had been, behind their companies—"a' shepherdin' the rear," as Kipling aptly puts it—when a corner of the square was driven by the Arab charge many of these poor fellows, taken in rear, had been speared or hewn down ere they or their comrades on the face of the square realized what had taken place. Their deaths, however, had been terribly avenged; for, of upwards of 200 Arabs who had swept through the breach, not one escaped with life.

The British dead were being laid out in rows. A few paces distant, at the foot of an isolated clump of palms, a burial party with pick and shovel prepared the desert grave. A dense bluish white cloud from the long-sustained rifle-fire hung like a pall overhead.*

Detailed to take charge of one of the numerous search-parties, formed of volunteers from various regiments for the purpose of collecting the dead and of bringing in the wounded, I worked carefully with my men over the scene of the day's fight. By the aid of lantern-light, which drew on us the distant Dervish fire, we picked our way, ever fearing to tread on some dreadful heap of corruption. The stench that arose from the rapidly putrifying carcasses of the transport camels and mules that had been killed early in the day can never be forgotton by any who took part in that night's work.

It was while engaged on this sad though necessary duty that I discovered, beneath a weight of dusky dead, the almost lifeless body of Corporal Sutherland. Kneeling down, I raised the drooped head from out of the heated sand, and, as I did so, the streams that trickled from the slashed neck and shoulder burst out afresh. I saw that he was dying.

"Sutherland, my poor fellow," I whispered, stooping over him, "what have they done to you?"

With a great effort he roused himself from the state of coma into which he had relapsed and opened his eyes a little. I held my waterbottle to his lips and soon he was able to articulate.

"Eh, sir, they've done for me noo," he said, choking as it were for breath, "it's sair hard tae dee . . . tae dee."

"My poor fellow—my poor fellow," was all that I could say.

For a few moments he remained silent. Presently from his besodden tunic he withdrew, bent and bloody and attached to a short length of chain, the gift-ring of the ancient Earl of Glenfinnan—the heirloom of the family of Dean. I was in the act of taking it from him when, suddenly raising himself up, he stared wildly out in front of him.

"See, there, she's standin', sir! Her hand is tae her een . . . she's watchin' doon the glen. . . . Marget! Marget!" he cried.

I thought of the shawl-clad figure on the platform at Maryhill. In spite of myself I looked in the direction in which the poor fellow was pointing, but saw only the dancing lights of the search-parties and the form of a piper silhouetted against the angry sky as, pacing to and fro, he played the "Land o' the Leal," over the place of the Highland dead.

Corporal Sutherland sank heavily back into my arms. Bending closely over him I caught the word—"Marget."

Covering the body with a blanket, a bearer-section placed it on a stretcher and bore it away to the common grave beneath the palm-clump.

IV.

On the first opportunity after Tamài I wrote to the relatives in Scotland of

* NOTE. There are no conditions in warfare under which the *morale* of soldiers, particularly of the younger men, is more affected than in the burial of their comrades. [A.G.T.]

Corporal Sutherland, and, whilst sympathizing with them in their distress, I recounted the circumstances under which the Glenfinnan ring had come into my possession, and further, requested them to make Margaret Dean aware of its safety. From a letter that came to hand some weeks later I learnt with regard to Margaret Dean that, stunned by the death of her lover and shocked by the supposed loss of the family heirloom—of which she now recognized herself to have been but the temporary guardian—she had left the neighbourhood with her sister, whither, no one could tell. By return of mail I communicated with a firm of solicitors in Glasgow advising them with the details of the case, and urging them to try every possible means to discover the whereabouts of the missing Deans. Failure, however, attended their efforts and it was not until my return home some two years later, on the cessation of protracted hostilities, that I was able to make any personal investigations.

Shortly after my return to Strathtilt I went south to Hawick, a pretty spot in the heart of the Border hills, near to where I was looking forward to spending a few days with friends. On my arrival at the little station I discovered that my "*fin de journée*" lay still some nine miles distant. It was late autumn, and a bright, brisk afternoon; having with me "Scot," a favourite deerhound and the companion of many a ramble, I determined to walk.

The bridle-path dipped and climbed and wound about through the mountain chain in a manner as to so greatly increase the distance to be traversed that, after two hours hard walking, I found I had covered barely one-half of the road. The rosy tinge that lit up the highermost peaks gave warning of approaching night; the air began to feel chilled, and to my left front I noticed black banks of cloud gathering up. I was not long to remain in doubt. Within half-an-hour I found myself struggling in the teeth of a blinding snowstorm. The wind, ever increasing in violence, swept and swirled the fast-falling snow and all trace of the hill-path was soon hidden beneath the flying drifts. To return to Hawick was impossible, to push on further began to seem equally so, when, at a point where the path took a sharp turn to the right, lying beneath us I could distinguish a little cluster of farm-cottages and sheds. "Scot," having found the way down, led straight to the outermost cottage of the group; I followed him, glad indeed to have found so opportune a refuge.

My knockings brought to the door a young woman, neat in person and with a pleasant face, though a little sad looking, I thought. On asking if she would be good enough to allow me to take shelter in the house until the storm had somewhat moderated, she smiled, and, placing a finger on her lips, as if to enjoin silence, said in a low voice:

"My sister is ailing, sir, but ye'll no be i' the way; bide here, an' the doggie, as lang as ye're willing. The snaw'll be vera bad, I'm afeared the nicht."

She stepped aside to let me pass in, and then added,

"Ye'll be wanting something after yir cauld walking."

I thanked her for her kindness and hoped I might not disturb her sister.

Left alone, I proceeded to rid myself of wet wraps and to make a survey of my surroundings. The room was evidently the sitting-room or parlor; around the walls were prints (many really good ones) of the David Wilkie school, and the greater part of the furniture seemed to me—although unaccustomed to noticing such things—as being of a better kind than is usual in such a dwelling. I had often been in the farmers' and crofters' cottages on the western Scottish coast, but none of them had been like this one.

After a few moments of cursory inspection something caught my eye. By the window, on a table decked with a fancy coverlet, was the photograph of a Highlander in full uniform, and

"I stood looking down at the portrait in my hand."

displaying on his breast the bronze Khedival star and the medal for "Egypt, 1882." I caught it up. It could not be—? Yes, it was !—*it was Corporal Sutherland!*

I stood staring down at the portrait in my hand. At that moment my hospitable young hostess returned carrying in a supper-tray. I turned round, and thrusted the photograph towards her, and, in my agitation, disregarding the sense of what I was saying, exclaimed, "What's that?"

Again the finger was raised to the lips.

"That's a puir sodger-man, sir," she replied, regarding me with astonishment, "that was kilt i' the war. Ay, puir laddie, an' he was to have been the gudeman o' my sister, here;" pointing aside to the next room.

"Wha's here?" asked a weak voice from that direction, as though of some one suddenly awakened. I did not hear the reply. I had found Margaret Dean and her sister!

I must conclude the recital, leaving it to the reader to fill in the omissions.

It appeared that Margaret, utterly prostrated by the terrible news of the death of her lover and feeling disgraced in the eyes of all who knew her on account of her wrong-doing in having parted with the valuable heirloom for the safe-keeping of which she was responsible, had quitted the home of her people, and had sought to procure in the isolation of a Lowland hill-farm that rest and tranquility which, under old and painful associations, had seemed to her impossible.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Hawick I was pleased to see Margaret, thanks to the care of her sister, almost recovered from her illness. A few days later they returned together to the old house in Skye.

*A. Gordon Tait.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## VI.—THE FIFTH CUSTOMER AND THE COPPER KEY.

THE several adventures in which she had been engaged begot in Hagar a thirst for the romantic. To find that strange stories were attached to many pawned articles; to ascertain such histories of the past; to follow up their conclusions in the future—these things greatly pleased the girl, and gave her an interest in a somewhat dull life. She began to perceive that there was more romance in modern times than latter-day sceptics are willing to admit. Tropical scenery, ancient inns, ruined castles, are not necessary to create romance. It is of the human heart; of human life; and even in the dingy Lambeth pawnshop it blossomed and bloomed like some rare flower thrusting itself upward betwixt the arid city stones. Romance came daily to the gipsy girl, even in her prosaic business existence.

Out of a giant tooth, an unburied bone, a mighty footprint, Cuvier could reconstruct a marvellous and prehistoric world. In like manner from some trifle upon which she lent money Hagar would deduce tales as fantastic as the Arabian Nights, as adventurous as the story of Gil Blas. Of such sort was the romance engendered by the pawning of the copper key.

The man who pawned it was in appearance like some Eastern image; and the key itself, with its curious workmanship, green with verdigris, might have served to unlock the tower of Don Roderick. Its owner entered the shop one morning shortly before noon, and at the sight of his wrinkled face and the venerable white beard which swept his breast, Hagar felt that he was a customer out of the common. With a gruff salutation, he threw down a paper parcel, which clanged on the counter.

"Look at that," said he sharply. "I wish to pawn it."

In no wise disturbed by his discourtesy, Hagar opened the package, and found therein a roll of linen; this when unwound revealed a slender copper key of no great size. The wards at the lower end were nearly level with the stem of the key itself, as they consisted merely of five or six prickles of copper encircling at irregular intervals the round stem. The handle, however, was ornate and curious, being shaped like a bishop's crosier, while within the crook of this pastoral staff design the letters "C. R." were interwoven in an elaborate monogram. Altogether, this key—apparently ancient—was a beautiful piece of workmanship, but of no value save to a dealer in rarities. Hagar examined it carefully, shook her head, and tossed it on the counter.

"I wouldn't give you five shillings on it," said she contemptuously; "it is worth nothing."

"Bah, girl! You do not know what you are talking about. Look at the workmanship."

"Very fine, no doubt; but——"

"And the monogram, you blind bat!" interrupted the old man. "'C. R.'—that stands for Carolus Rex."

"Oh," said Hagar, picking up the key again and taking it to the light of the window; "it is an historic key, then?"

"Yes. It is said to be the key of the box in which the First Charles kept the treasonous papers which ultimately cost him his head. Oh, you may look! The key is authentic enough. It has been in the Danetree family for many generations."

"And are you a Danetree?"

"No; I am Luke Parsons, the steward of the family."

"Indeed!" said Hagar with a piercing glance. "Then how comes the key into your possession?"

"I don't recognize your right to ask such questions," said Parsons in an angry tone. "The key came into my possession honestly."

"Very probably; but I should like to know how. Do not get in a rage, Mr. Parsons," added Hagar hastily; "we pawnbrokers have to be very particular, you know."

"I don't know," snapped the customer; "but if your curiosity must be satisfied, the key came to me from my father Mark, a former steward of the Danetrees. It was given to him by the then head of the family some sixty years ago."

"What are all these figures graven on the stem?" asked Hagar, noting a number of hieroglyphic marks.

"Ordinary Arabic numerals," retorted Parsons. "What they mean I know no more than you do. If I did I should be rich," he added to himself.

"Ah! there is some secret connected with these figures," said Hagar, overhearing.

"If there is, you won't find it out," replied the old man ungraciously; "and it is none of your business, anyhow! What you have to do is to lend money on the key."

Hagar hesitated. The article, notwithstanding its workmanship, its age, and its historical associations, was worth very little. Had its interest consisted merely of these, she would not have taken the key in pawn. But the row of mysterious figures decided her. Here was a secret, connected—as was probable from the remark of the old man—with a hidden treasure. Remembering her experience with the cryptogram of the Florentine Dante, Hagar determined to retain the key, and, if possible, to discover the secret.

"If you are really in want of money, I will let you have a pound on it," she said, casting a glance at the threadbare clothes of her customer.

"If I did not need money, I should not have come into your spider's web," he retorted. "A pound will do; make out the ticket in the name of Luke Parsons, The Lodge, Danetree Hall, Buckton, Kent.

In silence Hagar did as she was bid; in silence she gave him ticket and money; and in silence he walked out of the shop. When alone she took up the key, and began to examine the figures without loss of time. The learning of many secrets had created in her a burning desire to learn more. If ingenuity and perseverance could do it, Hagar was bent upon discovering the secret of the copper key.

This mysterious object was so covered with verdigris that she was unable to decipher the marks. With her usual promptness, Hagar got the necessary materials and cleaned the key thoroughly. The figures—those, as Parsons had said, of Arabic numerals—then appeared clearer, and Hagar noted that they extended the whole length of the copper stem. Taking paper and pencil, she copied them out carefully, with the following result:

"20211814115251256205255—H—38518212."

"An odd jumble of figures!" said Hagar, staring at the result of her labours. "I wonder what they mean."

Unversed in the science of unravelling cryptograms, she was unable to answer her own question; and after an hour of profitless investigation, which made her head ache, she numbered the key according to the numeral of the ticket and put it away. But the oddity

of the affair, the strange circumstance of the figures with the letter "H" stranded among them, often made her reflective, and she was devoured by curiosity—that parent of all great discoveries—to know what the key and figures meant. Nevertheless, for all her thought no explanation of the problem presented itself. To her the secret of the key was the secret of the Sphinx —as mysterious as unguessable.

Then it occurred to her that there might be some story, or legend, or tradition attached to this queer key, which might throw some light on the mystery of the figures. If she learnt the story, it was not improbable that she might gain a hint therefrom ; and perhaps a fortune. Again, Parsons had spoken of concealed riches connected with the reading of the cipher. To attempt a solution of the problem without knowing the reason for which the figures were engraved was, vulgarly speaking, putting the cart before the horse. Hagar determined that the cart should be in its proper place, viz., at the tail of the horse. In other words, she resolved first to ascertain the legend of the key, and afterwards attempt a reading of the riddle. To get at the truth, it was necessary to see Parsons.

No sooner had Hagar made up her mind to this course than she decided to put it into execution. Leaving Bolker to mind the shop, she went down to Kent—to The Lodge, Buckton, the address which Parsons had given to be written on the ticket. With her she took the key, in case it might be wanted, and shortly after midday she alighted at a tiny rural railway-station.

Oh, it was sweet to be once more in the country, to wander through green lanes o'erarched with bending hazels, to smell the perfume of Kentish orchards, to dance over the springy turf of wide moors golden with gorse! Such a fair expanse was stretched out at the back of the station, and across it—as Hagar was informed by an obliging porter—Danetree Hall was to be found. At the gates thereof, in a pretty and quaint lodge, dwelt surly Mr. Parsons, and thither went Hagar ; but in truth she almost forgot her errand in the delights of the country.

Her gipsy blood sang in her veins as she ran across the greensward, and her heart leaped in her bosom for very lightness. She forgot the weary Lambeth pawnshop ; she thought not of Eustace Lorn ; she did not let her mind dwell upon the return of Goliath and her subsequent disinheritance ; all she knew was that she was a Romany lass, a child of the road, and had entered again into her kingdom. In such a happy vein she saw the red roofs of Danetree Hall rising above the trees of a great park ; and almost immediately she arrived at the great iron gates, behind which, on one side of a stately avenue, she espied the lodge wherein dwelt Parsons.

He was sitting outside smoking a pipe, morose even in the golden sunlight, with the scent of flowers in his nostrils, the music of the birds in his ears. On seeing Hagar peering between the bars of the gate he started up and literally rushed towards her.

"Pawnshop girl!" he growled, like an angry bear. "What do you want?"

"Civility in the first place ; rest in the second!" retorted Hagar coolly. "Let me in Mr. Parsons. I have come to see you about that copper key."

"You've lost it?" shouted the gruff creature.

"Not I ; it's in my pocket. But I wish to know its story."

"Why?" asked Parsons, opening the gates with manifest reluctance.

Without replying Hagar marched past him, into his garden and the porch of his house. Finally she took her seat in the chair Parsons had vacated. The old man seemed rather pleased with her ungracious behaviour, which matched so well with his own ; and after closing the gates he came to stare at her brilliant face.

"You're a handsome woman, and a bold one," said he slowly. "Come inside, and tell me why you wish to know the story of the key."

Accepting the invitation with civility, Hagar followed her eccentric host into a prim little parlour, furnished in the

ugly fashion of the early Victorian era. Chairs and sofa were of mahogany and horsehair; a round table, with gilt-edged books lying thereon at regular intervals, occupied the centre of the apartment; and the gilt-framed mirror over the fire-place was swathed in green gauze. Copperplate prints of the Queen and the Prince Consort decorated the crudely-papered walls, and the well-worn carpet was of a dark-green hue, sprinkled with bouquets of red flowers. Altogether a painfully ugly room, which made anyone gifted with artistic aspirations shudder. Hagar, whose eye was trained to beauty, shuddered duly, and then took her seat on the most comfortable of the ugly chairs.

"Why do you want to know the story of the key?" asked Parsons, throwing his bulky figure on the slippery sofa.

"Because I wish to read the riddle of the key."

Parsons started up, and his face grew red with anger. "No, no! You shall not—you must not! Never will I make her rich!"

"Make who rich?" asked Hagar, astonished at this outburst.

"Marion Danetree—the proud hussy! My son loves her, but she disdains him. He is breaking his heart, while she laughs. If that picture were found she would be rich, and despise my poor Frank more."

"The picture? What picture?"

"Why, the one that is hidden," said Parsons in surprise. "The clue to the hiding-place is said to be concealed in the figures on the key. If you find the picture, it will sell for thirty thousand pounds, which would go to that cruel Miss Danetree."

"I don't quite understand," said Hagar, rather bewildered. "Would you mind telling me the story from the beginning?"

"As you please," replied the old man, moodily. "I'll make it as short as I can. Squire Danetree—the grandfather of the present lady, who is the only representative of the family—was very rich, and a friend of George the Fourth. Like all the Danetrees, he wan a scamp, and squandered the property of the family in entertainments during the Regency. He sold all the pictures of the Hall save one, 'The Nativity,' by Andrea del Castagno, a famous Florentine painter of the Renaissance. The King offered thirty thousand pounds for this gem, as he wished to buy it for the nation. Danetree refused, as he had some compunction in robbing his only son, and wished to leave him the picture as the only thing saved out of the wreck. But as time went on, and money became scarce, he determined to sell this last valuable. Then the picture disappeared."

"How did it disappear?"

"My father hid it," replied Parsons, coolly. "It was not known at the time, but the old man confessed on his death-bed that, bent upon saving the family from ruin, he had concealed the picture while Squire Danetree was indulging in his mad orgies in London. When my father confessed, the spendthrift squire was dead, and he wished the son—the present Miss Danetree's father—to possess the picture and to sell it, in order to restore the fortunes of the family."

"Well, did he not tell where the picture was hidden?"

"No; he died when on the point of revealing the secret," said Parsons, "All he could say was 'The key! the key!' Then I guessed that the hiding-place was indicated by the row of figures graven on the stem of the copper key. I tried to decipher the meaning; so did my son; so did Squire Danetree and his daughter. But all to no purpose. None can read the riddle."

"But why did you pawn the key?"

"It wasn't for money, you may be sure!" snapped the old man—"or I should not have taken a paltry pound for it. No, I pawned it to put it beyond my son's reach. He was always poring over it, so I thought he might guess the meaning and find the picture."

"And why not? Don't you want it found?"

Parsons' face assumed a malignant expression. "No?" said he sharply—"for then Frank would be foolish enough to give the picture to Miss Danetree—to the woman who despises him. If you guess the riddle, don't tell him, as I don't want to make the proud jade rich."

"I can't guess the riddle," replied Hagar hopelessly. "Your story does not aid me in the least."

While thus speaking, her eyes wandered to the wall at the back of the glum old steward. Thereon she saw in a frame of black wood one of those hideous samplers which our grandmothers were so fond of working. It was a yellow square, embroidered—or rather stitched—with the alphabet in divers colours, and also an array of numerals up to twenty-six. Hagar idly wondered why the worker had stopped at that particular number; and then she noticed that the row of figures was placed directly under the row of letters. At once the means of reading the key riddle flashed on her brain. The cypher was exceedingly simple. All that had to be done was to substitute letters for the figures. Hagar uttered an ejaculation which roused old Parsons from his musings.

"What's the matter?" said he, turning his head: "what are you looking at, girl? Oh," he added, following her gaze, "that sampler; 'twas done by my mother; a rare hand at needlework she was! But never mind her just now. I want to know about that riddle."

"I can't guess it," said Hagar, keeping her own counsel, for reasons to be revealed hereafter. "Do you wish your key back? I have it here."

"No; I don't want my son to get it, and make that proud wench rich by guessing the riddle. Keep the key till I call for it. What! are you going? Have a drink of milk!"

The offer was hospitably made, but Hagar declined it, as she had no desire to break bread with this malignant old man. Making a curt excuse, she took her leave, and within the hour she was on her way back to London, with a clue o the cypher in her brain. The sampler had revealed the secret; for without doubt it was from his wife's needlework that the Parsons of sixty years before had got the idea of constructing his cryptogram. In the sampler the figures were placed thus:

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | | | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | | |
| T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z | | | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | | | |

and Parsons had simply substituted figures for letters. The thing was so plain that Hagar wondered why, with the key-sampler staring him in the face, the steward had not succeeded in reading the riddle.

When back in the shop, she applied her test to the figures on the key, and elucidated the meaning thereof. Then she considered what was the best course to pursue. Clearly it would not be wise to tell Parsons, as he hated Miss Danetree, and if he found the picture through Hagar's aid, he might either hide again or destroy it. Should she inform Miss Danetree herself, or Frank Parsons, the depised lover? After some consideration the girl wrote to the latter, asking him to call on her at the shop. She felt rather a sympathy with his plight, after hearing his father's story, and wished to judge for herself if he was an eligible suitor for Miss Danetree's hand. If she liked him, and found him worthy, Hagar was resolved to tell him how to find the picture, and by doing so aid him to gain the hand of the disdainful beauty. If, on the other hand, she did not care for him, Hagar concluded to reveal her discovery to Miss Danetree herself. Her resolution thus being taken, she waited quietly for the arrival of the steward's son.

When he presented himself, Hagar liked him very much indeed, for three reasons. In the first place, he was handsome—a sure passport to a woman's favour: in the second, he had a fine, frank nature, and a tolerably intelligent brain; in the third, he was

deeply in love with Marion Danetree. This last reason influenced Hagar as much as anything, for she was at a romantic age, and took a deep interest in love and lovers.

"It is most extraordinary that my father should have pawned the key," said Frank, when Hagar had told her story, minus the explanation of the riddle.

"It may be extraordinary, Mr. Parsons, but it is very lucky—for you."

"I don't see it," said Frank, raising his eyebrows. "Why?"

"Why?" echoed Hagar, drawing the key out of her pocket, "because I have found out the secret."

"What! Do you know what that line of figures means?"

"Yes. When I paid my visit to your father, I saw an article in his room which gave me a clue. I worked out the cypher, and now I know where the picture is hidden."

Young Parsons sprang to his feet with glowing eyes. "Where—oh, where?" he almost shouted. "Tell me, quick!"

"For you to tell Miss Danetree, no doubt," said Hagar coolly.

At once his enthusiasm died away, and he sat down with a frown on his face. "What do you know about Miss Danetree?" he asked sharply.

"All that your father could tell me, Mr. Parsons. You love her, but she does not love you; and for that your father hates her."

"I know he does," said the young man, sighing, "and very unjustly. I will be frank with you, Miss Stanley."

"I think it is best for you to be so, as I hold your fate in my hands."

"You hold—fate! What do you mean?"

Hagar shrugged her shoulders in pity at his obtuseness. "Why," she said quietly, "this picture is worth thirty thousand pounds, and Miss Danetree is worth nothing except that ruined Hall. If I tell you where to find that picture, you will be able to restore her fortunes, and make her a comparatively rich woman. Now, you cannot read the cypher; I can; and so—you see!"

Young Parsons laughed outright at her comprehensive view of the situation, although he blushed a little at the same time, and gave an indignant denial to the hinted motive which prompted Hagar's speech. "I am not a fortune-hunter," he said bluntly; "if I learn the whereabouts of Castagno's 'Nativity,' I shall certainly tell Mar—I mean Miss Danetree. But as for trading on that knowledge to make her marry me against her will, I'd rather die than act so basely!"

"Ah, my dear young man, I am afraid you have no business instincts," said Hagar drily. "I thought you loved the lady."

"You are determined to get at the truth, I see. Yes; I do love her."

"And she loves you?"

Parsons hesitated, and blushed again at this downright questioning. "Yes; I think she does—a little," he said at length.

"H'm! That means she loves you a great deal."

"Well," said the young man slily, "you are a woman, and should be able to read a woman's character. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps. But you forget that I have not seen this particular woman—or rather angel, as I suppose you call her."

"You are a queer girl!"

"And you—a love-sick young man!" rejoined Hagar, mimicking his tone. "But time passes; tell me about your wooing."

"There is little to tell," rejoined Frank dolefully. "My father is, as you know, the steward of the Danetree family, but as they were ruined by the Regency squire, his duties are now light enough. Miss Danetree is the last of the race, and all that remains to her is the Hall, the few acres which surround it, and a small income from the rents of two outlying farms. I was brought up from childhood with Marion—I must call her so, as it is the name which comes easiest to my lips—and I have always loved her. She loves me also."

"Then why will she not marry you?"

"Because she is poor and I am poor. Oh, my position as son of her steward would not stand in the way, could I support her as my wife. But my father always refused to let me learn a profession or a trade, or even to earn my own livelihood, as he desired me to succeed him as the steward of the Danetree property. In the old days the post was a good one; but now it is worth nothing."

"And your father dislikes Miss Danetree?"

"Yes, because he thinks she scorns me—which she does not. But she will not let me tell him the truth until there is a chance of our marriage."

"Well," said Hagar, producing the paper on which was written the line of figures, "I am about to give you that chance. This cypher is quite easy; figures have been substituted for letters—that is all. A is set down as one, B as two, and so on."

"I don't quite understand."

"I will show you. These figures must be divided into numbers, and a letter set over each. Now, the first number is twenty, and the twentieth letter of the alphabet is 'T.' The twenty-first letter is 'U.' Then come the eighteenth and the fourteenth letters. What are they?"

Frank counted, "'R' and 'N,'" he said after a pause. "Ah! I see the first word is T U R N—that is turn!"

"Exactly; represented by numbers, 20,21,18,14. Now you understand, so I need not explain further. Here is the cypher written out."

Young Parsons took up the paper and read as follows:

T u r n k e y l e f t
20 21 18 14 11 5 25 12 5 6 20
e y e 8 c h e r u b
5 25 5 H 3 8 5 18 21 2

"Turn key left eye eighth cherub!" repeated Parsons in puzzled tones. "I have no doubt that you have solved the problem correctly; but I do not know what the sentence means."

"Well," said Hagar rather sharply, "it means, I should think, that in the left eye of some cherub's head is a keyhole, into which is to be thrust the copper key upon which the figures are engraved. Doubtless, by turning the key the wall will open, and the picture will be discovered."

"What a clever girl you are!" cried Parsons in admiration.

"I use my brains, that is all," said Hagar coolly. "I'm afraid you don't. However, are there a number of sculptured cherubs in Danetree Hall?"

"Yes; there is a room called 'The Cherubs' Room,' from a number of carved heads. How did you guess that there was more than one?"

"Because the letter 'H' corresponds with the figure eight; so no doubt there are more than eight heads. All you have to do is to take this copper key, put it into the left eye of the eighth cherub, and find the picture. Then you can marry Miss Danetree, and the pair of you can live on the thirty thousand pounds. If she is as clever as you, you'll need it all."

Quite impervious to Hagar's irony, Frank Parsons took his leave with many admiring words and protestations of gratitude. When he found the picture he promised to let Hagar know, and to invite her to Danetree Hall to see it. Then he departed, and it was only when she was left alone that Hagar reflected she had not got back the pound lent on the key. But she consoled herself with the reflection that she could demand it when the hidden picture was discovered. Principal and interest were what she required; for Hagar was nothing if not business-like.

That same evening Frank was seated in the prim little parlour with his dour father. He had been up to the Hall, and had proved the truth of Hagar's reading by discovering the picture; also he had seen Marion Danetree, and told her of the good fortune which was coming. She would be able to buy back the lost acres of the family, to restore and refurnish the old house, to take up her position again in the county, and reign once more as the lady of Danetree Hall. All this Frank

told his father, and the old man's brow grew black as night.

"You have made her rich!" he muttered—"that proud girl who looks upon you as dirt beneath her feet."

Frank smiled. He had not told his father the termination of the interview with Marion; nor did he intend to do so at present.

"We'll talk of Marion and her pride to-morrow," he said, rising. "I am going to bed just now; but you know how I discovered the picture, and how it has been restored to the Danetrees as grandfather wished."

When his son left the room Luke Parsons sat with folded hands and a dull pain in his heart. It was gall and wormwood to him that the woman who rejected Frank should acquire wealth and regain her position, through the aid of the man she despised. Oh, if he could only hide the picture, or even destroy it!—anything rather than that proud Marion Danetree should be placed on an eminence to look down on this bright boy. To rob her of this newly-found wealth—to take away the picture—Parsons felt that he would commit even a crime.

And why should he not? Frank had left the key on the table—the copper key which was to be placed in the left eye of the cherub. Parsons knew well enough how the key was to be used; how his father had designed the hiding-place of the Castagno picture. The lock and key which had belonged to the First Charles had been given to the old man by his master. He had placed the first behind the cherub, with the keyhole in the left eye, so as to keep the panel or portion of the wall in its place; and on the second he had graven the numbers indicating the locality. Parsons rose to his feet and stretched out his hand for the copper key. When he touched it, all his scruples vanished. He made up his mind then and there to go up that night to the Hall and destroy the picture. Then Marion Danetree would no longer be rich, or benefit by the secret which Frank had discovered. It will be seen that Mr. Parsons never thought of Hagar's share in the reading of the cypher.

As steward he had keys of all the doors in the Hall, and was able easily to gain admission at whatever hour he chose. He chose to enter now, and with a lantern in his hand, and a clasp-knife hidden in his pocket, he went on his errand of destruction. Unlocking a small side door under the great terrace, he passed along the dark underground passages, ascended to the upper floor, and in a short space of time he found himself in "The Cherubs' Room."

It was a large and lofty apartment, panelled with oak darkened by time and carved with fruit and flowers and foliage after the mode of Grinling Gibbons. Between each panel there was a beautifully-carven cherub's head, with curly hair, and wings placed cross-wise under the chin. The moonlight streaming in through the wide and uncurtained windows showed all these things clearly to the wild eyes of the old man; and he made haste to fulfil his task before the moon should set and leave him in darkness. Swinging the lantern so that its yellow light should illuminate the walls, Parsons counted the cherubs' heads between the panels, starting from the door, and was rewarded by finding the one he sought. The left eye of this face was pierced, and into it he inserted the slender copper stem of the key. There was a cracking sound as he turned it, and then the whole of the panel swung outward to the left. On the back of this he beheld the picture of Andrea del Castagno. The sight of it was so unexpected that he started back with a cry, and let fall the lantern, which was immediately extinguished. However, this mattered little, as he had ample light in the rays of the summer moon. In the white radiance he relighted his candle, and then betwixt the yellow glare of the one and the chill glimmer of the other, he examined the gem of art which, in the interests of mistaken pride, he proposed to destroy. It was beautiful beyond description.

Under a lowly roof of thatched straw

lay the Divine Child, stretching up His little hands to the Holy Mother. With arms crossed upon her breast in ecstatic adoration, Mary bent over Him worshipping ; and in the dim obscurity of the humble dwelling could be seen the tall form and reverend head of Joseph. Above spread the dark blue of the night sky, broken by golden dashes of colour, in which were seen the majestic forms of wide-winged angels looking earthward. At the top of the picture there was a blaze of light radiating from the Godhead, and in the arrowy beam streaming downward floated the white spectre of the Holy Dove. The marvellous beauty of the picture lay in the dispersion and disposition of the various lights; that mild lustre which emanated from the Form of the Child, the aureole hovering round the bowed head of Mary ; the glory of the golden atmosphere surrounding the angels ; and, highest and most wonderful of all, the fierce white light which showered down, blinding and terrible, from the unseen Deity. The picture was majestic, sublime ; a dream of lovely piety, a masterpiece of art.

For the moment Parsons was spellbound before this wonderful creation which he intended to destroy. Almost he was tempted to forego his evil purpose, and to spare the beautiful vision which spread itself so gloriously before him. But the thought of Marion and her scorn, of Frank and his hopeless love, decided him. With a look of hatred he opened the knife, and raised the blade to slash the picture.

"Stop!"

With a cry, Parsons dropped the knife and wheeled round at that imperious command. At the further end of the room, candle in hand, stood the tall form of a woman. She wore a dressing-gown thrown hastily over her shoulders ; her hair was loose, her feet were bare, and she approached the steward noiselessly and swiftly. It was Marion Danetree, and her eyes were full of anger.

"What are you doing here at this time of the night?" she demanded hastily of the sullen old man. "I heard a cry and the noise of a fall, and I came down."

"I want to spoil that picture," said Parsons between his teeth.

"Destroy Castagno's 'Nativity'? Take away my only chance of restoring the family fortunes? You are mad!"

"No ; I am Frank's father. You despise him ; you hate him. Through him you have found the picture ; but now—" He picked up the knife again.

"Wait a moment!" said Marion, comprehending Parsons' motives ; "if you destroy that picture, you prevent my marriage with Frank."

"What!"—the knife crashed on the floor—"are you going to marry my boy?"

"Yes. Did not Frank tell you? When we discovered the picture together this afternoon, he asked me to be his wife. I consented only too gladly."

"But—but I thought you despised him!"

"Despise him? I love him better than all the world! Go away, Mr. Parsons, and thank God that He sent me to prevent you committing a crime. I shall bring that picture to Frank as my dowry. He shall take my name, and there will once more be a Squire Danetree at the Hall."

"O, Miss Danetree—Marion—forgive me!" cried Parsons, quite broken down.

"I forgive you ; it was love for Frank made you think of this folly. But go—go! it is not seemly that you should be here at this hour of the night."

Parsons closed up the panel in silence, locked it, and turned to go. But as he passed he held out his hand.

"What is this?" asked Marion, smiling.

"My gift to you—my marriage gift—the copper key which has brought you a husband and a fortune."

*(To be Continued.)*

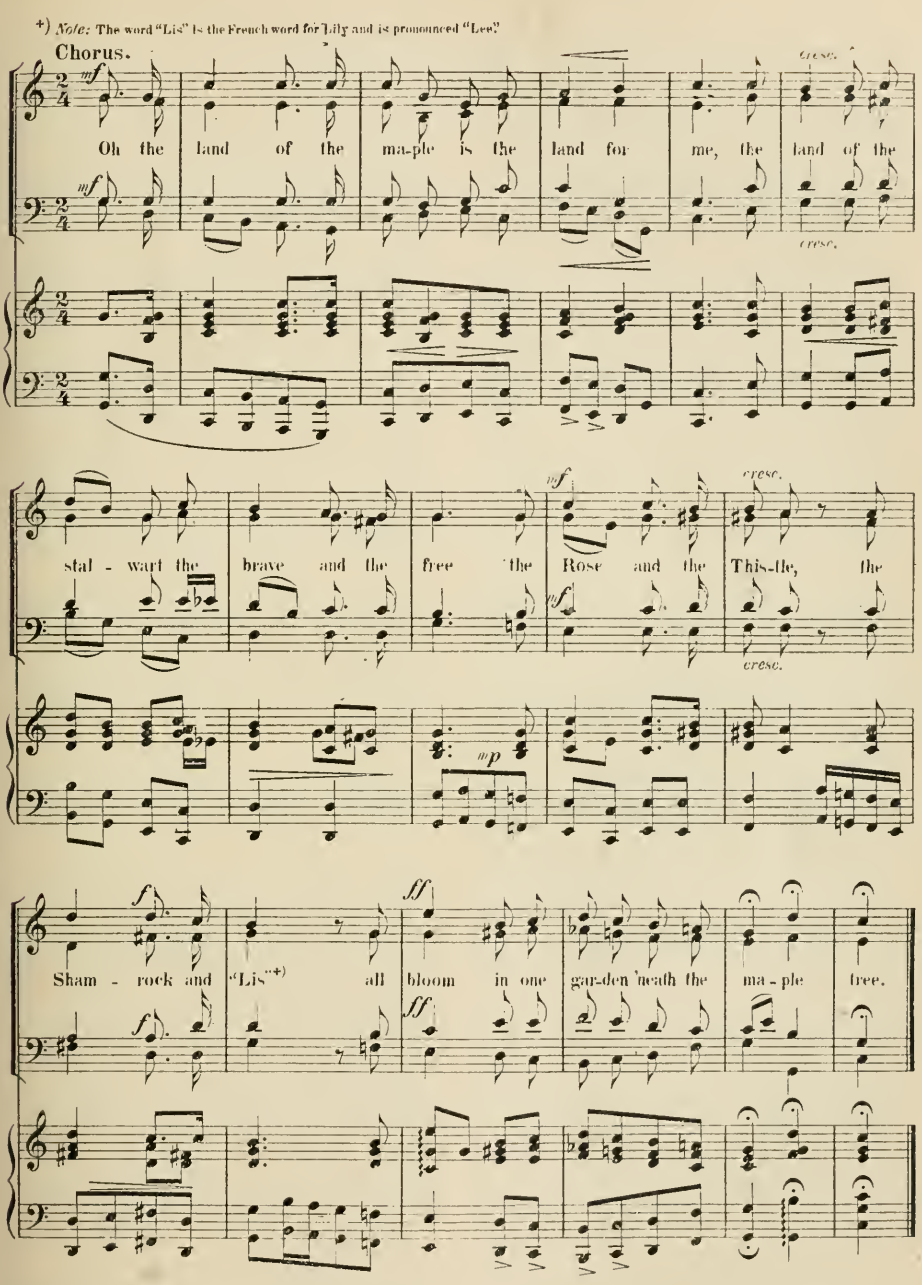
# THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

*Patriotic Song.*

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Oh Can - a - da, my
2. Oh Can - a - da, dear
3. In Can - a - da, dear
Can - a - da my thought is all of thee, thy moun-tain chains and smil - ing plains that
Can - a - da none can com-pare with thee; 'neath sun - ny skies the Earth re - plies and
Can - a - da all dwell in un - i - ty The Sax - on, Gaul and Celt a - gree with
stretch from sea to sea, The sun-light gleams on murmuring streams and sweetest mel - o -
laughs with har-vest glee; Thy win-ters cheer with air so clear but best of all to
Scots to keep us free. Though we be four, yet are we one if dan-ger chance to
cresc.
f
dy pours from the feather-ed song-sters in the spreading ma-ple free.
me, the sum - mer and the sun-shine and the spreading ma-ple free.
be, We'll bold - ly fight and stand for right be - neath the ma-ple free.
cresc.
f
f

Note.—This copyright song, published by permission of the author, is rapidly becoming popular all over Canada. "The Maple Leaf Forever," which had so many years the start of it, is being rapidly overhauled in the race for popularity. Mr. Muir's song possessed, perhaps, less art than this song, but it struck a chord which no previous song had ever touched, and which must have influenced Mr. Godfrey to attempt something better. Both songs are successful


+) Note: The word "Lis" is the French word for Lily and is pronounced "Lee."
Chorus.
Oh the land of the ma-ple is the land for me, the land of the
stal - wart the brave and the free the Rose and the This-tle, the
Sham - rock and "Lis"+) all bloom in one gar-den 'neath the ma - ple tree.

because they have touched the heart of a patriotic people. Both stir the blood, and both deserve to be familiar to every citizen of the country. Mr. Godfrey is a citizen of Toronto, and the author of numerous songs and instrumental compositions which have won him profit and fame. There is no doubt that, besides being a thoroughly patriotic citizen, he is a poet in the broadest sense of the term.

# A CANADIAN IDYLL.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human, exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation, and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

"FEELINGS! they haven't any. Those animals eat, sleep, breed and die, but never think or suffer mentally. No, my dear, from this distance the old creature is perhaps picturesque, but nearer—Nurse, Master John's coat. This spring air is deceptive." And the great lady of the district smiled contemptuously as she swept past the half-breed's cabin.

Faded eyes followed the flashing carriage. They had rested deferentially on the proud, gray-haired grandmother, admiringly on the fair English girl beside her, but very tenderly on the baby sailor opposite them, an orphan like his own dear Manny, another autumn flower given by the good God to a lonely old body.

The evening breeze rustled among the leaves,—silly, giggling things that summer heat would steady. The setting sun bathed the landscape with loving gentleness, turning the thousand hillside spring-streams to golden filagree. High from the hilltop the old church windows glittered through the lace-like locusts, and with each ripple of air came the scent of wild plum blossom, the bleating of young lambs from the farther shore, and the measured thud, thud of distant paddle wheels.

"Guess this a'most equals Heaven, Manny," says the old man, seated on the bench beneath the cabin window. "S'pose purty soon I'll be a'findin' out. You won't, not fur years an' years. T'aint often as early frosts nip our buds, on th' south slope of th' hill. Reckon I'm your hill, ain't I Manny?"

The curly golden head bobbed solemn acquiescence, and the blue eyes, filled with childhood's unquestioning faith, rested adoringly on the furrowed, sweetly lined face.

"Did you see 'em pass t'-night with the stranger lady, Manny? The little 'un looked kinder peaked—hope he ain't a' sickenin' fur that blame fever the town's a' full of. Say, sun's gone, boy, go put yer chicks in."

With all his loving old heart in his eyes he watched the lithe wee figure disappear among the fragrant currant bushes, then leaned his white head far back on the window-ledge, contentedly looking into the neutral dome, far, far above him. "All up there but Manny an' me," he thought. "Wonder why they came fur sech a short time. S'pose to make it feel real like a' goin' home—it's mighty queer."

Pattering bare feet came around the log house, and the sound of a grief-laden baby voice. "Ganp, two chuckkies is deaded and mudder chuckies a' standin' an' a standin' jest lookin' at 'em."

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All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer.

On the following morning the old man rose before sunrise and softly crept from the sleeping-room, noiselessly unlatched the door, and lighted the fire in the small stove standing—rural Canadian fashion—outside the kitchen entrance. As the maple sticks burned well and the clean, sweet-scented smoke rose high over the round tree tops, the old man raised from the cool depths of the moss-mouthed well a bucket, containing butter, creamy milk and a chicken, deftly trussed and golden from corn feeding.

With many a wag of the snow white head and soulful chuckle these were carried indoors. Soon the fowl was brought forth, its puffy little bosom modestly crossed by a "fichu" of salted pork, and consigned to the oven. Then again into the cabin went the busy old man, where wonderful preparations went rapidly forward. At

last, as the sun showed well over the hill, all was ready and the happy worker passed in and awakened the sleeping boy.

"Wake up, Manny! Wake up, my button, 'tis yer birthday, boy, and neighbour Morton lifts us to th' high woods on his way to Belltown. Say, won't we just hev a time! We'll hev our dinner to th' woods and meet good neighbour to the berry corner on his way home at evenin'."

Oh, the joyous excitement! The wonderful drive, with glimpses of Sapphire Bay, the laughter at weak-legged calves who would stand in the road in spite of Manny's shouts—and then the feathery woods, deep with indefinite spring distance. How quickly they slipped between the silver grey rails of the old snake-fence and plunged into the quivering green depths! Banks of white, of palest pink, hazy intangible blue and purest gold on every side! How Manny's short brown legs and little bare feet tossed about the hearts of the wild ileetra—how gaily he shook hands with the tender, tight closed fists of ferns thrust up through the rich black mould, while from above came the throbbing love songs of birds, mad with the joy of living, drunken with Spring delight!

How the morning flew! Then when the sun cast an eastern shadow came the great moment. Manny's wide blue eyes grew even wider—his tender, dewy lips fell apart with amazement—for was there ever such a feast? Afterwards came his rest. Under the shaking fringes of a Canadian maple, upon a luxurious bed of springy moss, softly slept the backwoods Cupid, watched by the old man, until weary eyelids drooped, the corncob pipe fell from contentedly smiling lips, and happiness and peace reigned supreme.

"For all things having life, sometime have quiet rest."

Four days have passed, and without the cabin all is strangely silent.

Within sits a bent old man, agony in his eyes, white faced with grief and anxiety, as he eagerly looks into the burning cherub face he holds so near his heart. The short, sharp breaths grow fainter, as despairingly the heartbroken watcher waits for the deep curved lids to lift.

"Jest once, Manny love, look at yer old Ganp—fer he loves yer so—an' yer leavin' him alone, boy. Take me too, God dear, he's sech a little 'un to go alone."

But never again on earth does he hear the baby treble or look into the deep blue eyes, for, as the old man bends downward, a strand of Manny's golden hair falls gently on the fever-darkened lips and remains—motionless.

At sunset the old figure takes its customary place on the bench beneath the window. Unknowing, tearless eyes stare into the western sea of gold, higher into clear sheets of chrysophrase—still higher, and backward into meshes of rosy cloud, that throw a faint glory upon the stricken face. The lazy breeze stirs the heavy leaves of a balsam with a sound of pattering feet, a beautiful smile comes to those tight-drawn lips—

"Sun's gone, Manny, put yer chicks in, boy, and then—we'll rest—Manny, —we'll—"

The wind freshens, the apple blossoms fall in scented showers through the open window; lovingly they drift on a still child's face, on the sill in masses, and mingle with the touch of baby fingers on those still smiling old lips,—for God thought Manny "sech a little 'un to go alone."

*Jane Fayrer Taylor*

# BELLAMY'S BLUNDERS.

*A Review of "Equality."*

IF Bellamy cannot give us new heavens, he would give us a new earth ; and if faith can remove mountains, he ought to succeed, for his creed and theories are to him "yea and amen."

The beautiful dream and large promise of Bellamy's first book, "Looking Backward," won for it many enthusiastic readers, who imagined that its author had discovered the social elixir or the philosopher's stone which would work for the healing of the nations.

Nor was the dream so unreasonable that it should be laughed out of court; for the changes that Bellamy predicts for the next hundred years are perhaps not more wonderful than the achievements and inventions of the last hundred years. Who, a century ago, would have had the temerity to predict the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone and the other thousand marvels which have become the common matters of everyday life? Science, in the domain of physics, has wrought wonders, and when once science enters into the domain of social relationships, it is quite possible that we may see changes as great in our economic conditions as the change from the old stage coach to the modern express.

It is not to Bellamy's dream that we ought to object, but to his philosophy. In his descriptions of our present social injustices he is strong ; but when he comes to the work of construction, to the methods of reform, then he is weak.

In his new book, "Equality," he carries on the allegory of Julian West, Doctor Leet and his fair daughter, Edith, and he endeavours to show how the world is to rise to a vastly higher plane of civilization in which there is to be abundance, if not affluence, for every one.

That we have not yet succeeded in working out an ideally perfect social system is only too clearly evidenced in the condition of any of our large cities, the larger the better for the purpose of our illustration. The luxury of the palace has its terrible background in the ghastliness of the slums. All this Bellamy describes with colours deep and illustrations vivid. When he shows that society is divided into two parts, those who have secured a seat on the coach and those who must pull at the traces, no objection can be taken to the correctness of the description.

To rectify this wrong Bellamy proposes heroic remedies ; he would make the State supreme in everything. He would give the Government charge of all the machinery of production and exchange, and then he would have everyone receive an equal reward.

## IS LIFE THE BASIS OF PROPERTY?

To justify this method of production and distribution, Bellamy assumes that life is the basis of property. But, in making this assumption, he overlooks the fact that property is of two utterly different species ; firstly, there are the natural resources, the sunlight, the atmosphere, the land and water, the minerals and the other raw materials which man never produced and on which he has never expended any labour ; and, secondly, the houses, the clothing, the food and other forms of wealth, the finished articles, that have been produced by industry.

As to the first species, the earth with all its potentialities, this is the gift of the Creator, furnished to man to be his home and the source whence he must draw his nourishment and the other materials necessary for his subsistence and enjoyment. So far as these natural gifts are concerned, the doctrine of Bellamy is unquestionably correct ; here life is the basis of property. There can be fraternity only

where there is equality of opportunity, equality of access to the natural gifts of the Creator. If we permit one set of men to say to their fellows, "You can have access to the natural sources of wealth only by our permission and by paying us for the privilege," then we at once separate humanity into two classes, the privileged and the unprivileged; we divide humanity into masters and servants.

But, as to the second species of wealth, when a man has raised a crop, built himself a hut or trapped an animal, does he violate any principle of justice if he says, "These things are mine?" He has in no way prevented any other man securing for himself the same rewards. And if by superior skill or energy he makes for himself a more commodious house or more comfortable garments, is there any violation of the equities if he retains these for his exclusive enjoyment?

Do not the moral instincts at once approve the doctrine that when any man by his labour has added value to raw material, he has established an indefeasible right of property in that value? In this case labour, and not life, is the basis of property.

This distinction between the two species of property, namely, that which is furnished by the Creator and that which is produced by labour, Bellamy ignores. As to the gifts of the Creator, as to access to the natural opportunities, there should be equality, but as to the distribution of the products of industry, there should be equity,—to each according to his work. Bellamy would have equality in both cases.

## BELLAMY AND THE CAPITALIST.

The great object of Bellamy's condemnation is the capitalist. But he never seems to notice that there are at least two ways in which a man may become a capitalist. When James Watt gave to the world the steam engine, he enriched his fellows far more than he enriched himself. The fact that he utilized steam, in no way prevented others from using the same force. When he became a capitalist, it was by furnishing knowledge whereby every other man, by the exercise of ordinary industry, should have become a capitalist also. But when some men secured control of all the valuable land, the mines and the forests of this continent, and when increased population gave to these natural opportunities enormous value, this enabled these owners to take from the labouring portion of the community the product of their industry, and thus become capitalists.

This distinction between the method of acquiring capital by honestly producing it, and the method of appropriating the product of other men's industry by means of some undue advantage, Bellamy never notices.

This oversight arises from the fact that he fails to recognize, as he should recognize, the polar difference between the value that is due to individual industry and the value which comes to the land from the conjoint presence of the community. An individual erects a house; if population centres around that locality, then as the house becomes old and its value declines the land grows dearer and dearer, till in a metropolis like New York it rises in value to the enormous figure of upwards of ten million dollars per acre. The first value, that of the house, was due to the industry of the individual, and was, therefore, by right the capital of the individual; but the second value was due to the presence of the community and to public improvements, and, therefore, belongs of right to the community. This value of land is called by economists the Unearned Increment.

As population increases in any locality there must come two distinct movements. On the one hand labour increases the number of houses and the quantity of goods; on the other hand, the increase of population produces an increased scarcity of land; and the amount available for each must necessarily be less. The first movement is towards greater abundance; but it is also much more than this; for when a vast number of toilers work in

concert, the productive power of each man is vastly increased. Bellamy assumes that a man thus working in co-operation with his fellows can produce somewhere about two hundred times as much as if he were working in isolation. This increased production Bellamy calls the Social Fund, and he teaches that this is the same as the Unearned Increment in the value of the land. How a man who professes to be a teacher in economics can thus confound an abundance of goods caused by the industry of a number of individuals with an increased value of land, caused by an increase in population, is somewhat puzzling to understand.

Because men, thus co-operating in vast numbers, can produce so much more than when working in isolation, therefore Bellamy teaches that the reward of each toiler should be equal. He thus leaves us to infer that he would give no greater reward to a Watt or an Edison, who with energy and skill develop a steam engine or a dynamo than he would give to another man who devotes the energies of his leisure hours to no higher pursuit than the blackening of a cutty pipe or the shuffling of a pack of cards.

### AN EQUAL DIVISION OF WEALTH.

Bellamy insists strenuously on an equal division of wealth, and he teaches that if we do not secure this equal division, then the men of greater wealth endanger the lives and liberties of those of less wealth. But here, again, he overlooks the two uses to which wealth can be applied; or, it might be better to say, the use and the abuse of wealth. A man may use his wealth employing labour to produce still further wealth, and thus add to the prosperity of the nation; or, he may use his means to hold land in idleness, where it is much needed, contiguous to some large city. This is the misuse of wealth. While industry is turning the desert into a garden, this man is turning a garden into a desert. Let industry gather round that land, and the so-called owner can either sell at a profit, or he may lease it for an income. The first use of wealth is beneficent and adds to the prosperity of the community; but the second is injurious, striving to gain wealth without producing wealth, to gain unearned profit by the impoverishment of the producer.

So long as we hold out the hope of unearned profits to be grasped by individuals, we induce men to use their wealth injuriously to their fellows, and this inducement they will generally follow without asking any questions as to its evil effects. We thus lead men into relationships injurious and antagonistic.

Nothing is easier than the rectification of this wrong. Let us once learn to distinguish the right use of wealth from that which is injurious, and then so adjust our taxes as to encourage the beneficent and to take away all hope of profit from the injurious, and with this simple adjustment we will prevent any man using his wealth to the injury of his fellows. By thus avoiding the taxation of labour products, by thus removing all inducements to hold the natural resources out of use, we would at once change the relationships of men to each other. Natural agencies now held, on an enormous scale, in idleness would at once be called into activity. The wilderness that now surrounds every growing city would no longer be held unused, with the hope of unearned gain; but would be soon covered with suburban villas, market gardens or would otherwise be put to some beneficient purpose.

*W. A. Douglas.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THOSE who form an opinion of English affairs from the cables in the daily press hear little of discussions and controversies which indicate the real trend of policy and thought in England. The reports of the speeches of prominent English public men are rarely transmitted in full to this continent. Important letters to the London papers are seldom seen here. Except for the minority who subscribe to them, the principal newspapers, termed in England the provincial press—incomparably the most intelligent and soberly-conducted in the world—are, practically, an unknown factor in Canada. The writer of these paragraphs claims no special inspiration in recording British events, since any one who has the time may investigate for himself.

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For example, how are we to ascertain the progress made by an Imperial trade arrangement in English opinion to-day? Mr. Chamberlain has been dangling some tentative proposals before the people for a year or two. But with this exception and the infrequent utterances of a few other public men, what other evidence have we? The answer is, that nearly all the leading members of the dominant party are lukewarm advocates of the system of free imports as a theory. Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, is an avowed protectionist. So is Mr. Chaplin, the President of the Local Government Board. The Duke of Devonshire sufficiently indicated his position in the famous Liverpool speech last June, and with him we may safely class other members of the landowning aristocracy—Lord Lansdowne, Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Balfour is likewise frankly heretical regarding the gods of the Hebrew money-lenders and the economic theorists. Among the Unionist leaders who adhere nominally to the free-trade theory may be placed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a Tory squire, Lord James of Hereford, an old Liberal, and Mr. Goschen, whose talents are given over to sound finance. But most of the powerful elements in the Ministry are in the hands of the Philistines, who recognize that there is a wide difference between free trade and free imports. Some day the distinction between them will be drawn. Mr. Chamberlain, who is in closer touch with the workingmen and the commercial classes than any of his colleagues, is drawing the distinction already. When Cobden framed the reciprocity treaty with France he endured with equanimity the anathemas of the advanced freetraders, because he was a statesman and not a faddist. To-day in England a change in commercial policy is possible, if it can be justified as necessary, and the clear-sighted editor of the Toronto *Globe*, Mr. Willison, after some personal investigation, has had this conclusion forced upon him, just as it has been forced upon other freetraders. Sentiment will be a factor, but not a determining factor. Commercial interest alone will decide the question.

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On the other hand, the leaders of the Liberal party cling to the existing policy. Lord Rosebery, educated in the old school and without any special qualification for ascertaining the views of the working classes, has just deified free trade at Manchester. Sir William Harcourt, whom party exigencies can convert to any policy, has renewed his vows and proved to demonstration that Colonial greatness was founded by the grant of self-government to the colonies, and argues, inferentially, that when you have done that you have done all. The other strong men among the Liberals, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. John Morley,

are freetraders. When the day of battle comes the two parties will be found ranged on opposite sides, which is, after all, the very best guarantee that the question will be sifted thoroughly and decided on its merits. To rush the country into a new commercial policy by the alarm felt through foreign competition and trade depression, as Mr. Gladstone carried his Home Rule bill in the House of Commons in defiance of the sentiment of the "predominant partner," is the kind of victory no friend of Imperial preferential trade desires, since it would insure no permanent settlement of the question.

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The coming session of the Imperial Parliament will be an Irish and army reform session. Mr. Balfour's statement about the proposed measure of Irish County Government, which he made to Parliament just before the Jubilee, has not since been amplified. The basis of the bill is to throw a certain proportion of the present local taxation upon the Imperial Exchequer, and enable the new taxation to be devoted to local interests. It is a common impression that Ireland's representatives at Westminster are by no means the flower of her capacity for government, and that under the new measure the most intelligent, prosperous and enterprising of her people will be drawn into taking an active part in public affairs. The addition to the army will mean more money, but the present temper of public opinion will probably consent to that. It is in the remodelling of army administration that controversy will arise, and the critics who want reforms in the War Office appear apprehensive that the Government do not intend to go far enough. Increase in the strength of the army meets with no serious opposition, since the land forces of Great Britain pale into insignificance beside the immense armaments of the continental Powers. Voluntary enlistment will remain as the basis, and some expedient other than compulsory service will be adopted to swell the ranks. The war on the Indian frontier will come up for discussion. The campaign is over for the winter, and the policy that prompted it must now run the gauntlet of Parliamentary discussion. This has already been the subject of some acrimonious controversy in speeches and in letters to the press. The charge that the proclamation of the Indian Government to the northern tribes was violated by the recent war is a serious indictment of the authorities both in India and at home. There was, it seems clear, a change of policy when Lord Rosebery's Ministry went out in 1895 and Lord Salisbury's came in. Mr. Fowler, the Secretary for India, had declined to approve of the "forward policy" suggested by the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, and his Council. He did not, it seems, except in a private communication, assign as a reason for objecting that the forward movement was a violation of pledges to the tribes. He gave other reasons in the official despatches, and upon these, the Conservative Ministers contend, the episode must be judged. There are probably weighty reasons of State in addition to those already given why the movement of troops took place, and some day the whole story will be told. Lord Elgin is a Liberal and an appointee of Mr. Gladstone, not likely to be easily imbued with Jingoistic views of a "scientific frontier," which was the cant phrase in Lord Beaconsfield's time. The men on the spot should know best.

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Violent as the war of factions and races in Austria seems to be, it is confined to one kingdom in the dual monarchy. When the joint arrangements regarding finance and foreign policy now maintained by Austria and Hungary become the subject of conflict, then we may look out for squalls. Spain, too, is drifting steadily along a dangerous line, and failure to secure quiet in Cuba would go far to precipitate revolution at home. These are future possibilities rather than present conditions, and the recent event of note in continental policy is not Germany's taking posses-

sion of Kiao-chau, in China, but the apparent willingness of the other Powers that she should make for herself a permanent lodgment there. The Emperor in sending his brother, Prince Henry, to take charge of the naval forces at the China coast, delivered another of those grandiloquent harangues which to the foreign mind suggest rhodomontade more than anything else. The design may be to illustrate the need of increased naval strength, thus to force consent from the Reichstag to a fresh burden of taxation. A nation like Germany, which rapidly grows rich from expanding commerce, is apt to swallow a great many costly measures if the policy appears to promise still further expansion. The Emperor, seeing this, is not nearly so big a fool as his critics are fond of saying.

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Not a little of this development of German trade is due to a pugnacious national spirit. In this way: the treaty with the Zollverein, which Great Britain terminated the other day at the request of her colonies, gave her the entree on the favoured nation basis, to a large area of freer commerce of which Germany was the centre. In 1891, by an aggressive policy, the German Empire made commercial treaties with her allies in the military alliance, Austria-Hungary and Italy, with Belgium and with Switzerland. Russia stood aloof, and a sharp war of reprisals was begun by the German Empire, until, in 1894, Russia capitulated and came in. It is far from certain that the British treaty now terminated will be renewed minus the clause that prevented the colonies giving British goods a preference in their markets. The German traders may desire it because they appreciate the English market. But the merchants and the landed interests are not supreme, and the bulk of the manufacturers may dictate a refusal to renew. That remains to be seen. But any course that is finally taken may be confidently relied upon to do the very best that can be done for German commerce, regardless of international relations. For Germany, in commercial policy, is pursuing in Europe a course perceptibly similar to that of the United States on this continent,—buttressing vested interests at home with a tariff so high that they become a truculent force in the politics of the country.

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A question that the critics all admit to be worthy of grave consideration, but which they omit to tackle seriously, is that of the food supply of England in time of war. Comparatively speaking, the question is new. Last year a book dealing with it appeared in England, by Mr. R. B. Marston. A debate in Parliament, raised on a motion of Mr. Seton-Karr, took place last spring, and after a soothing official reply, an assurance was given that an inquiry would be made by the proper authorities. A vigorous reminder of the pressing nature of the problem appeared last month in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Colonel Denison, President of the British Empire League in Canada, and has aroused a great deal of attention both in England and in this country. A summary of Col. Denison's article appears elsewhere in this issue. A point of concern to us is the manner in which the English critics are disposed to greet the "warning voice of the foreboding patriot." The idea that in case of a war with Russia the United States would join in proclaiming an embargo upon food, and thus starve England into subjection, is rejected as impossible. The London *Spectator*, for instance, is willing enough to believe in the unfriendliness: "Americans might like to thrash us as a gratification to their pride, or in payment of long-standing grudges, but that America should wish to see us beaten by Russia is inconceivable." Almost any unprejudiced observer will declare that if the *Spectator's* opening hypothesis be correct, its conclusion is impotently lame. In Canada the prevailing impression is that, however friendly the masses of the people in the States are to England and Canada, the men at Washington

who frame policy are not actuated by such motives. The tariffs, the proclamations and treaties which have emanated from Washington are certainly not conducive to good relations. In this respect they may simply be the peculiar policy of men who dissemble their loves. If so, the Washington Government is the best friend of the British Empire, and in case of war, instead of supporting the traditional ally of the United States, Russia, would turn in and lend a hand to England. The upholders of this view ought to be heard from, since they, doubtless, possess the key to a great mystery.

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Mr. Cremer, formerly a member of the British Parliament, has once more visited this continent on his mission of peace, that is, to promote an Anglo-American arbitration treaty. The treaty which failed to secure the requisite majority in the Senate was a meaningless document. It had been stripped of many of its original provisions, and if passed would have been little more than an academic expression of opinion, interesting as a matter of sentiment but scarcely effective.

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President McKinley's message to Congress has been pronounced a tame affair. It was not brilliant, but brilliant messages are not conducive to second terms. Time has not yet justified the extra session of last year and the tariff it produced. The revenue continues to fall behind. Until events have smoothed out these difficulties Mr. McKinley is wise in not being sensational. He seems to be a well-meaning man, proud of his country and anxious to do his best to serve it. How he may ultimately act in international affairs, if successfully pushed from behind by noisy demagogues, cannot be foreseen. There never was a more well-meaning President than Madison, yet he failed to stave off a cruel and useless war. The Cuban rebellion may yet produce an unfortunate conflict, although, considering all things, the United States have shown a good deal of forbearance and have exercised not a little patience toward the flagrant misrule of Spain. The Hawaiian annexation treaty hangs fire, but it will pass if only moral or constitutional maxims continue to be preached against it. The force that might kill it would be the alarm of the sugar interests.

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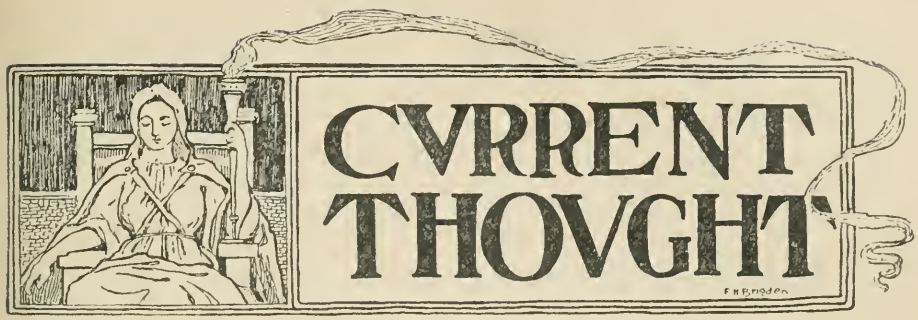
The negotiations at Washington between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the delegates of the President have, according to the preliminary documents that have been published, broken down. Mr. Foster, the agent of the State Department, pleaded for the suspension of sealing in the high seas as a "neighbourly act." The explicit declarations of the Court of International Arbitration at Paris render the expression irrelevant. Canadians have the privilege of taking seals on the ocean, and any Government, not a tyranny, would find it a bold step to forbid them. The United States offer no adequate price for the grant of a monopoly of sealing.

The damages agreed upon for illegal seizures of past years are still unpaid. The Canadian Premier has simply fallen back upon the accepted policy of all Canadian negotiations (except one)—a cheerful willingness to concede the half of a disputed case but not the whole. The one exception was Sir John Macdonald, who, sorely against his will, and with several spineless English negotiators at his elbow, was forced to concede more than he and his country thought ought to have been conceded. With this example as a guidance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has patiently, and with the most elaborate courtesy, declined to give way. If he had not, his chances of finding a Parliament and a country behind him would have been slim. England has desisted, of late years, from pressing unwelcome treaties upon Canada. Why she has done so might prove a profitable subject of consideration for agents of the Washington Government like Mr. Foster.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*




BY THE EDITOR.

## CANADA'S TRADE POLICY.

ONE of the most important of recent public utterances is the speech delivered by the Hon. G. W. Ross before the Toronto branch of the British Empire League, on the evening of December 4th. He pointed out that during 1897, so far as the British Empire is concerned, the "splendid isolation" had been supplanted by a "Splendid Imperialism," and, as one result, every Canadian "has come to feel that to recognize the Sovereign of the United Kingdom as his Sovereign is the highest destiny to which he can aspire, and to wear the badge of British citizenship is the highest distinction to which he could attain."

He pointed out that

> "A relationship strengthened by preference as well as by sentiment is stronger and more likely to continue than a relationship resting on sentiment alone. Even, although such preference conveys but trifling disadvantages, the good-will which it represents gives it an incalculable value in cementing the bonds of friendship between peoples and nations."

Among the results flowing from the preference given to British goods in the Canadian market by Canada's recent tariff were (1) a quieting of the restlessness as to the future of Canada, by showing that, in the opinion of her present rulers, her greatest liberties would be best secured by remaining a part of the Empire; (2) a greater feeling of confidence in ourselves, and a growing conviction that Canada would ultimately be a great national Power; (3) a more rapid development of Canadian commerce, by settling the market towards the exploiting of which we should bend our energies.

After further explaining why Canada might reasonably hope for an ultimate preference in the British market, the honourable gentleman went on to consider the question of reciprocity with the United States. He believed the negotiation of a new treaty would be inadvisable in some ways, because it might foster a spirit of dependence on the United States; its threatened appeal might cause considerable trouble to Canada; it would divert traffic from our to-the-coast railways in favour of United States lines; a market based on a treaty is but temporary; and trade follows the flag, and British subjects follow British trade.

This speech of the Hon. Mr. Ross created considerable comment, because it was made by a man who is a prominent Liberal, a leading member of a party that has long been accused, justly or unjustly, of preferring American to British trade. His remarks have apparently given great satisfaction to thinking men of both parties.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S FOOD SUPPLY.

In the December *Nineteenth Century* Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison has an able article on "The Present Situation of England: A Canadian Impression." He justifies his giving advice to England in these words:

"But the British Empire is our Empire, as it is the Empire of every part; and we are as much interested in the safety of the heart of it as is any portion, and we have the right to urge that England shall take steps to make her condition safe."

He points out that while Great Britain was wise in adopting a Free Trade Policy at the time when Cobden and Bright advocated it, yet the high taxes imposed at the present time upon British exports to foreign countries demand that the policy be modified. The present apparent prosperity of the United Kingdom is due to the manufacture of warships, but if this were stopped or lessened the real condition would appear. The imports have increased from 371,287,372*l* in 1873 to 441,807,335*l* in 1896, while in the same period the exports have decreased from 255,164,603*l* to 239,922,209*l*. This proves that the people of Great Britain are buying more and selling less, even with an increased population. To make this worse, the exporter must sell at very close prices and make little or no profit. "At present England is living on her own fat, so to speak, the balances being made up by expenditures of capital and interest on the earnings and profits of years gone by."

At the same time the agricultural population is diminishing, and the population drifting to manufacturing towns. The result is that there are more paupers, and the common people are less physically capable, are deteriorating for lack of fresh air and sunshine.

Further, this policy leaves Great Britain at the mercy of her enemies for her food-supply. In 1896 the United Kingdom imported 23,431,000 quarters of breadstuffs and produced for home consumption 4,325,000 quarters. Of these imports, a war with the United States and Russia would cut off 19,160,000 quarters, and England, with her fine artillery, her munitions of war, her armies and her navy, could be starved into submission without a battle.

"The great lesson to us all is that every effort should be made by all parts of the Empire to have this evil remedied, and the food-supply made safe, in order that we may be self dependent and self-sustaining in every particular. The food to feed the British people should be grown upon British soil, under the flag of the Empire, where it could be secured in case of war, and where it would be among people ready to fight for it and guard it for the common cause."

Great Britain is living from hand to mouth, and national granaries or preferential tariff should be adopted. Col. Denison very strongly favours the latter. "A small preference, of two or three shillings a quarter, against the foreigner would increase the Canadian production of wheat by leaps and bounds." It would be better by preferential trade to assist in the development of Canada—a part of the Empire—than by a policy of absolute free trade to assist in the development of foreign and hostile countries.

The article is a thorough one and well worthy of study.

## NATIONAL POETRY

Charles G. D. Roberts writes in the New York *Criterion* of "The National Savour In American Poetry," starting with an expression of the complaint that American poetry lacks Americanism. He points out that Milton did not write wholly on English themes, laying some of his scenes in heaven and in hell instead of in England; that Browning's scenes and themes are preponderatingly Italian; and that Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and Morris have poured out their passion for beauty upon the immortal myths of ancient Greece; but if an American poet takes up such subjects he is dubbed an imitator and is exhorted to patriotism and originality.

"The poet who writes in England seems licensed to range the worlds of earth, air and sea, with heaven and hell as a last resort, in search of subjects for his song. Why may not American, Canadian, Australian poets go as far afield? Why should they be expected to till restricted acres when their fellows in England have such an unfenced freedom? Why should the national subject, the national savour, be more compulsory upon the American or Canadian than upon the Englishman?

"It is easy to explain the desire of English critics for a pronounced American savour in American poetry. It is partly based on

curiosity, and on an astonishingly persistent English notion that men and manners are grotesque on this side of the water. Some of these critics want to be amused or shocked by American verse. They find 'true Americanism' in Joachim Miller's poems, and are probably much more interested in that alleged characteristic than in the genuine and affluent poetry which so often warms this Western singer's lines. They get a pleasant shock from Walt Whitman, and straightway they hail him as the typical American poet. His barbaric yawp sounding over the roofs of the world is accepted as an example of the spirit of beauty trying to talk American.

"There are critics, however, on both sides of the water, whose demand for some sort of definite Americanism in American poetry is worthy of consideration. These are men wearying for a fresh impulse in song, in art—a fresh fillip to the world's imagination. They see a new country, with new institutions, new conditions, new ideals; and they look to its unworn forces for a rejuvenation of art in all its spheres. They are resentfully impatient at what they deem a neglect of obviously splendid opportunities. Then the first thing they look for in American poetry is a departure, a breaking with tradition, a disregard of what has made English poetry great in the past.

"What they expect is surely a miracle. They expect American poetry to be great in some other way than the greatest have discerned to be the best way. They forget the essential oneness of all great art. They forget the universality of poetic material. They forget that real originality is not to be achieved by taking thought—that real newness is not an affair of subject, but of the man behind the subject."

## A STEVENSON MEMORIAL.

At a great public meeting held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on the 10th of December, 1896, Lord Rosebery presiding, it was resolved, on the motion of the chairman: "That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that steps should be taken to provide by public subscription a memorial in honour of the late Robert Louis Stevenson." By another resolution, moved by Mr. J. M. Barrie, a general committee and an executive committee were appointed to carry the proposal into effect.

Three meetings of the executive committee—the first held in Edinburgh on the 13th of January, 1897, the second in London on the 20th of January, and the third in Edinburgh again on the 15th of February—were devoted to a careful consideration of the question of the form of memorial that would be, all in all, the most suitable. The result was (1) unanimous agreement "that the natural and proper place for the memorial is Edinburgh," and (2) an agreement, also unanimous, in these terms: "The form to be a personal memorial, to consist of statue, bust or medallion, with or without architectural or sculpturesque accompaniments." Unanimity in the first finding was immediate; in the second it was arrived at after various other suggestions had been mentioned and discussed.

Through the last year ample publicity has been given to the project of such a Stevenson Memorial, not only by notices in the newspapers, but also by visits of the acting-Secretary, Mr. J. H. Napier, to some of the chief towns of England and Scotland, with a view to conferences on the subject and the formation of local committees, and by correspondence with America, Australia and Canada. The response has equalled the expectation. Not in Scotland and England only, but over the whole English-speaking world there has been a ready concurrence among those who have felt the singular stimulus and charm of Stevenson's writings and known anything of the facts of his brave and peculiarly circumstanced life, in the opinion expressed by Lord Rosebery that there ought to be some permanent monument in recollection of a personality of such vivid mark in our generation, and of a life that has left so rich a bequest in British literature.

A Canadian committee has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to this memorial. His Excellency the Governor-General is Honorary President, the Rev. James Barclay, D.D., chairman of the Central Committee, and J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B., Montreal, Honorary Secretary. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Oxley or to the editor of "The Canadian Magazine," and will be duly acknowledged. Such a project as this should meet with many sympathisers in Canada.

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

RUSKIN has said, "A great intellect, once abused, is a curse to the earth forever," and the opening of the new year is perhaps the most proper time to re-think upon this truth. Sometimes I wish Ruskin had left out that word "great," so that I and many of those whom I know would have been clearly within the application of his criticism. But the connection in which he used the phrase required the word, and I solace myself by thinking Ruskin really felt that the man who abused or misused his intellect, whether great or small, was a curse to humanity. I am the more ready to believe this when I remember that the Greatest Teacher reminded us that whether we were possessed of one talent or ten talents, the accounting day was equally certain.

Certainly many men abuse their intellects, for how few men ever rise to the limit of their capabilities! Sometimes a man is afraid to venture into new lines of thought or action, and his timidity, thus encouraged, grows as the large weed in the flower-bed, and kills out the plants that might have borne rich bloom. Another man is indifferent to his duty toward his fellowman, and is content to eat, and drink, and exist, leaving it to others to fill the ranks of the vanguard of civilization. Another allows his sensuous nature to expand at the expense of his spiritual, and he becomes a mere seeker after worldly possessions and cheap fame, so that when he shall have passed away from this world, there can be no reason for remembering that he had lived. This type of man is quite common in our day. He lives in the present, by the present, and for the present. He sees only to-day. Yesterday is to him a myth, and to-morrow a matter of no concern. He and his family are his only interest, and the world in general has no value to him except as it may be exploited for his own selfish benefit. He is sordid, narrow, warped—his intellect is abused.

Every man is the moulder of his own destiny. Should he desire to die unlamented and to be soon forgotten, he may easily gain his desire. Should he wish to pierce into the mysteries of the life around and about us, to learn the truths that are patent and hidden, he will find it difficult, for it is hard to keep from abusing the intellect, difficult to overcome the "unconquerable apathy." No man ever developed his intellect unto greatness without a long, self-sacrificing struggle.

As the year 1898 dawns upon us we have a chance to arouse ourselves, take courage again, and gird us for the fight. There is work to be done for self, for fellow-man, for country and for eternity, and the man who bears no share in that work is untrue to his origin, to his fellow-man, and to himself. Canadians, especially, have much to do, if the race now being reared on this part of the North American continent is to be of the salt of the earth. Our origin, our history, our climate, our education, and our opportunities indicate that we may be among the great nations of history if we will but realize the higher duties which our citizenship entails. To accomplish this, however, this citizenship must be built on broad, deep foundations which will bear no resemblance or likeness to the narrow pillars of class distinctions: Every Canadian must possess equality of opportunity. Special privilege must be avoided, as it bids fair to become the leprosy of democracy. Those who now clothe themselves in correct speech, cultivated manners and fine

linen must not become so lost in admiration of themselves that they will forget the struggler who needs their help and their sympathy. If the poor hate the rich and the rich despise the poor, then there is an end of democratic government.

We may not all make new resolutions at the beginning of each new year, but we nearly all take retrospective glances at our lives. We do this in secret, and not even to our most bosom friends do we reveal what we see and feel. Lessons are learned and determinations formed which are not disclosed to any other living being, no matter how closely bound by natural, social or mental ties. Occasionally a weak man or a weak woman makes a public pledge of some kind at the opening of the new year, but it is of the strong that we think and talk, not of the weak.

The editor of the "Canadian Magazine" has looked back over the past editorial year, and if he shuddered over the weakness of his work and the shortcomings of this publication, he has no intention of revealing the fact. If he has learned lessons and made new resolves and aims, they will not be found recorded here. What conclusions he has arrived at from his retrospect can only be guessed from the vigour and character of forthcoming issues.

There is, however, one thing which every editor desires above all other circumstances and conditions of his position, and that is the sympathy of his readers. Imagine a preacher going into a pulpit once a week during a whole year and never having an opportunity of seeing the faces of his congregation to learn whether or not his discourses and his quotations are being listened to with pleased attention or with intense disgust! Imagine an orator enthusing on a political, social or economic subject without being able to see the enthusiasm which he was engendering in the hearts and minds of his audience! When you have pictured these two situations, you may combine them to obtain a somewhat accurate idea of the position of an editor whose readers cover a stretch of territory three thousand miles across—aye, whose readers inhabit the land of the foreigner and the isles of the sea. At an ink-stained, manuscript-covered desk, within four dingy walls he sits, and scarcely a sound from his audience reaches his ears, though he strains for the slightest hiss or hurrah.

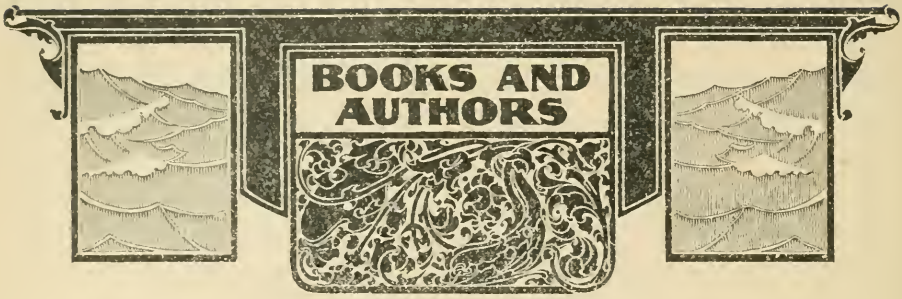
Such a state of affairs might be remedied. Those who subscribe for a magazine might occasionally say a word in praise, in criticism, or in suggestion; and from the babel of sound the editor might gather hope, encouragement and satisfaction. More than that even, he would have information which would help him gauge the desires of his audiences.

Last month our readers were asked for opinions and votes if they desired a trimmed magazine instead of an untrimmed one. The result has been that the publishers have decided to issue this month's magazine as usual, and to give readers another thirty days in which to write "trimmed" or "untrimmed" on the back of a postcard. Only fourteen votes were recorded in favour of a trimmed magazine, and those who desire the change must make their power felt more strongly before the change will be made. The replies received were from Galt, Markdale, Ottawa, Berlin, Toronto, Chesley, Thamesford, Hamilton, Montreal (3), Coaticook, Truro and Sydney. We quote from the Thamesford card:

THAMESFORD, ONT., Dec. 3, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—Regarding "Plebiscite," p. 187 CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I beg to say I have a decided objection to *untrimmed* books and magazines. It is only a modern fad. I have never yet heard any argument in its favour. As to books, it takes nearly an hour to cut a book, and to a rapid reader this is a nuisance; besides, books untrimmed soon catch the dust and look shabby. An untrimmed magazine will look ragged after the first reading, and to cut it neatly takes time and care, whereas a machine will do it in a second. Trusting to see the CANADIAN take the initiative in this respect, I am yours truly.

Whether or not this is the sentiment of the majority of our readers, is what we are anxious to discover.




"HUMORS of '37; Grave, Gay and Grim," deals with "Rebellion Times in the Canadas." It has been written by Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars with a pair of scissors and a very eccentric pen. It is full of quotations from the books, pamphlets and newspapers of the time, all arranged in order like unto the pebbles on the seashore. The book is decidedly interesting. The interest never flags—for should it flag, the reader would soon find himself in "confusion worse confounded." Occasionally the book is divided into chapters; and occasionally several consecutive paragraphs deal with the same subject.

The book introduces a new style of literature into Canada, a style bright, witty, odd, eloquent, pathetic, grave, gay and grim. Who can deny that many of these qualities are to be found in the following sentences?

"They naturally came to centre in themselves all offices of honour and emolument; and the governors, all gentle, if some foolish, looked to them for counsel and support, before time was allowed for reflection, the governors so cleverly governed that they knew it not."

"The hall door, opened wide in welcome, disclosed an old man in antique jacket, small clothes and buckles, whose fine white hair, lying on his collar, was stirred by the night breeze."

"In the neighbourhood of his home, the Park Farm, lay for some thirty of forty miles, the French village form of settlement."

"During the first year of the rebellion the dwellers on the St. Clair frontier felt themselves aggrieved, as not of sufficient interest at military headquarters."

"Friends, two of whom were to be among the killed, came across to warn them."

"But in Montreal and elsewhere the rebels drilled on the military parade grounds, and complained bitterly if interfered with, and officers of the troops would make small knots of amused audience near them."

The mixing of singulars and plurals and other things in the following sentence is odd:

"With no hint of the future iron belt from Atlantic to Pacific, all travel was by stage, a painful mode, and costing some $24 from Montreal to Toronto; or if by water, in long flat-bottomed bateaux rowed by four men, Durham boat, barge, or the new ventures, steamboats, where as yet passenger quarters were in the hold."

As for punctuation marks, the period is used where the interrogation mark might, according to custom and usage, have been expected; and the comma is ubiquitous, except when really necessary.

So much for the style of the book. As to its contents, it is a collection of myths, tales and facts concerning the period with which the book deals. It is an attempt to show the character of the people, the complexion of the times, and the crudeness of the civilization which then obtained. In their introduction the authors have called their collection of fragments "a mèlange"; they have used a very proper label.

As to the quality of humour in the book, I feel quite free to admit that neither Mark Twain nor Bill Nye has ever penned its equal.

"Tim and Mrs. Tim"* is a little paper-bound volume which may be safely attributed to Mr. Lancefield, the well-known writer on Copyright. It is a story of how a man may so wrap himself around with the swaddling clothes of clubs and societies that his wife, family and home see little of him. And it also shows how a wife and mother may so indulge in temperance, religious and social organizations, that her better and highest life is ruined. The story is clever, sarcastic and piercing, and not too long for the narrowness of its theme. If one desire to be critical, it might be said that the rhymes in the book might have been left out without detracting much from its value.

The cleverest woman writer in Canada is "Kit," and her little book "To London for the Jubilee"† is sure of a hearty reception. Yet her work is not always of the first order. Here is her opening paragraph:

"As the train steamed softly into London you caught your first sight of the Jubilee decorations. Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city, gray old London, with the soft mists of June enveloping her, and her flags and bunting gaily flying, gave a splendid picture to the eye tired of sad ocean reaches and the monotony of the mournful sea. A sort of breathlessness seized one at sight of the tall towers of Westminster looming through the soft blue vapours; at glimpses up long vistas of streets already decorated with tall Venetian masts and crimson draperies; at Father Thames shining in the June sunlight, with slow-moving barges sailing evenly upon his broad breast. One felt the nearness of the Jubilee, the importance that was attached to this great and historical event, now that one was on the spot and at the heart of things. When the train stopped at Waterloo Station the first burst of the splendour of London came full upon one, for all London society seemed thronging upon the platforms on its way down to the Jubilee Ascot, where, as you know, the Prince's Persimmon behaved in a royal manner. We had a glimpse at great people and their clothes," etc.

The expressions "you caught your first glimpse," "breathlessness seized one," "One felt the nearness of the Jubilee" and "We had a glimpse" show a carelessness of uniformity utterly indefensible. The phrase "Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city" should have been made into a separate sentence, as it has no connection whatever with the rest of the sentence to which it is prefixed. There is also one very bad typographical error on the page, which can hardly be forgiven. Perhaps this criticism is unnecessary, but the author of a book is legitimate prey for the pretentious critic.

In spite of these carelessnesses of style, the book is a rare treat, and is a splendid souvenir of a notable event. "Kit" is a master in the art of description, and these letters are perhaps the best specimens of her vivacious and brilliant work. Besides, she is always sympathetic, and never forgets that she is writing for "the people."

Frederick George Scott, who has already published two volumes of verse, now favours us with a third, entitled "The Unnamed Lake."‡ It is a small volume containing thirteen short poems and seven sonnets. The strongest of the poems is "A Dream of the Prehistoric." The opening verses describe man as he was before historic times, the great change in the earth's surface,

And here in the after-times, man, the whited-faced and smooth-handed, came by,
And he built him a city to dwell in and temples of prayer to his God;
He filled it with music and beauty, his spirit aspired to the sky,
While the dead by whose pain it was fashioned lay under the ground that he trod.

. . . . . .

But the law, that was victor of old with its heel on the neck of the brute,
Still tramples our hearts in the darkness, still grinds down our face in the dust;
We are sown in corruption and anguish—whose fingers will gather the fruit?
Our life is but lent for a season—for whom do we hold it in trust?

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* Toronto: The Toronto News Co.
† To London for the Jubilee, by Kit: A series of nine letters sent to the Toronto *Mail and Empire*. Toronto: George N. Morang.
‡ Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 75 cents.

Yet we trust in the will of the Being whose fingers have spangled the night
With the dust of a myriad worlds, and who speaks in the thunders of space ;
Though we see not the start or the finish, though vainly we cry for the light,
Let us mount in the glory of manhood and meet the God-Man face to face.

Some of the poems are rather trivial, but all display the author's cleverness, his strong imagination, his sweetness of tone, and his delicacy of touch. The sonnets are splendid.

Canada holds to-day no more successful writer than William McLennan, whose work always appears in *Harper's*. His latest story is entitled "Spanish John,"* being "A Memoir, now just published in complete form, of the early life and adventures of Colonel John McDonnell, known as 'Spanish John,' when a lieutenant in the company of St. James of the Regiment Irlandia, in the service of the King of Spain operating in Italy."

And a wonderful story it is—full of adventure in Spain, in Italy, and in Scotland during the blood-shedding days of 1745, when the Stuart cause was lost forever. The style is simple and straightforward, but the conversational charm is always present, the good points of every story, every event and every adventure being displayed to the best advantage. Mr. McLennan never dresses himself as a Keene, an Irving or a Bennett, but retains always the home garb of the ordinary citizen, sitting at the fireside and telling his tales. There is a smoothness and a gentleness in his masterly touches which is unobtrusive yet telling, while his broad humanity touches every detail of his work, and leaves nothing strained or forced.

Every young man of Scotch descent in Canada will read this book with interest and great pleasure, and any other young Canadian, whether seeking for a story to beguile an unoccupied hour or for a literary model from which to learn something of style, will find this book worthy ; and what is said of the young may be said of the old.

"Between Earth and Sky" is the name of the title-giving tale which opens the new volume of short stories by E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin." William Briggs, the publisher of the volume, is to be congratulated upon this addition to his long list of notable Canadian books. Most of these tales have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, and "possess all the qualities of adventure, dash and humour" that characterize the former collection of Mr. Thomson's work. Several of them are distinctively Canadian, notably "Over the Falls," a tale of Niagara ; "In a Canoe," an experience with Indians on one of the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay ; and "An Adventure on the St. Lawrence." Mr. Thomson has a wonderful way of perceiving and describing the tragic, and almost as often he can catch and locate the humorous.

John Miller, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, has given us a worthy volume in his "Books; A Guide to Good Reading."† To the many who desire to read and know little of how to pick volumes out from the multitudinous issues of the past and present, this book will be a great help. The author declares the purpose of it to be "inspiring young persons with a love for literature and of giving them some direction regarding the books that may be read with profit." A perusal of this book would do much to hurt the sale and circulation of many of the poor books that now find hosts of readers.

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*Spanish John, by William McLennan. Illustrated by F. De Myrbach. New York : Harper & Bros.; Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 112 pp.

The February number of this publication will contain an article by Madame Sarah Grand, on "The Modern English Girl," with a portrait of this famous author. "The Beth Book,"* her latest work, like "The Heavenly Twins," is the story of a child, a girl this time, whose development she traces. As a recent critic says :—

"This book has the same double claim to attention as its predecessors. Her place in literature, such as it is, is won by her portrayal of child-life. She does this well. She does all else ill. Her vogue springs from her success in voicing the vague unrest and protest of women who mistake curiosity about morbid social evils for a desire for social reforms. She impresses these, and as they are both numerous and noisy, she is heard for her and their much speaking. Nor is there lacking basis for her rowing in the sound and sure levelling up of the mutual responsibilities of sex. . . . People will read this book. About it they will talk. It will sell. Parts of it will live and carry the rest along, for the mockery and mystery of childhood Madame Grand has made her own."

The Canadian edition of "The Beth Book" is well gotten up, and gives Mr. Morang a place among the two or three really enterprising Canadian publishers. The design of the cover is excellent, the binding much above the average, and the letterpress clear and distinct.

"The Investment of Influence,"† by Newell Dwight Hillis, is a very prettily bound volume with roughly cut edges and gilt top. "These chapters," says the author, "assert the debt of wealth to poverty, the debt of wisdom to ignorance, the debt of strength to weakness." He emphasizes self-culture, the necessity of every man developing his own character so that he may not be a mere filler of space, but rather an exhaler of such perfume as shall brighten and better the world.

From The Copp, Clark Co. come four splendid books which deserve special notice in these columns, but which can be but mentioned: "The School for Saints," by John Oliver Hobbes, "His Grace of Osmonde," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The Great Stone of Sardis," by Frank R. Stockton, and "Corleone," by F. Marion Crawford.

"Poppy," by Mrs. Isla Sitwell‡ is a bright, wholesome tale, suitable for Sunday-school libraries. Chris, who is unjustly accused of taking money, and who has some queer experiences in London and Australia, is a worthy character.

"Prisoners of the Sea," by Florence M. Kingsley,§ author of "Titus," "Stephen," and "Paul," is a romance of the seventeenth century, full of happenings of rare interest. The plot and the character of the tale are entirely different from Miss Kingsley's other books, and make this, her latest production, rank as a general novel. The story opens with the description of how some castaways —fugitive Huguenots among the number—found a handsome derelict yacht, and by it reached a deserted island, on which was a beautiful castle. Then follow the further adventures met with by the little party. An air of mystery pervades all the happenings, and the author is to be congratulated on the successful handling of her theme. The style is excellent.

T. Fisher Unwin has published his third volume of "Good Reading." This year it contains short extracts from the new volumes of the forty-three authors represented. Besides being unique in the style of its make-up, its motif, and its contents, it is unique in its illustrations. There are half-tone portraits of each of the authors, and these are as poor and as miserable as British half-tones usually are. Even Canadian cuts are artistic compared with these.

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*Toronto: Geo. N. Morang.

†Toronto and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.25.

‡London: T. Nelson & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

§Prisoners of the Sea, by Florence M. Kingsley. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Temple of Folly," by Paul Cheswick, a story of adventure in England, at sea, and in France, is published in Unwin's Colonial Library.

"Wild Life in Southern Seas," by Louis Becke, an author not unknown to Canadians, is published in the same Library. It is an Australian tale which is well worth reading.

"A Tsar's Gratitude," by Fred Wishaw, author of "A Boyar of the Terrible," etc., is published in Longman's Colonial Library. It is a Russian story, opening up with an exciting incident which occurred during the Crimean War.

"The Luck of the Eardleys," by Sheela E. Braine, is one of those excellent stories for children for which the house of Blackie & Son is noted.

An important volume in Methuen's Colonial Library is "A Short History of the Royal Navy, 1217 to 1688," by David Hannay. It is to be followed by another dealing with the navy of the seventeenth century. To any person at all interested in Great Britain's sea power these volumes will be very interesting, as they are not technical but written in a popular style—history accurately but lightly told.

The Copp, Clark Co. are issuing in Canada the Victoria Edition of Scott's novels prepared by A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh. There are twenty-five volumes in the set, which is sold at $12.50. It is printed from the same plates as the Centenary Edition, which was published at $1.25 per volume.

"Henry Cadavere" is the title of a socialistic novel which has its scenes laid in various places from Collingwood on the Georgian Bay to New York. It is written in a style very much like a harangue delivered on the stump. The author is H. W. Bellsmith, and the publisher, The Commonwealth Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"Rambles in Polynesia" is a series of descriptive sketches of the wonderful isles of the sea, by "Sundowner," an able London editor, who has written "Wild Life in the Pacific," "Above the Clouds in Ecuador," and many other books of travel. To those who love to read of far-away lands and people, this book cannot fail to be a source of much pleasure. Published by The European Mail, Ludgate Circus, London, S.C.

Several pretty and artistic calendars have reached us through the kindness of the Toronto Lithographing Co. The one advertising Rogers' Coal, a design by J. D. Kelly, is pleasing in conception and execution, the quiet, yet decided colouring bringing out the full strength of the picture. The little black coal-heaver is a delight. That advertising Conger Coal is even more artistic, though perhaps less striking. It is a picture of the Yukon River with Dawson City in the distance and a dog-train in the foreground. The Canadian flag is planted in the heights—a fine touch. The colouring of the sky and of the bare mountains shows the remarkable effects that may be produced by fine lithographing. The Toronto Brewing and Malting calendar is bolder and stronger in design and in colouring, but less original, although perfectly suited to the purpose.

*Literature* says: "Mr. Gilbert Parker has now all but completed his new book, which is to be called 'The Battle of the Strong.' This novel will begin to run serially in the January number of *Good Words*, and in America, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which latter magazine it will mark the fortieth anniversary. It will eventually be published in London by Methuen & Co., and at Boston by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Readers of Mr. Gilbert Parker's work will find that he now traverses entirely fresh ground and draws for his materials upon a picturesque period of English history. Much of the scene is laid in the island of Jersey, which has hitherto been neglected by the romance writer, although Miss Ella D'Arcy and one or two others have written interesting short stories with the Channel Islands for background.

"Mr. Parker is about to make a journey through Spain and along the south coast of the Mediterranean, making explorations in Egypt, Greece, Turkey, the Balkan States, and so northward to Russia."

# NATIONAL SPORT.

## REVIEWS OF THE SEASON.

THE Rugby football season has been so important that we feel justified in publishing two "closing" paragraphs, one from a United States paper and one from a Canadian.

The N.Y. *Criterion* says :

The result of the Yale-Princeton and Harvard-Pennsylvania football games is a joy indeed to every lover of clean inter-collegiate sport. Yale has throughout played good, non-slugging football. Harvard incurred a slight stigma at Philadelphia ; but taken as a whole the big universities have set an example to every athlete in America. More than that, they have shown that fair play means money to its promoters. The enormous receipts at these contests came not only from the college element, but from that great part of the public which likes to see a contest fought out on its merits, without jockeying, chicanery or gate-money considerations. Professional baseball has received the injury known as a black-eye during this past season, because its backers have permitted ruffianism to take the place of legitimate sport. Horse-racing has come up, because the gentlemen who are stewards of the Jockey Club have gained control of the tracks, and the worse elements of the turf have been obliged to bow to their authority. The black-leg seems to have had his day in American sports, and to the college men who have preserved the integrity of their athletics is largely due the credit for this improvement.

The sporting editor of the Toronto *World* writes the following :

Never has the game of Rugby met with such public appreciation and generous support, or such prominence from the press of Ontario and Quebec, as in the season which has just closed. Almost every town in Ontario and all the cities of the east have their football teams, and where, a few short seasons ago, the fascinating pigskin was a thing unknown, touchdowns, crooked officials and ill-regulated timepieces are as blackberries on the bush, while in the cities big gates are the rule as much as formerly they were the exception. This has, as might have been anticipated, produced the usual result. The general playing is better, the teams are financially on easy street, but there are more post-mortems held on important matches, more protests, more unfair criticism and more hard feeling than of yore. In fairness it must be said, however, that the players themselves are seldom responsible for these unfortunate sequels, and every experienced man will bear witness that courtesy to officials and gentlemanly play are much more general than ten or even five years ago.

It is demonstrated several times a month during the season that if the right men play in the right spirit, football is an excellent game —rough but not brutal. The difficulty is to secure in every player a growth in grace that shall just keep step with his growth in energy. If there is an excess of grace the other side wins, and if the physical energy is disproportionate someone gets hurt.

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## WINTER PASTIMES IN MANITOBA.

To one unacquainted with a Manitoba winter it would be hard to realize, after enjoying one of the beautiful autumn days, to what extent this climate of ours can change within a very short period. The occupations and pleasures of the people change almost as completely.

This being a farming community, the fall is, of course, the busiest time of the year; but ere the commencement of the colder season the stress of the work is almost completed. Houses are renovated, barns made more comfortable, and all necessary preparations are made for the comfort of man and beast. Possibly, the general idea is prevalent to a great extent in the East that this country at this season somewhat resembles the ice-fields of Alaska or the frozen plains of Siberia; but such ideas are erroneous. Although the climate is certainly colder than in the eastern provinces, our mode of passing the winter is, on the whole, somewhat similar. As a rule, the people are fond of healthy amusements, skating, curling, hockey, snowshoeing and indoor pastimes tending to while away the long winter evenings and other leisure hours.

Skating is principally indulged in by the younger element, although many of the older people who learned in bygone days still enjoy the sport and spend happy hours at the exhilarating pastime. With the increasing number

of skaters every year, hockey is becoming more and more popular. For a long time it has been prominent in Winnipeg and the larger towns, but now adherents and admirers of this fascinating game are found in all parts of the Province.

Curling has many enthusiastic followers. This, of course, is the leading pastime among the older members of the male fraternity, and the participants and lovers of the roarin' game have, indeed, very efficient organizations. The annual Bonspiels held in different parts of Manitoba are keenly contested by the skilful experts of the "broom and stanes."

In the country, where the houses are more scattered and the facilities for the above-mentioned sports are not so accessible, other means, such as dancing and social gatherings, are found to make the long evenings pass pleasantly. Among the many endowments nature has bestowed upon the Prairie Province is a clear moonlight night, and though the thermometer may register far below zero, it is a common sight to see a jolly party, comfortably muffled and seated in large sleighs, gliding over the crusted snow, their happy laugh keeping time with the merry jingle of the bells. Arriving at their destination, they proceed to enjoy themselves in good old-fashioned style. In one room of the house violins are keeping time to the buoyant footsteps of the dancers, whilst in another room reminiscences of bygone days are being retold and listened to by the older folks as they gather round the comfortable hearth. Before the guests return to their respective homes refreshments are served, and finally the host and hostess wish them a cheerful *au revoir*.

Formerly, when railroads were unknown in this country, buffaloes were plentiful in the unsettled districts, but in later years it is an uncommon sight to see anything larger than a wolf or a deer. The latter are also becoming extinct so far as Manitoba is concerned, yet sportsmen find plenty of pastime in shooting game of a smaller specie, such as geese, ducks, rabbits and chickens, which are very plentiful.

A perusal of the above might suggest to the reader that sports and pastimes occupy almost the whole attention of the populace ; but the industrial advancement of the country is proof positive to the contrary. Church work, from a social standpoint, always occupies a prominent place in the winter's programme, while much enjoyment as well as intellectual improvement is also derived from the reading of books and current magazines. To make this mode of entertainment more accessible, many public libraries have been established, whilst their numbers are yearly increasing.

"The people from the north always conquer," is an ancient adage, and although it refers to the warlike tribes of old, it would aptly apply to the inhabitants of this Great Western Province nowadays. It does not refer to the use of arms, but rather to the ability to compete successfully with other peoples in all lines of commercial enterprise undertaken by them. In the arena of manly sports their past achievements and records have always been noticeable, and give ample proof that the vigorous and bracing air of Manitoba tends to create a perfect physical human being.

In years to come, when the now sparsely populated stretches of fertile prairie have become inhabited with a prosperous and industrious people, it will be shown to the world at large that Manitoba can produce men and women physically and mentally superior.

—— *F. B. B.*

HOCKEY.

The hockey season is on and the cold weather of December has provided plenty of ice on all kinds of rinks. The series of games in the different leagues and grades of players will be seriously contested, and will furnish much hard and healthy work for the players and much amusement for the public. A hockey match is an agreeable change in the eternal round of card parties, dances and operas.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE-MARIE BEYLE.

THE FISHERIES OF DIEPPE.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 4.

## ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE CITIZEN," OTTAWA.

A BOOK appeared in Paris in the month of April last dealing with the above subject—"A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons"—which immediately attracted widespread attention and became the theme of a prolonged and animated discussion. The writer, M. Edmond Demolins, is professor of social science, and director of a monthly review called "La Science Sociale." The title of the book was itself sufficient to compel notice. Anglo-Saxon superiority! What idea could be more novel or more unwelcome? Is not France the fine consummate flower of civilization? So at least her poets, orators, statesmen and journalists proclaim her. M. Demolins must have anticipated that the first impulse of his countrymen would be to exclaim in angry dissent against the assumption made in his theme, so he placed upon the title page an outline map of the world with those portions held or occupied by Anglo-Saxon peoples marked in red. A glance makes apparent the spread of that race over the globe, and when the figures of population and commerce are supplied the impression of growing power and greatness is deepened. From their island home on the west coast of Europe the English-speaking people have gone westward to take possession of North America, and eastward to Australia. They are found at the Cape of Good Hope; they control Egypt; they have possessions in East Africa; they rule India; their influence is growing in South America, while among the islands of the sea the flag of England is found floating everywhere. "In presence of this spectacle," says M. Demolins, "you must admit that the Anglo-Saxons are invading the world, and consequently that they are superior in those qualities, at least, which bring national power and aggrandisement."

The reception of the book was generally favourable. No serious attempt was made to controvert its arguments. M. Jules Lemaitre, in a brilliant article in the *Figaro*, could only suggest that the private excellencies of the Anglo-Saxon people are by a strange paradox associated with an abominable hypocrisy and odious national selfishness. "Could we by a miracle become possessed of the private virtues of our northern neighbours," he asks, "would we desire to adopt at the same time the role of a people of prey, which England now fills in the world? Though we be no longer the wandering knights of justice and humanity, though there are some things that we cannot accomplish, we can, at least, lift up our voice in their favour." No one would wish to deny to those who are willing to concede their inferiority in individual virtue

the consoling belief that as a nation they are the special champions of justice and humanity.

In what, then, does M. Demolins find Anglo-Saxon superiority to consist? In this, the possession of greater individual independence, self-reliance and initiative. He divides nations into two classes belonging to distinct and opposite types of social formation with fundamentally antagonistic ideals. One he terms collectivist (communautaire) and the other particularist. In the one the individual leans for his maintenance and advancement upon some social organism to which he belongs; in the other he relies upon his own efforts. France belongs to the former type; England to the latter. In France the ambition of the average parent is to place his son in the public service, to scrape together, by severe self-denial and economy, enough to furnish him with a portion, and then to find him a wife with a dowry. In England, on the other hand, the parent considers himself acquitted of his natural obligations when he has given his son a good education and put him in a position to make his own way in the world.

Here we can see the wide difference between the ruling social ideas of the two nations, a difference so profound that it modifies every phase of life, and produces a striking divergence of national character. M. Demolins is not content to state his thesis in general terms. He illustrates and enforces it by a patient and exhaustive examination of the respective condition of the two peoples as revealed in their methods of education, statistics of births and marriages, domestic economy, public finance, the personnel of their politics, their ideas of patriotism, and their attitude towards socialism. Everywhere he finds support for his argument. French education aims at the training of young men for the public service. The natural consequence is that the school is subordinated to this end, and the teacher's aim is not to draw forth the native powers of the pupil, to give him a grasp of the realities of life, to cultivate in him the spirit of self-help and independence, but to enable him to scramble past examinations which are the portal through which the promised land of official employment is reached. Cramming is a constant factor in the system and superficial information on a variety of topics its sole intellectual gain. But everyone cannot be a public servant. Notwithstanding that the list of functionaries is enormously swelled, there is after all only a limited number of places, and the great majority of candidates fail. They must find employment elsewhere. What becomes of them? They betake themselves to other occupations for which they have not been fitted by previous education or early training. They swell the ranks of incompetent journalists, lawyers and politicians. They become an intelligent proletariat whose private misfortunes are expressed in public discontent. They furnish an unstable and revolutionary element to society, corrupting public life and imparting to it violence and passion. The civil service, the army, the liberal professions —these are the goal to which every young Frenchman aspires. The independent pursuits—agriculture, trade, commerce, the industrial and mechanic arts—are despised. The State owes every man a living and to the State he looks for it.

Such a habit of mind is essentially a source of social weakness, but facts are conspiring to make its insufficiency still more marked and to overwhelm with misfortune those who are wedded to it. The industrial situation has, in fact, been revolutionized. In former times production was carried on chiefly in small workshops, supplying the needs of a limited circle of customers and affected by local competition only. Much of the work was done by hand, and special knowledge and methods of labour were transmitted from father to son for generations. Everything tended to stability, to tradition. Now-a-days the situation is strangely altered. The scattered workshops have been brought together in immense factories where steam and electricity furnish unlimited motive power; innumerable in-

ventions have supplied machinery of marvellous ingenuity which has multiplied the productiveness of labour a hundredfold; transport to every part of the world has been made cheap and convenient; purchasers are sought at distances of thousands of miles, and the manufacturer has to meet world-wide competition. Further, the conditions under which any trade is carried on are daily changing. New inventions, new methods, are coming into use. The calm and peaceable life resting upon custom and tradition has passed away and given place to a struggle intense and full of novelty. To succeed under the new order of things requires, above all, self-reliance, courage, cool judgment, prompt decision, openness of mind and quickness to see and appreciate the value of improvements. Hence the defects of the collectivist social formation are vastly more injurious now than ever before. It enfeebles the man at the very moment when he is called to strenuous action; it robs him of his energy when he has to measure himself against hardy competitors.

M. Demolins finds an illustration of his theme in the statistics of births and marriages. In France, between 1770 and 1780, the births were 380 per annum for each ten thousand of the inhabitants; 1821 to 1830, 309; 1880 to 1896, 220. In a century and a quarter the proportion has fallen more than one-third. In 1881 the number of births in France was 937,057. In 1890 it was 838,057, almost 100,000 less. The whole social system tends in this direction. The father of a family, desiring to secure what he considers a good position for his son, has him educated for the public service. He believes it his duty also to make provision as far as possible for his future maintenance by means of a settlement. It is difficult enough for a man to raise and educate a family,—how much more so to save enough to give his children portions? Small families are therefore the rule in France.

Again, as the population of the country is not increasing, its colonies do not flourish. There is as marked a difference now as there was two centuries ago, between the extraordinary growth of English-speaking settlements in new lands and the blight that rests upon countries under French rule. As in the time of Richelieu, the former attract to their shores farmers, mechanics, shopkeepers, men seeking a permanent establishment for themselves, their wives and children; they grow with spontaneous vigour and develop an independent life; their inhabitants multiply in wealth and numbers; they become new nations. As in the time of Richelieu, the population of the latter, other than the natives, is composed principally of soldiers, officials and priests, with a sprinkling of traders and adventurers. Such is the present condition of Algeria, Senegal, Annam, Tonquin and Madagascar. These dependencies are ruled from Paris; their commerce is monopolized by the central power; they have no inner vitality.

M. Demolins' theory throws a flood of light upon the progress of socialism in different European countries. His general criticism of French life, social organization and political ideas, applies equally to Germany, but here the lesson is accentuated. Although the conception of personal independence made its earliest appearance in the forests of Germany among the Teutonic tribes, nevertheless their descendants in our day have lost the tradition, and the individual is crushed and overwhelmed by the power of the State. Germany suffers from paternalism and militarism. Her present ruler takes every occasion to declare that he is the father of his people, that their welfare is in his hands, that he is by divine right absolute master of the State. In Germany and France, more especially, however, in the former, socialism has found a soil fit to receive it. In Germany the prophets and founders of socialism have lived and worked and the socialism of other countries is merely a derivative stream from the German fountain. But among the Anglo-Saxon peoples the doctrine has made little or no progress. In England it has failed

absolutely. In the United States it counts adherents chiefly among German immigrants; the Americans have not been won over. An attempt was made to convert the people of the United States by sending out Liebknecht and one of the daughters of Karl Marx, the author of "Das Kapital," but without effect. The trade unions and knights of labour would have nothing to do with the movement.

What is the reason of the failure of socialism among the English-speaking people? It arises from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon social formation is as profoundly particularist as the German and French is profoundly collectivist. In Germany public powers have been developed to a point which has undermined private and local initiative, while in England they are restrained to a narrow stage. Germany is the home of authority, but the sturdy and combative Anglo-Saxon loves to depend on himself; he loves self-government. The German seeks the solution of social problems in State intervention, in government regulation; the Anglo-Saxon asks for the purpose nothing but individual liberty.

The socialists claim to be preaching a new evangel; they tell us that the future belongs to them. Thus, Edward Bellamy places his regenerate community in the year 2000, and two socialistic articles in the *Arena* magazine for September are called "Studies in Ultimate Society." The fact is, that their ideas are terribly old, that they have become obsolete, and that the progress of the race is carrying us constantly farther away from them.

Socialism in its essence is the system of antiquity and of the Orient of to-day. Instead of youth and vigour it bears the marks of senile infirmity. It was practised in the form of a common possession and collective cultivation of the soil by the patriarchs of the Bible. Some ancient nations, among them the Hebrews, Germans and Slavs, made a periodical redistribution of the land; while among others, *e.g.*, the Egyptians, the national domain was placed in the hands of the sovereign to divide equally the fruits of the labour of his people and to secure the widows and the aged against want. But the people which dominated the Old World was that one which set most store by individual property and civic freedom, viz., the Romans. Nothing could be more natural. What is the State apart from the individuals who compose it? In a legal point of view it is an artificial person, a corporation aggregate; and Plato tells us that it is an organic and spiritual being with a personality, a soul of its own. But these conceptions do not disturb the fact that the character and force of the community depend upon the qualities of the individual citizens.

Not only was collectivism the system of the ancients, but it is the prevailing system at this moment in Asia, North Africa and Eastern Europe. In Russia, for example, the social unit is the Mir, a village community where the rude assembly of boors manages the tillage of the common land, and distributes its fruits according to the number of arms in each family. But we do not look for modern progress in the East. The countries where collectivism reigns are stagnant and low in the scale of civilization. Among them the value of personal character is not understood; the individual leans upon his social setting for support. The advance of the race has been carried forward in quite another way—by the independence, self-reliance and virile energy of which the Anglo-Saxons are the chief exemplars. It is these qualities that have enabled the people of the British Islands to go forth and conquer the world.

The difficulties of life arise from the constitution of things, from the want of perfect adjustment between human nature and the circumstances in which we are placed. We cannot wave them away, nor dodge them. In collectivist societies the attempt is made, but in vain. The consequence is that among the purest examples of this type their hope for the future lies in the annihilation of consciousness, in Nirvana; and why? Because consciousness is for

them synonymous with misery and despair. They have found life too hard. There is a Turkish proverb which says: "It is better to be sitting than standing; lying down than sitting; dead than asleep." What can be more melancholy than the verses of Omer Khayam, or those of the Devas quoted by Sir John Lubbock?

We sojourn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then, leaving life's problems all unsolved,
And harassed by regrets, we have to go.

We are the voices of the wandering wind
Which moans for rest, and rest can never find.
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife!

Socialism, communism, collectivism, every attempt to solve the problems of life for the individual in any other way than by facing them resolutely and surmounting them, has proven a failure. When this fact is recognized and we set ourselves to make every man his own way by his own efforts, character is strengthened and developed, our powers are multiplied and re-inforced, new faculties spring up within us, and we are conscious of an accession of vigour that fits us for any emergency. This is the sole method that brings success, the only path to a high plane of civilization, the one direction in which we may look with hope for an increase in general happiness.

We shall have made but poor use of the work of M. Demolins if we derive no other benefit from it than the gratification of national vanity. Have we reached such a state of perfection that we have nothing to learn, nothing to correct? Let those who think so look about them and they will see much to convince them that the habit of dependence is not confined to the continent of Europe. There are many indications of the growth of that spirit among ourselves. The most noticeable of these is the struggle for office. Witness the clamour that has been heard throughout Canada for a twelvemonth past. On the last change of Government, supporters of the party in power in many constituencies formed committees to consider what officials could be removed to make places for friends. The pressure on Ministers and members became so great as to be almost unbearable, and in several cities—Ottawa, for instance—the latter appointed hours at which they might be seen by applicants for employment. Dismissals and superannuations have been made on a large scale, and still the complaint is heard that the Government has not been active enough in replacing political opponents with political allies. This eagerness to enter the civil service is not confined to any one party. It is a feature of Canadian life to be observed and noted.

In the Province of Ontario there are many things that M. Demolins would probably criticise if he should come here to investigate. Offices have been multiplied to such an extent that whereas there were only six hundred a quarter of a century ago, there are now said to be three thousand. Along with this great increase in the number of officials there has been a centralisation of power in Toronto, effected by withdrawing many of the privileges formerly possessed by the municipalities and transferring them to the provincial Administration. In every direction means have been taken to extend the influence of the Government over various classes of the population. The Education Department and the liquor license act are notable illustrations of this. The consequence has been not only an encroachment by the central authorities upon the functions of municipalities, and the consequent impairment of the independent life and usefulness of these bodies, but a restriction of the freedom of the electorate and a blow at disinterested public opinion, which should be the supreme arbiter of the destinies of parties. The centralisation of power, the extension of patronage and its employment as a reward for political support, and the multiplication of offices, all tend towards one result—to foster a disposition to look to the Government for assistance.

Let us take a recent example of centralisation to be found in the statute book of the province; one not specially harmful nor particularly important, but

which illustrates well enough what we are saying. There have been from time to time a number of defalcations by municipal treasurers, and it has usually been found that their accounts have been audited in a perfunctory manner. Last session the Government appointed a new official to be known as the provincial municipal auditor, whose duty it is to frame rules respecting the number and forms of books of account to be kept by the treasurers, the system of book-keeping to be followed by them, and a provincial audit of their accounts. What does such a provision imply? Simply a want of faith in the power of municipal bodies to manage their own business. The ratepayers are treated as if they were children. How is a healthy and sturdy manhood to be developed unless people are held responsible for the results of their own laxity or negligence? If councilmen are unfit for their places let their constituents select others who are competent; and if the people will not take the care and trouble to do this, by all means let them suffer the penalty, and let them suffer it in their pockets—oftentimes the most sensitive part of the human organization.

It is against tendencies of this kind that we should set our faces. In the interpretation of the British North America Act the Judical Committee of the Privy Council has steadily favoured the claims of the provinces. The interpretation of a written constitution is not at all a mere matter of the application of legal rules; it is a question of State policy, and decentralisation has been the aim of the Privy Council where there is a conflict of jurisdiction. There was such a conflict for years, and Provincial autonomy was a rallying cry in the struggle between the Dominion and the provinces. If provincial autonomy is a good thing, if its maintenance is a worthy object of patriotic effort, local autonomy within the province should be equally dear. In local bodies we have the nurseries of civil and political freedom.

The argument for particularism is not a plea for anarchy or national disintegration. In its application to the actual political organization of Canada and of Ontario the question is admittedly one of limits; but the true principle is that where a function is essentially local in character, where the interest in it is predominantly local, where its performance is quite within the competence of local bodies, these should not be interfered with by the general government. As regards the private citizen, the State has its own place and its own proper duties. These also are necessary for the welfare of society. Aristotle tells us that "Man is by nature a political animal," and further, that "apart from the State he has neither safety nor feeedom." But the undue extension of State authority, the meddling interference of the Government with individual action, is an evil against which we must be constantly on guard if we would secure the continued development of our civilization in the onward path of progress.

*R. W. Shannon.*

# A PRIESTESS OF RIGHT.

*A Study of George Eliot's "Romola."*

TO prosper in one field of fiction by no means precludes the possibility of failure in another. The wonderful picture of 15th century life and character given by George Eliot in "Romola" offers the most brilliant testimony to the versatility of her powers. Lacking somewhat of the vigorous simplicity and powerful realism found in those works whose materials were drawn from her own associations, it atones for this by a completeness of detail and perspective, and a vividness of historical colouring, but little inferior to that of "Ivanhoe." And though Scott remains her superior in his power of becoming imbued with the time-spirit of days historically remote, the woman novelist far surpasses him in her comprehension of the human soul. He displays to us objective acts and their visible actors. She, in addition, analyzes underlying motives and forces, delineating life for us in those subjective aspects which remain unchanged throughout the sweep of centuries. In Sir Walter's characters we are struck chiefly with what is typical of their times; in George Eliot's we marvel rather at the essential continuity of human nature amid changes of age and race. Although destinies are shaped by the overwhelming powers of heredity and external forces, we are given her conscious recognition of the truth that in man's determining environment, as in his soul's response to it, there are throughout all time essentials unchangeable. "The great river-courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, those life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors." The warriors brave and maidens fair of Scott live and act in their own age, but they do not live with us. The throbbing hearts and loving souls of Eliot belong to a race the world still knows. Whether or no they as truly typify Florentine life as the knights and ladies do that of Norman England, we cannot but absorb to the full the spirit of that life which they do possess. More romantic than "Romola," but less intensely human, the historical novels of Scott compare with it in some such way (but without the same disparity) as do the "Leatherstocking Tales" of Cooper with Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

With its recognition of the supremacy of moral purpose, the awful reality of the soul's life, and its possibilities, grand or terrible, this book furnishes perhaps the most forceful instance of the author's constant presentation of the doctrine of retributive justice. With the unhurried certainty of Nemesis, the moral tragedy of a selfish life moves on to its climax in the career of Tito Melema, who at first "thought of nothing cruel or base," but who, "because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, came at last to commit some of the basest deeds."

Our sympathies incline towards the handsome Greek youth who arrives in Florence amid the tumult and discontent following the death of that magnificent tyrant, Lorenzo de Medici. We know not yet all that the false, selfish years are to bring forth, or that the bright, open-faced adventurer has an adopted father now in Moslem slavery. And Tito is possessed of jewels sufficient for a ransom; here comes the first subtle temptation. He knows not where to search for Baldassarre; he will wait for some clue, at least. He sells the jewels and invests the money. Why throw aside the literary and political career which his talents have already opened up for

him? Nello, that droll and wonderful barber-littérateur, introduces him to the blind old scholar Bardo di Bardi. Little wonder that after the youth's bright visits to their secluded abode, the lonely man and his young companionless daughter regard him as son, and more than brother. Happy months pass, and the young people are married. One day, when the city of Florence is in a ferment through the preachings of Savonarola, Baldassarre comes unexpectedly upon the scene—a mental wreck in whom former love for Tito has developed into the one overmastering passion for revenge. All thought for his father, save to regard him as an avenging Nemesis, forsakes the young politician. Subterfuge in private life, as in State affairs, now becomes his constant recourse. The white, statuesque beauty, and the almost austere purity of soul in his golden-haired wife now chill rather than inspire his debased nature. How bitter the revulsion in the gentle-minded Romola at the discovery of his perfidy toward her buried father, in betraying the trust of an executor! How patient her living response to the fervent command of Savonarola to bear still her cross as a wife! But his baseness is now to be revealed in full to her, and in part to the world: his triple plot with the Medici, the old aristocracy, and the commons; his denial and ill-treatment of Baldassarre; his deception of simple Tessa, the mother of his peasant children. The toils close about the fated man; pursued by an enraged mob he seeks escape in the river. Struggling wearily ashore, he finds himself at the mercy of the long-waiting old man whom he had so foully wronged. The clutching fingers do their fatal work; Baldassarre's life-worn spirit, over-satiated with fulfilled revenge, goes to stand before Him who said "Vengeance is mine." Romola finds the true purpose in living—life for others—and makes her home with the little family of the childish Tessa, who, in her simple ignorance, still worships in memory the one whose life was falsehood.

Vividly mirrored in the delineation of Tito's character is the condition of Florentine society during the Renaissance period. It was an existence of brilliant externals, intellectual and temporal wealth, but whose every seeming success depended upon subtle intrigue and the subserviency of all means to a desired end. As at the very core of Tito's career lay the canker of deception, so, too, this national hypocrisy sought to form, from a society lax in morality and lacking in true public spirit, a state with a factitious appearance of perfection in government. In reality vice and crime were never more prevalent; the New Learning served only externally to adorn them. The one influence toward social morality was the personality of Savonarola—the fervent and mystical Dominican friar. Filled with a horror at the growing corruption about him, and discerning something of a probable foreign influence in the affairs of the peninsula, he called upon his countrymen to accept the scourge of heaven which, in the person of Charles VIII. of France, was to drive from Italy all that polluted her life. In trying to reach the debased masses, he himself, perhaps, so lowered his means of attainment that he vitiated the strenuous efforts to realize his exalted end. But the powers of evil overwhelmed him "not because of his sins but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world but because he sought to make it noble." His endeavour toward reform proved but an impotent reaction against the characteristic trend of the nation. It was not merely that an individual reformer was needed. True moral force could come only from a nation with a deeper moral consciousness than that possessed by fallen Italia—then, as in later years,

"Of her own past impassioned nympholept."

The moral effects of the classic revival of learning were at most negative and incredulous; its spirit was mocking and cynical. The common people remained sunk in superstition; the higher classes became in heart anti-

Christian, though "pliantly submissive" to ecclesiastical form from motives of self-interest. At best, the religion of Italy during the period was emotional and ritualistic rather than ethical. Savonarola and Tito are extremes typical of two characteristic tendencies of the age—the one experiencing visions of pious exaltation, the other giving only formal observance to the "profitable fable of Christ." Those like the latter, absorbed in the pleasures of culture, luxury and power, only contributed to the nation's moral stagnation; those of the first type, visionary and mystical, at most stirred only the surface scum. Thus vitiated, the Italian race, as well as being incapacitated for moral effort, was impotent for political action or resistance. A precarious equilibrium was maintained among the separate States only by intrigue and the employment of mercenary troops. The overthrow of this, as is shown in "Romola," was brought about when Charles VIII. led a French army across the Alps. The degree of helplessness to which the Italians had fallen became disastrously evident during the long years following, when the peninsula became the battle-field of Spanish, French, and German forces.

Interesting it is to note that of the two women-authors to whom the English-speaking race awards the palm of genius, each has found in "beauteous Florence" the human environment and scenic colour for a masterpiece. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "From Casa Guida Windows," throbs with the re-asserting life of a long-enslaved race. "*Bella Liberta*" is its refrain, and its sympathetic fervour was of, and for, the present. George Eliot's novel, "Romola," pictures a time long past—the glorious, soulless noon of splendour in the City of Flowers—the age of culture, intrigue, and vice, whose spirit has been embodied by Robert Browning, as by no one else, in "The Grammarian's Funeral" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." But though delineating lives of long ago, the moral energy of the novel is as truly of to-day as that of the poem. And if the impassioned singer of the latter moves us as "A Priestess of Liberty," her sister appeals to us surely as "A Priestess of Right."

*Stambury R. Tarr.*

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# THE MODERN ENGLISH GIRL.*

BY MADAME SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS," ETC.

THOSE who look upon the modern girl as in some sort the result of their own efforts for the emancipation of her sex watch her progress with very mixed feelings. In so far as she is an improvement on the girls of other days, it is a joy to contemplate her; but in view of her failings there is cause for disheartenment. We must remember, however, that she is so much stronger, so much more pronounced in every way than her colourless predecessor, that what would have passed for an amiable trait in a girl of the past generation stands out as a fine quality in the girl of to-day; while, on the other hand, those little weaknesses which provoked the mild recurrent ridicule of our ancestors threaten now to develop into faults or failings with which society will have to reckon.

Strength is one of the coming characteristics of the modern English girl. It is as if nature were fitting her to be the mother of men who will keep us in our proud place as the dominant race. She begins already to show herself superior to the girls of other nations in her courage, and the fineness of her physique, in the soundness of her judgment, and in her knowledge of life, and her capacity for dealing with the problems which beset her.

There was a picture, some little time

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ago, in illustration of an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, in one of the weekly papers, which showed very happily the difference between the two girls. The picture was divided into two sections. In the one an old-fashioned girl, very gentle, sweet, and helpless in appearance, stood beside her mother, by whom she was being sheltered from contact with the outside world. She knew nothing, she was fearful of everything, her intelligence was undeveloped, her character unformed—and in that state she was expected to remain up till the time of her marriage, when she was required to blossom forth into a fully-formed woman, and take upon herself successfully the difficult and complicated duties of mistress of a household and mother of children, as if the necessary knowledge came by instinct. Such was the reason and logic of her day. No wonder in the result she became a subject for ridicule to those who had not heart enough to perceive that she was a subject for sorrow. In the other section of the picture a girl comes riding down the road alone on her bicycle, a slight strong figure, alive, alert, her superabundant vitality, her joy in life and action visible in her whole pose. One knew that she would steer her way through life, as she was steering her way through the traffic of the crowded street, with grace and skill, and arrive at last at her destination, her place of rest, the brighter and the better for all that she had encountered, accomplished and survived.

Which is the better part? The elderly woman of a passive generation who is out of sympathy with the active service of this, and sees only the dangers which undoubtedly surround our advance, holds up the ideal of the sheltered girl. She would have girls to continue delicate, supersensitive—leave them with every nerve exposed to suffer the jars and shocks of a world they cannot avoid, a world which was not arranged for their benefit, but only so as to make them suffer. Happily, it is for the girl herself to choose which she would rather be, the gentle namby-pamby, of little consequence, never at ease, incapable of independent action, unfitted for liberty, a dependent and a parasite from the cradle to the grave, or that nobler girl who is not the less tender because she is self-reliant, nor the less womanly because she has the power to resent insult and imposition. A woman cannot be developed into a man, and, therefore, when a woman is strengthened she is strengthened in womanliness, which surely is a desirable consummation. But just as there were fine characters developed by the old inadequate system of education, so may there be much that is regrettable brought out as a result of the new and better method. What should be guarded against is letting go; let nothing go that is good.

A truism of culture insists that it is good to be gracious, gentle, loving, kind and true; these are qualities of noble womanhood which should be jealously guarded by women. But one of the great difficulties of education is that the same training results in quite opposite effects on different characters. What produces the happiest results on one temperament may be disastrous to another; ideas which make one girl a capable gentlewoman will make another a vulgar hoyden, and there is no help for it in the system. The same, broadly speaking, must be applied to all. There may be modifications to suit special cases, but the modifications must be managed by individuals at their own discretion. The different effects are probably due to personal equation, natural bent, something in the blood, but they are also due to the girl's own ideal of life, and to the influence of associates who are either helping her instructors or at war with them. It is a thankless task to find fault with others; but with ourselves or our work, when we find fault, the tonic property of the discipline helps us to bear it. Still, it goes against the grain to have to admit that our countrywomen are inferior in anything to the women of other nations; but it is well to be watchful, especially at the present

MADAME SARAH GRAND.

period of their progress, lest they become so. So far they have not deteriorated, and there is good hope that they will not deteriorate ; but, on the contrary, advance in spite of the dangers that beset them. At the present time, however, they seem to have entered upon what threatens to be an ugly phase.

On returning to England after a prolonged absence, one is painfully struck by the fact that there is one thing in which the modern English girl, with all her advantages, tends to be deficient, and that is charm of manner. The boy remains much the same, but the girl has lost a good deal of the natural dainty diffidence of youth ; she thinks too much of herself, too little of other people ; and that this should be the case is anything but a credit to her. In return for all that society concedes to her to-day in the way of education, physical training and independence, she should at least show a desire to please. She has a great objection to disagreeable people, yet she takes no trouble to make herself agreeable. When she is out of temper she does not conceal the fact. In her home-life she is apt to be selfish, and in society she is only genial when it suits herself. She walks with a stride, she elbows people about in a crowd, she asserts herself on all occasions, and there is a conceited "I'm as good as you are" sort of air about her, a want of becoming deference to people older than herself, which is peculiarly unlovely, not to say offensive, and proclaims her at once underbred and ungenerous—ungenerous in that she accepts every privilege bestowed upon her, but offers nothing in return, cultivates none of the gentle dignity, the grace, with which women can add so much to the beauty of life. In this world, if we would be happy, we must give as well as take ; but, for the moment, the policy of the modern girl seems to be to take all that she can get, and give nothing.

This, at least, is one's first impression of her after one has been accustomed to the grace, sweetness, elegance and perfect breeding of girls of all classes in France. The little laundress who brings home the washing, and is concerned about a morsel of lace torn from a pocket-handkerchief ; the waitress at a country inn who takes infinite pains to think of things with which to tempt the precarious appetite of madame ; the overworked *bonne* who yet finds time for the flowers which she knows one loves ; the sempstress hurrying home, who readily goes out of her own way to show us ours ; the shop-girl behind her counter, who is more anxious to oblige a customer than to palm off her wares—any and every girl you speak to responds with smiling deference—not to your rank, but to your individuality ; with perfect self-possession, but an utter absence of self-consciousness ; with an evident desire to please, which lends to her manner the ease, the simplicity and the distinction which in England is only associated in our minds with the manners of people of the highest birth.

There are those who will say that our girls may thank their emancipation for their gaucheness, that liberty of action, over-education, and the bicycle are at fault—as if restraint, ignorance, and walking exercise only were compatible with a gracious demeanour. That we could not be both refined and independent was the cry raised by the opponents of any change in the position of women, and now they are saying : "We told you so." But they are wrong as to cause and effect, for surely the most daringly independent women were those who brought about the changes which were so bitterly opposed, and these women were not wanting in refinement. In fact, the ones to whom we owe most were women whose gentle diffidence and sweetness of manner won us our partisans from among the great majority of people who are susceptible to charm, but impervious to argument. There has been nothing in the woman movement to coarsen women, and if her advantages have had the effect, not of helping, but of hindering the advance

of the modern girl, it is not more her fault than the fault of those who have had the direction of her early training. Sufficient attention has not been paid to her manners. Instead of being taught to improve herself, she has been left to conclude that she is all that she ought to be. Manner is a thing that must be cultivated to be brought to perfection, and the trouble with her is that only too often when left to her own devices she does not realize the necessity, she has no idea how unattractive she is, nor how much more she might make of herself and her acquirements by adding to them, by way of finishing touch, a desire to please—and that, not only on occasion but always, no matter where she may be, nor whom she may address. For good manners are a decoration that must be worn continually if they are to sit well upon us. They must be a fundamental part of the character, an evidence of unselfishness, delicate consideration for the feelings of others, powers of appreciation, and many other good qualities. If manners make the man, they make the woman in a still more essential degree, a degree, that is, which is more essential to the well-being of the community at large; for if the women do not preserve the refinements of life, and hand them on from one generation to another, then the refinements of life must go altogether. There are people who boast a dislike to ceremony, but experience teaches that "I don't stand upon ceremony" is a person to be avoided, a gritty kind of person who is certain to grate upon us sooner or later. A rigid etiquette simplifies social relations just as a place for everything and everthing in its place simplifies the business of life and adds to our comfort. If the modern girl would be a success in her time she would do well to remember for her own sake as well as for that of others that

> . . . Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

*Madame Sarah Grand.*

## EVENTIDE.

I SIT and rock in the shadows gray
As the darkness spreads o'er the dying day,
And I listen the voice of my Floyven fair
Speak the words of age with a childlike air;
And I long to live in the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

I turn from a world of doubt and sin
And I dare not look my own heart within;
But I cuddle my bairn closer up to my breast
As she falls asleep in a perfect rest,
And I pray for the faith and the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

*Frank Lawson.*

# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

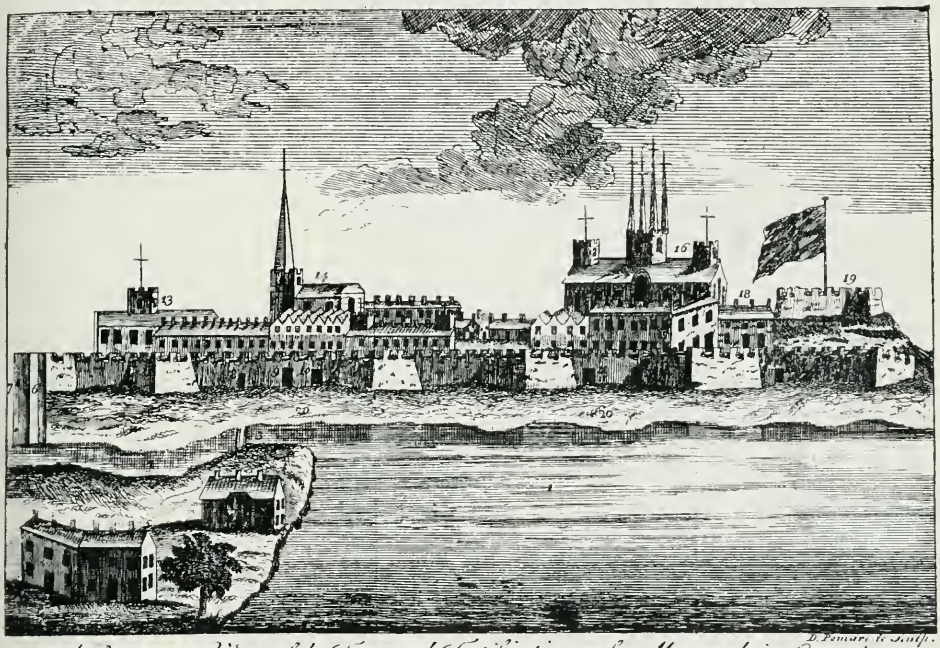
## IV.—THE HEROES OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR (1756-1763).

FRANCE and England entered on the struggle for dominion in America about the same time, but by the middle of the eighteenth century the communities founded by the latter exhibited a vigour and vitality which were never illustrated in the development of the poor and struggling settlements of Canada and Louisiana. The total population of New France—that is, of all the French possessions in North America—did not then exceed 80,000 souls, of whom 70,000 were inhabitants of the country on the St. Lawrence, chiefly of the Montreal and Quebec districts. For many years settlement and tillage were retarded by the attention that was paid to the fur-trade and the nomadic habits of the youth who were lured away to the wilderness by a spirit of adventure and love for the free life of the forest and river. Through the seigniorial tenure was intended, and actually did something for the encouragement of agriculture, yet on the whole its results were not at all commensurate with the expectations of its early promoters. The seigniors themselves did relatively little to bring their lands into a profitable condition, while the majority of the *habitants* were poor farmers and never raised a sufficiency of food for the country when it was most needed. In the early days of the colony the Iroquois harassed the settlements and prevented extensive and regular culture, and when the French regime was drawing to its close the exactions of the Government and its demands upon the people, capable of bearing arms, were fatal to steady farming occupations. Indeed, in the towns of Quebec and Montreal there was more than once an insufficiency of food for the garrison, and horse flesh had to be given to prevent starvation. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of a ship from France, laden with provisions, in the spring of 1759, Quebec would have been unable to feed its army and inhabitants.

The few seigniors that were well-to-do spent their little means in Quebec and Montreal, where the officials and military lived gay and even dissolute lives. Of commerce, domestic or foreign, there was none in a large sense. A few French merchants and monopolists, in league with corrupt officials, controlled the markets and robbed a long-suffering and patient people. Indeed, it may be said that French Canada was nursed from an early time in corruption and prepared by the French regime for the advantages that the strife of political parties under English popular government offers to "free and independent electors." The names of Bigot, and other French officials of the last years of French administration are justly execrated by honest French Canadians as robbers of the State and people in the hours when the country was on the verge of ruin. Gold and silver were never seen by the mass of the people, and paper promises to pay, known as card money, were widely circulated from early times and never for the most part redeemed.

The Governor and Intendant, with the assistance of a Superior Council, ruled the people under the authority

derived from the French King, to whom reference had to be made in all doubtful and unprovided cases. Of government, as known to Englishmen in all Colonial conditions, there was no sign whatever. The people obeyed the decrees of the King or ordinances of the Colonial authorities without having the right to protest or even murmur. They obeyed the mandates of the civil and military authorities with the same submission that they yielded to the French Canadians moved as a unit when orders were once received from the militia captains and other officials, through whom the State issued instructions. Men left their farms and workshops at the call of France, and though there must have been often sore hearts, especially in the closing years of French dominion when the prospect seemed so gloomy, yet the patient, loyal French people on the banks of the St. Lawrence never failed to rally to the



*A Perspective View of the Town and Fortifications of Montreal in Canada.*

1. River St. Lawrence. 2. St. Peter's River. 3. A Bridge Over St. Peter's River. 4. M. de la Calliere's House. 5. The General Hospital. 6. A Dry Ditch, 8 feet deep. 7. The Glacis. 8. The Small Gate. 9. Market Gate. 10. St. Mary's Gate. 11. Water Gate. 12. The The Sally-post. 13. The Recollet's Convent. 14. The Parish Church. 15. The Nunnery-Hospital. 16. The Jesuit's Church and Seminary. 17. The Palace of M. Vaudreuil, Governor-General of Canada. 18. M. de Longuevil's House. 19. The Citadel. 20. The Wharf. (Taken from "A Complete History of the Late War," Dublin, 1774.)

bishop and curé in all religious and parochial matters. Though this autocratic system prevented that independence of judgment and freedom of action, enjoyed and exercised by the English Colonies in their local affairs and in their relations with the mother country, it had one advantage at critical times. No legislature hampered the plans of French officials for the defence and security of the province. The defence of the country for which they and their fathers had toiled and suffered for nearly a century and a half under the most enormous disadvantages.

France possessed an empire in America, but she never had people enough within its vast domain to hold it. Had her King and his ministers ever seriously listened to the urgent appeals often made to them by men like De la Galissonière and other prescient Cana-

THE RT.-HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Who in 1756 succeeded Fox as Secretary of State, and who selected Wolfe for the work wh ch he accomplished in 1759.

dian Governors, who recognized the necessity of bringing a large population to the villages of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, the destiny of Canada might not have been so speedily decided in 1759 and 1760. The needs of Canada and Louisiana were always men and money. After the beginning of the eighteenth century the emigration from France appears to have practically ceased, and the population of New France at the time of the conquest were chiefly the descendants of the immigrants that came to America during the second half of the seventeenth century. By 1753 France claimed dominion over the great valleys of North America—of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi. She had a few straggling villages and posts in the very garden of the "Old Northwest"—the Illinois Country—and on the lower Mississippi, but the total population of New France from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico did not exceed 10,000 souls.

On the other hand, the English Colonies occupied only a narrow fringe of territory extending on the Atlantic coast from the Penobscot River to Spanish Florida. They were pent up between the ocean and the Appalachian ridges, beyond which their most venturesome pioneers never attempted to pass until the French had fairly won by their daring and enterprise the Illinois country and even occupied the Ohio valley. But relatively insignificant as was the range of territory on which the British Colonial communities had grown up in the course of fourteen decades of years, it illustrated the industry, energy and business capacity of the British race wherever it obtains a firm footing. The town of Boston, then the most populous and wealthy place, had larger trade and wealth than the whole of Canada. Its shipping interests were large, its trade was most extensive, its people—and this is true of the whole of New England—enjoyed self-government to a remarkable degree, and its system of popular schools was excellent. The total population of the British Colonies at the beginning of the Seven Years' War was nearly twenty times larger than that of Canada and Louisiana combined. In all that constitutes happiness, comfort and strength the people of the Thirteen Colonies had every possible superiority over the depressed community on the St. Lawrence. Indeed, it is not possible to make any comparisons in these respects between the American Colonies of the two rival nations. The Colonies of Great Britain were free, self-

governing communities that had grown and prospered under the system of indifference and neglect which distinguished her colonial policy in those days, and allowed the people to develop those characteristics of indomitable energy and perseverance which are so thoroughly British. The colonies of France were repressed from their birth by the illiberal system of government which prevailed throughout France and her possessions, and never allowed free expansion of thought and action. Much allowance, of course, must be made for the differences in the respective characters of Englishman and Frenchman. One was accustomed to liberty of thought and action just as the other was crushed beneath the heels of civil and ecclesiastical autocracy. The one resented too much government, while the other bowed to it as one of the national conditions of his existence. The French Canadian was the mere puppetof the State, while the British colonist felt his responsibility as a free man and citizen. Even in the time of war he acted with a freedom which too often prevented that unity of action essential to military success. British governors and commanders found themselves constantly hampered by the jealousies of self-asserting, independent colonies, and the claims of each to be separately consulted. Had there been always unity of co-operation on the part of the populous and prosperous British Colonies from Massachusetts to Carolina—had there been a larger spirit of patriotism—had there been a national sentiment which could have embraced all the Colonies, and evoking the made New England feel like Virginia, Quebec might have fallen much earlier in the eighteenth century. As it was, however, the self-sacrificing, patriotic spirit of the small French population of Canada, and the military genius of soldiers like Frontenac, Duquesne, Montcalm and Lévis maintained and even extended French dominion in the face of the growing population and wealth of colonies on the Atlantic coast.

From the very commencement of the rivalry between England and France in America the French had one advantage over the English, and that arose from their readiness to mingle with the Indian tribes, and their ability to win their friendship and even their affection. It was Champlain's fatal error —or, at least, his mistaken policy, in

MARQUIS DE MONTCALM (1712-1759)

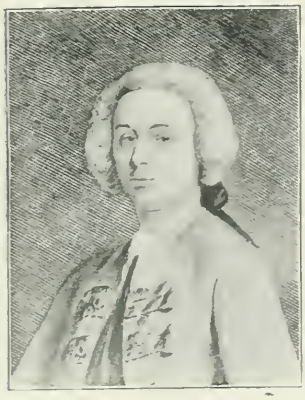
inveterate hostility of the bravest and strongest Indian nations of America, the Iroquois Confederacy —that alone prevented the French from becoming at an early date masters of the Lake Champlain region, of a large portion of New York State, and of the Ohio valley, and otherwise adding to the perils of the British Colonies on the Atlantic coast. The Dutch entered into the valley of the Hudson almost contemporaneously with Champlain, and succeeded by their honest and judicious policy in obtaining the friendship and confidence of the Iroquois, then deeply incensed against the French. When the English subsequently came into possession of the valuable country now known as the State of New York, they found the Iroquois friendly disposed and ready to exchange furs for ammunition and English goods. These cunning Indians saw the benefit they would derive from having easy access to people whom they recognized as rivals of their hated enemies on the St. Lawrence. For years Canada's prosperity was retarded by the murderous raids of these ruthless savages, and it was only when Frontenac effectively humbled them that the country was able to settle down to industrial occupations. Up to the breaking out of the Seven Years' War the power of the Confederacy had been greatly weakened, and a number of Christian Indians had even been induced from an early date to settle in the vicinity of Montreal. It was the policy of the English to win the Confederacy, then known as the Six Nations, entirely to their side. Indeed, by the Treaty of Utrecht France practically recognized them as subjects of Great Britain. In later years the Confederacy made treaties with representatives of the Colonies which gave them presumably large territorial rights. But such a title as they could give to western lands had a questionable value. Iroquois Conquest, as Parkman has truly said, did not mean occupation and dominion. But the Iroquois were not always to be relied on by the English. According as success crowned the arms of the French the allegiance of these Indians wavered, and had it not been for the efforts of Sir William Johnson, who had a thorough comprehension of the Indian character and enjoyed their confidence and respect to an exceptional degree, large numbers might have been found more than once fighting on the French side, or at least have become neutrals. But apart from this confederacy, all the other Indian tribes of the continent, who were not within the territory of the English Colonies—the tribes of the Northwest, even the wandering Sioux, the nations in the

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

valley of the Ohio, the Algonquins and Wyandots of the St. Lawrence valley, the Abenakis of Maine, the Etchemins and Souriquois of Acadia—all these were unswerving allies of the French. The English settler or trader had never been able, as a rule, to win the friendship of the Indian tribes. He was always a stranger to their customs, and was never heartily welcomed at their camp-fires, like the French *coureur de bois* or *voyageur*. The Frenchman studied and imitated their habits, took to himself an Indian wife, or mistress, according to his pleasure, shared their savage feasts and orgies. Frontenac did not think it beneath his dignity to take part in their dances, and he is only an illustrious example of the aptitude of the French of all classes to adapt themselves to Indian conditions, and in that way win their friendship. At the same time, the French met the Indians on a basis of equality — not in that spirit of superiority and arrogance which too often characterized the relations of the English with the savage nations, and which they with their keen sagacity at once detected and resented. The French understood Indian nature, and made their gifts, not with an air of condescension, but with an obvious desire to please a friend and equal. The Indian character is a strange compound of cupidity and meanness. At the same time, he has, under some circumstances, an exaggerated idea of his own dignity and importance as a chief or warrior. The French understood his susceptibilities in these respects, and never wounded them by treating them as a child or a woman, which was the greatest insult that could be heaped on them. Frontenac and Callières knew when to be firm, and even stern, in their negotiations with them; but they never insulted them by exhibitions of meanness or stinginess, or made them believe they were attempting to gain an advantage over them. The Indians always knew they could depend on the promises of their French allies and would not be cheated out of their lands or furs. On the other hand, English traders, generally of a low class, brought Englishmen more or less into disrepute among the Indians.

ADMIRAL SAUNDERS.

With these general remarks on the condition of the English and French Colonies, I shall now proceed to refer to some of the events that preceded the Seven Years' War. After the Treaty of Utrecht, France recognized the mistake she had made in giving up Acadia, and devoted her attention to the Island of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, on whose south-eastern coast soon arose the fortifications of Louisbourg. In the course of years this fortress became a menace to English interests in Acadia and New England. In 1745 the town was taken by a force of New England volunteers, led by General Pepperrell, a discreet and able colonist, and a small English squadron under the command of Commodore, afterwards Admiral, Warren, both of whom were rewarded by the Imperial Government for their distinguished services on this memorable occasion. France, however, appreciated the importance of Isle Royale, and



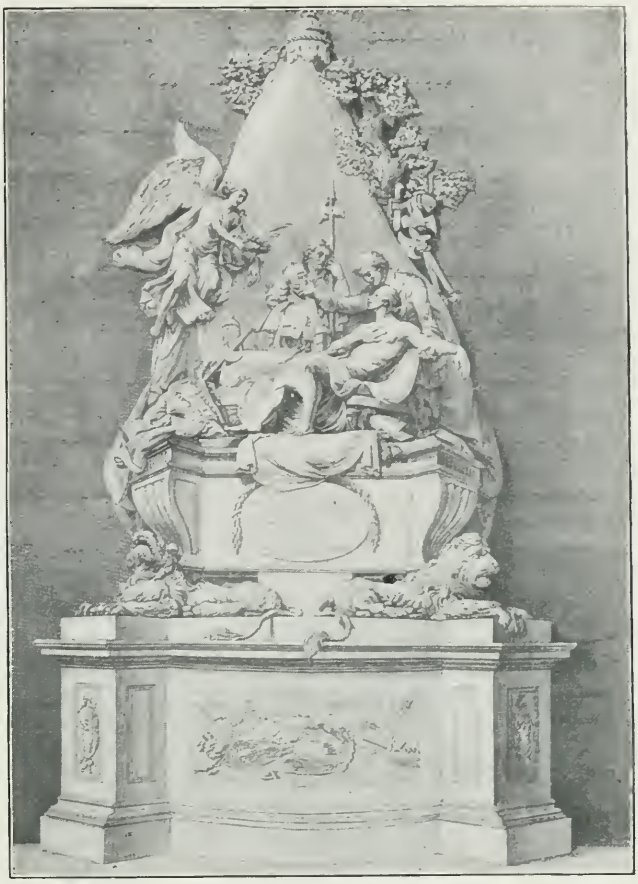
This is the only portrait of Wolfe known to have been painted from life. It represents him in the first regiment with which he served. The original is in the possession of Colonel Warde, of Squerryes Court.

obtained its restoration in exchange for Madras in the East Indies, where an English trading company had grown up since the days of Queen Elizabeth. England then decided to strengthen herself in Acadia, where France retained her hold on the French Acadian population through the secret influence of her emissaries, chiefly missionaries, and accordingly established a town on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, ever since known as Halifax, in honuor of a prominent statesman of those times. The seat of government was removed from the town of Annapolis Royal, where the old fort had been held for years by only a small force of English soldiers, entirely unequal to the duty of effectually awing the large number of French Acadians, who were then settled in the Annapolis valley, on the fertile lands bordering the streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy, and on the Isthmus of Chignecto, which connects Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. These French settlers, about twelve thousand in all by the middle of the eighteenth century, a thrifty, industrious and simple-minded people, easily influenced by French agents, called themselves "Neutrals," and could not be forced to take the unqualified oath of allegiance which was demanded of them by the authorities at Halifax. The English Government was now determined to act with firmness in a province where their interests had been so long neglected, and where the French inhabitants had in the course of forty years shown no disposition to consider themselves British subjects and discharge their obligations to the British Crown. France had raised the contention that the Acadia ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht was not the Acadia which included the present province of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the greater part of Maine, but only Nova Scotia, and, indeed, only a portion of that peninsula according to some French authorities. Commissioners were appointed by the two Powers to settle the question of boundaries—of the meaning of "Acadia, with its ancient boundaries," but their negotiations came to naught, and the issue was only settled by the arbitrament of war. The French built the forts of Beausèjour and Gaspereau—the latter a mere palisade—on the Isthmus of Chignecto, which became the rendezvous of the French Acadians, whom the former persuaded by promises or threats to join their fortunes. In 1755 a force of English and Colonial troops, under the command of Colonels Moncton, Winslow and Scott, captured these forts, and this success was followed by the banishment of the Acadian French. This cruel act of Governor Lawrence and the English authorities at Halifax was no doubt largely influenced by the sentiment of leading men in New England, who were apprehensive of the neighbourhood of so large a number of an alien people, who could not be induced to prove their loyalty to Great Britain, and

Jam: Wolfe.

Copy of a painting of Wolfe, by Schaak, in the National Portrait Gallery, London, England.

might, in case of continued French successes in America, become open and dangerous foes. But while there are writers who defend this sad incident of American history on the ground of stern national necessity at a critical period in the affairs of this continent, all humanity that listens to the dictates of the heart and tender feeling will always deplore the exile of those hapless people. One would fain believe that other measures, less cruel in their consequences, could have been devised and successfully consummated to bring the contumacious Acadians to their senses and make them eventually loyal British subjects. But while we pity these exiles and condemn the sternness of the resolve that drove them from the lands which they had tilled with so much industry, it is well to remember that in the conflicts of old times between the French and English Colonies humane counsels too rarely dominated, and the annals of *la petite guerre*, which constantly devastated parts of New England, are full of the stories of murdered men, women and children. Even Frontenac, brave soldier and statesman, was ready to carry out a bold plan by which all the British and Dutch people in what is now New York State would be forcibly driven from their homes and their places taken by the French. It was left for Englishmen in a later century to carry out a cruel scheme first suggested by the ablest Governor of the French regime. I do not, however, mention this historical fact as any extenuatiug circumstance for the expulsion of the unhappy farmers of Acadia, but simply to show how in times of war men of the highest character are deaf to all dictates of humanity.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Previous to the expulsion of the Acadians from their happy homes on the meadows of Grand Pré and Minas, England had sustained a severe defeat in the valley of the Ohio, which created much alarm throughout the English colonies, and probably had some influence on the fortunes of this unhappy people. France had formally taken possession of the Ohio country, and established forts in 1753 on French Creek, at its junction with the Alleghany and at the forks of the Ohio. Both De La Galissonière and Duquesne, when governors, immediately recog-

nized the value of a valley which lay between Canada and the Mississippi, and was so necessary to the security of the American dominions of France. Adventurous British pioneers were at last commencing to cross the Alleghanies, and a company had been formed with the express intention of stimulating settlement in the valley. George Washington, at the head of a small Colonial force, was defeated in his attempt to drive the English from the Ohio, and the English Government was compelled to send out a large body of regular troops under the command of General Braddock, who met defeat and death on the banks of the Monongahela. General Johnson, on the other hand, defeated a force of French regulars, Canadian Militia and Indians, under General Dieskau, at the southern end of Lake George.

In 1756 war was publicly proclaimed between France and England, although, as we have just seen, it had already broken out many months previously in the forests of America. When the two Powers met in a final struggle France had to face a vastly superior force of English regular and Colonial troops as well as a great fleet sent to American waters, but, at the same time, she had in her favour the loyal support of the French-Canadians, the advantage of an apparently impregnable position at Quebec, and the defence of numerous forts which commanded the approaches to the French possessions. Louisbourg protected the entrance to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Quebec had been strengthened since the days of Frontenac, and was believed to be safe from any assailants. The approaches to Montreal by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River were defended by forts at Crown Point, Ticonderoga and St. Jean. Lake Ontario was defended on the east by Fort Frontenac, and on the west by Fort Niagara, which was considered the Canadian key to the Ohio valley, and, indeed, to the whole western country. Forts at Detroit, Mackinaw and the Sault gave additional security for French interests in the basin of the great lakes. Other forts and posts in the country watered by the Wisconsin, Illinois, Wabash and Maumee, protected the great western region and prevented access to the Mississippi, whose mouth was defended by New Orleans. Canada, consequently, attempted to keep up a connection between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence through her vast territory by means of a cordon of forts and posts, separated, in the majority of cases, by great distances from each other, but still a source of strength in her ambitious plan of dominion had she ever had a sufficient force of men to hold them.

During the Seven Years' War England's ally, Frederick the Great, gained the victories of Rossbach, Leuthen and Minden, and laid the foundations of the present empire of Germany. India was virtually won for England by Clive at Plassy, and France was compelled to give up her ambitious designs in America and cede Canada to her rival, and Louisiana to Spain. It was the genius of the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, that mainly brought about such momentous results. Through his energetic and prescient statesmanship England supported Frederick, and Wolfe was chosen to assail Quebec.

During the first two years of the war in America the English forces sustained several disasters through the incompetency of the English Commanders on land and sea. The French were now led by the Marquis de Montcalm, distinguished both as a soldier of great ability and as a man of varied intellectual accomplishments. In the early part of his Canadian campaign he was most fortunate. Fort William Henry, at the foot of Lake George, and Fort Oswego, on the south side of Lake Ontario, were captured, but his signal victory at the former place was sullied by the massacre of defenceless men, women and children by his Indian allies, although it is now admitted by all impartial writers that he did his utmost to prevent so sad a sequel to his triumph. The English Commander-in-Chief, Lord Loudoun,

assembled a large military force at Halifax in 1757 for the purpose of making a descent on Louisbourg; but he returned to New York without accomplishing anything, when he heard of the disastrous affair of William Henry, for which he was largely responsible on account of having failed to give sufficient support to the defenders of the fort. Admiral Holbourne sailed to Louisbourg, but he did not succeed in coming to an engagement with the French fleet then anchored in the harbour, and the only result of his expedition was the loss of several of his ships on the reefs of that foggy, rocky coast.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

WOLFE'S PROFILE.

In 1758 Pitt had full control of foreign and Colonial affairs. He determined to enter on a vigorous campaign against France in America. No statesman ever enjoyed to a greater degree the esteem and confidence of the great middle and commercial classes of the people than the elder Pitt. The same faith he felt himself in the resources of the nation he was able to inspire in others. He was an opponent of aristocratic nepotism in the administration of military and naval affairs, and chose his instruments for their ability and not for their family influence. For America he chose Amherst, Boscawen, Howe, Forbes, Wolfe, Lawrence and Whitman. Abercromby was unfortunately allowed to remain in place of Loudoun, but it was expected by Pitt and others that Lord Howe, one of the best soldiers in the British army, would make up for the military weakness of that commander. Louisbourg, Fort Duquesne, and the forts on Lake George, were the immediate objects of attack. Abercromby at the head of a noble force failed ignominiously in his assault on Ticonderoga, and Lord Howe was one of the first to fall in that unhappy and ill-managed battle. Amherst and Boscawen, on the other hand, took Louisbourg, where Wolfe displayed great energy and contributed largely to the success of the enterprise. Forbes was able to occupy the important fort at the forks of the Ohio, which gave to the English control of the beautiful country to the west of the Alleghanies. Fort Frontenac was taken by Bradstreet, and Prince Edward Island, then called Ile St. Jean, was occupied by an English force as the necessary consequence of the fall of the Cape Breton fortress. The nation felt that its confidence in Pitt was fully justified and that the power of France in America was soon to be effectually broken.

It does not fall within the scope of

this paper to describe the battles and sieges that distinguished the campaign in America; all that the writer can do is to recall the services of the illustrious men who fought and struggled for both England and France at this crisis in the destiny of their respective nations. Both Powers were well represented in that famous war. Montcalm, Levis and Bourlamaque were men no way inferior to Amherst, Wolfe and Murray, though success at the last crowned the efforts of the latter. All were heroes equally by virtue of their endeavours in the cause they were called upon by duty and patriotism to sustain. Defeat does not lower the Frenchmen in our esteem. The monument which was placed in later times on the heights of Quebec bore expressive testimony to the common courage and genius of Montcalm and Wolfe.

In 1759 and 1760 Pitt's designs were crowned with signal success. Wolfe proved at Quebec that the statesman had not overestimated his value as a soldier and leader. Wolfe was supported by Brigadiers Monckton, Townshend, Murray and Guy Carleton —the latter a distinguished figure in the later annals of Canada. The fleet was commanded by Admirals Saunders, Durell and Holmes, all of whom rendered most effective service. The English occupied the Island of Orleans and the heights of Lévis, from which they were able to keep up a most destructive fire on the Capital. The whole effective force under Wolfe did not reach 9,000 men, or 5,000 less than the regular and Colonial army under Montcalm, whose lines extended behind batteries and earthworks from the St. Charles River, which washes the base of the rocky heights of the town, as far as the falls of Montmorency. The French held an impregnable position which their General decided to maintain at all hazards, despite the constant efforts of Wolfe for weeks to force him to the issue of battle. Above the city for many miles there were steep heights, believed to be unapproachable, and guarded at all important points by detachments of soldiery. Wolfe failed in an attempt which he made at Beauport to force Montcalm from his defences, and suffered a considerable loss through the rashness of his grenadiers. This disaster preyed upon his mind and added to his physical infirmities, which prevented his active service for a short time. The army, who loved and had every confidence in their Commander, were becoming quite despondent, when he happily rallied and resolved on the bold stroke which succeeded, by virtue of its very audacity, in deceiving his opponent, and giving the victory to the English. A rugged and dangerous path was used at night up those very heights to the west of the fortress which were believed to be unassailable. Bougainville, whose special duty it was to guard these banks, had been suddenly called away to Cape Rouge, eight miles up the river, to watch the movements of that section of the English fleet which had succeeded in reaching that point with a large portion of the army intended to carry out Wolfe's plan of attack. Bougainville, like Montcalm himself, never contemplated that it was proposed to climb a cliff which the latter confidently believed "a hundred men could easily defend against the whole British army." All the circumstances favoured the bold design of Wolfe, who marshalled his little army on the plains of Abraham on the morning of that 13th of September now so memorable in Canadian annals. The point chosen for the climbing of the cliff is now known as Wolfe's cove, but its name in 1759 was *Anse au Foulon*.

The contest was short and decisive. Wolfe had probably 4,500 men, and Montcalm several hundred more, to fight one of the great battles of history. The French General has been censured for not having awaited the coming up of Bougainville who had 2,000 men in his command, and for having too readily accepted the challenge of the English army on the plains of Abraham. Montcalm, however, recognized the necessity of preventing any reinforcement from reaching Wolfe, and hoped his superior numbers would make up

for their inferiority in discipline and equipment compared with the smaller English force. His expectations were never realized. In a few minutes the French were piled in heaps on the plains as they met the deadly fire of the English lines, and Montcalm was forced to retreat with the beaten remnant of his army. Wolfe received several wounds, and died on the battlefield, but not before he was conscious of his victory. "God be praised," were his dying words, "I now die in peace." His brave adversary was mortally wounded while seeking the protection of Quebec, and was buried in a cavity which a shell had made in the floor of the chapel of the Ursuline convent. A few days later Quebec capitulated. Had Lévis been on the scene of battle and able to assume command when Montcalm was wounded, perhaps the demoralized army might have been rallied and able with the aid of Bougainville to give battle again to the English, and delay the fall of the Capital. But Lévis was at Montreal, then believed to be in danger from Amherst, who held possession of the French forts on Lakes George and Champlain; and when he did arrive it was too late. Vaudreuil had failed to support Ramsay at Quebec, which was given up five days after the English victory. Wolfe's body was taken to England, where it was received with all the honours due to his great achievement. General Murray was left in command at Quebec, and was defeated in the following spring by Lévis in the battle of Ste. Foye, which raised the hopes of the French until the appearance of English ships in the river relieved the beleaguered garrison and decided for ever the fate of Quebec. A few weeks later Montreal capitulated to Amherst, whose extreme caution throughout the campaign was in remarkable contrast with the dash and energy of the hero of Quebec. The war in Canada was now at an end, and in 1763 the Treaty of Paris closed the interesting chapter of French dominion on the banks of the St. Lawrence and in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

History has done full justice to the character and services of Wolfe. His victory at Quebec—his one great exploit—was the result of his energy, courage and boldness. Canadians and Englishmen have placed him among their heroes. Had he lived he would have probably continued to do honour to his name and race. Still, who can say he was not happy in the manner of his death, since it occurred in the moment of victory, and Fate could have for him no misfortune or defeat or humiliation in store—"No slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune." A modern writer* has well said of him, and of another Englishman still greater in achievement: "Happiest of all, viewed from the standpoint of fame, are those whose departure is as well timed as their appearance; who do not survive the instant of perfected success, to linger on subjected to the searching tests of common life, but pass from our ken in a blaze of glory, which thenceforth forever encircles their names. In that evening twilight break away and vanish the crimson clouds wherewith human frailties and tyrant passions had threatened to darken their renown; and their sun goes down with a lustre which the lapse of time is powerless to dim. Such was the privilege of the stainless Wolfe; such, beyond all others, was that of Nelson."

Wolfe was animated by the noblest ambition that can impel a man to exertion—that of winning honours for his country and race. A soldier, he recognized the mutability of human fortune and the uncertainty of human life. It was quite in harmony with the melancholy strain of thought, to which he often yielded, that he should have reflected on the lesson taught in those beautiful verses of Gray's Elegy, which he repeated in the silence and solemnity of that summer night when he and his comrades were about to make a bold stroke for England and fame. We are also told that there was found on his person, when he fell on the battle-field, a piece of paper on which he had written the following lines which had been

* Captain Mahan in his Life of Nelson (1897).

taken with some variations*—probably his own—from Pope's translation of the Iliad, and well described his feeling at momentous crises of his life :

"But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
That life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.
Brave let us fall, or honoured if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.
Such, men shall own, deserve a sovereign state,
Envied by those who dare not imitate."

Pitt and Wolfe must take a high place among the makers of the Dominion of Canada with its great possibilities, as well as of the United States, whose population already reaches seventy-five millions of souls, living in forty-five States and several territories. Had not the statesman's genius and the soldier's valour relieved the thirteen Colonies of the constant menace of the presence of France on the continent, the War of Independence would, in all probability, have been indefinitely postponed. It was these two men who, above all others, gave relief to French Canada from the absolutism of Old France, and started her in her career of self-government and political liberty. When the great procession passed before the Queen on the day of the Diamond Jubilee—when delegates from all parts of a mighty world-embracing empire gave her their loyal and heartfelt homage—Canada was represented by a Prime Minister who belonged to that race which has steadily gained in intellectual strength, political freedom, and material prosperity since the memorable events of 1759 and 1760. In that Imperial procession nearly half the American continent was represented—Acadie and Canada, the Northwest prairies first traversed by French-Canadian adventurers, the Pacific coast first seen by Cook and Vancouver. There, too, marched men from Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Jeypore, Haidarabad, Kashmir, the Punjaub, from all sections of that great empire of India which was won for England by Clive and the men who, like Wolfe, became famous for their achievements in the days of Pitt. Perhaps there were in that Imperial pageant some Canadians whose thoughts wandered from the Present to the Past, and recalled the memory of that illustrious statesman, and of all he did for Canada and England, when they stood in Westminster Abbey and looked on his expressive effigy, which, in the eloquent language of a great English historian, "seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes."

* See Sarpedon's Speech, in Book XII.

*( To be Continued. )*

# THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

*Illustrated from Special Photographs.*

THE office of Solicitor-General was created in the year 1887, but it was not until the 3rd of December, 1892, that the Act was brought into force by proclamation. The reason for a delay of five years is a state secret, however, about which the writer knows nothing. The Act relating to the Solicitor-General is 50-51 Vic., Cap. 14; and the following brief clause is all we have to indicate the views held by the Government of the day regarding the appointment: "The Governor-General may appoint an officer, who shall be called 'The Solicitor-General of Canada' and who shall assist the Minister of Justice in the Counsel work of the Department of Justice, and shall be charged with such other duties as are at any time assigned to him by the Governor-in-Council."

Sir John Thompson, in moving for leave to introduce Bill No. 42, to make provision for the appointment of a Solicitor-General, said:

"The effect of this Bill will be not only to establish this office, but to define the duties of the officer. They will be in connection with the Department of Justice, and such other duties as may be assigned to him from time to time by the Governor-in-Council. He will be eligible to a seat in either House of Parliament."

It may be said that the office has never been fully defined by any authority either here or in England. As the duties of the officer are associated with those of the Minister and Deputy Minister of Justice, it will be necessary to say something of the responsibilities of the two latter in explaining the usefulness of the former. The Minister of Justice is, by virtue of his office, Attorney-General of Canada. He is the legal adviser of the Governor-General, in all cases of legal difficulty, and is legal member of the Privy Council. It is his duty to see that the administration of public affairs is in accordance with the law. He has the superintendence of all matters connected with the administration of justice in Canada that do not fall within the jurisdiction of the Provinces. He must advise upon the legislation of the Provinces

THE HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Q.C., M.P.
Solicitor-General of Canada.

THE HONOURABLE DAVID MILLS.
Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada.

in case it be in excess of their powers, and must advise the Crown generally upon all matters referred to him.

The Minister of Justice does not, however, plead in the courts, and it is part of the work of the Solicitor-General to attend as Counsel for the Crown in the Government's litigation in the principal courts of the Dominion. The Governor-in-Council appoints a Deputy of the Minister of Justice, who is charged with the performance of Departmental duties under the Minister. He has the control and management of the officers, clerks and servants of the Department, who are appointed by the Governor, and he may have other powers and duties assigned to him by the Governor-in-Council. The Solicitor-General relies in no small measure upon the co-operation of the Deputy Minister in the discharge of his counsel, as well as his departmental duties. The present Deputy Minister of Justice, Mr. Edmund L. Newcombe, M.A., LL.B., Q.C., has been in office since 1893, having been appointed under the administration of Sir John Thompson.

The Solicitor-General is the representative of the Crown, in the capacity of prosecutor of all public offenders. He conducts the prosecution or defence in all cases when proceedings are instituted for or against any public department or servant of the Government. The Solicitor-General cannot be employed against the Government or its officers in any cause, civil or criminal. It is said that one who has not held the office can have no conception of the labours of the officer. It is of the greatest importance that the office should be conferred upon men of undisputed legal eminence, who, at the same time, possess the confidence of the country, and are able to command a seat in Parliament.

The duties which now appertain to the Solicitor-Generalship were, up to five years ago, principally delegated to various legal practitioners who had political affinity with the powers that be. This farming out of the Government's legal patronage was found to be unsatisfactory in other respects than that of its expensiveness, and so, gradually was evolved an office which is, evidently, destined to become an indispensable part of the Government's machinery. The present Solicitor-General may be very fairly congratulated upon the economy which has characterised his administration of this office. The Auditor-General's report for 1895-96 places the legal expenses and taxed costs for the year at $89,969.70, while for the succeeding year of 1896-97, these amounted to only $53,759.61; from this latter amount, too, should be deducted $16,625.65, which was a residue of expenditure chargeable to the previous regime.

The Hon. John Joseph Curran, Q.C.,

M. P. for Montreal Centre (now Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec), had the distinction of being the first Solicitor-General, having accepted office under the Government of Sir John Thompson, and subsequently under that of Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Apart from his Parliamentary duties, which included a defence of Sir Adolphe Caron before the House of Commons, Mr. Curran conducted a variety of legal work during his term of office, which extended over a period of three years. Before the Supreme Court, he argued, among other cases, the question by which it was determined what were the respective rights and powers of the Dominion Parliament and Provincial Legislatures, with regard to the manufacture and importation of intoxicating liquors. He also argued a number of important cases in the Exchequer Court for the Crown, and upheld the Dominion Constitution in the matter of the Robinson Treaties before the Board of Dominion and International Arbitrators. Mr. Curran resigned from the Solicitor-Generalship in 1895.

In May, 1896, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., was appointed to the position in the Ministry of his father, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and held it until the resignation of that Ministry. It is scarcely necessary to say more of Sir Charles Hibbert's administration of the office than that it was characterized by the quiet, persistent, unostentatious application to work, which, with his acknowledged brilliance and high integrity, explain in great measure the rapidity of his rise in the ranks of his party, and in the service of his country.

The Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Q.C., M.P., became Solicitor-General on July 13th, 1896. As indicated by the historic name of Fitzpatrick, he is of Celtic origin. That branch of the family to which he belongs lived for many generations in the County of Waterford, and was always noted for its patriotism. His grandfather, John Fitzpatrick, was, especially during the agitation for the Repeal of the Union, one of the staunchest and truest friends of the great Irish leader—Daniel O'Connell—not even excepting "Honest Tom Steele" himself. In after years old Mr. Fitzpatrick used to take great pleasure in relating certain incidents in O'Connell's career, many of which had come under his own observation; and one of them is altogether too good to be passed over in silence. But the principal reason why I relate it is that it serves as an admirable illustration of one of the principles that underlay all the work that O'Connell did for Ireland, viz.: making use of legitimate means rather than stupidly appealing to brute force; and it also shows how careful he was to restrain his impetuous countrymen from doing anything which would give the English reason to say that the Irish could not be trusted with any greater political privileges than they already possessed. The incident referred to is as follows:

E. L. NEWCOMBE, M.A., LL.B., Q.C.
Deputy Minister of Justice.

HON. JOHN JOSEPH CURRAN.

Formerly Solicitor-General; now Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec.

The London *Times*, hearing that the great agitator was to address a mass meeting of the peasantry of Kerry on a certain day, sent over a member of the staff to report the proceedings, especially anything that O'Connell might say which could be construed as being of a treasonable character. The day came, a Sunday; and immediately after mass thousands of the peasantry assembled to listen to the man whom they idolized. He pointed out to them what he believed to be their wrongs and the best means of having those wrongs redressed. But seeing a man present who was not one evidently of themselves, and hearing that he was an Englishman who had come over to prepare for "The Thunderer" an account of the meeting, the peasantry were about to treat him—well, as such a body of men in those days thought that an Englishman deserved to be treated, under the circumstances. Mr. O'Connell at once interfered, and not only protected the man from violence, but insisted on his being treated with the utmost consideration, and had a table and chair placed on the platform for his special accommodation. He then asked the reporter if he was quite ready to report his speech, and the gentleman having assured him that he was, and having also thanked him for his kindness, O'Connell turned around to the audience and commenced his speech — *in Irish!* To make the poor fellow still more ridiculous, he would turn to him every few moments with some such question as, "Are you quite comfortable, sir?" "You quite understand what I am saying, do you not?" "You are not making many mistakes, are you?" "Are your compositors quite familiar with the Irish language?" "What extensive notes you are taking, sir!" etc., etc. Such shouts of laughter as then resounded through that part of picturesque Kerry! such jokes at the Englishman's expense! such hooting! such derision! The unfortunate man at length managed to make his escape unobserved, while O'Connell held the people spellbound with his marvellous bursts of eloquence, in the expressive and impassioned language of their own beloved country.

But to return to the subject of this sketch. His father came from County Waterford to Canada, and settled in Quebec, where for many years he carried on an extensive business in timber; and on December 19th, 1853, the son was born at St. Columba, Sillery, a suburb of the city. Having completed the courses of study prescribed at the High School and St. Anne's College, he became a member of Laval University, an institution which carries the thoughts back for two hundred years, to the time of the self-sacrificing French

Prelate, Mgr. De Laval-Montmorenci. Here, in due time, Mr. Fitzpatrick was graduated in the two Faculties of Arts and Law, taking many academical honours, including the Lorne medal, which was given him when he took the degree of B.C.L. But better than all such distinctions, he here formed those habits of severe and systematic study which have since enabled him to do such an enormous amount of intellectual work; and laid broad and deep the foundation of the superstructure which he has since erected—a superstructure of knowledge, accurate, extensive and varied—and which he now finds of such incalculable service to him in the discharge of the onerous duties of the important office which he holds in the Ministry of his native country.

His career as a student at Laval having come to an end, he continued his legal studies in the offices of Messrs. Andrews, father and son, the latter of whom is now Judge Andrews, of Quebec, and was called to the Bar in July, 1876. Almost at once he commenced the practice of his profession in the ancient capital, and soon afterwards entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, now Sir Adolphe Caron, and rapidly attained to a foremost place at the Bar of his native city. In such a position he could hardly avoid obtaining an accurate knowledge of provincial politics as well as much political influence. Several constituencies would have been glad to nominate him as a candidate for parliamentary honours, but he wisely declined all such propositions until he felt quite equal to the proper performance of the highest parliamentary duties. He waited until he had acquired a thorough knowledge of men and of affairs; and the result is seen in the admirable manner in which he discharges those important duties, the performance of which his country, through its Prime Minister, has called him to undertake.

After fourteen years practice at the Bar he consented to be a candidate in Quebec County, for a seat in the Provincial Legislature, and was returned by a handsome majority. Four years later, at the general election, he was again returned by the same constituency, and with a still larger majority. But, as in only too many other instances, it was felt that his proper place was not within the limited area of the Provincial Parliament, but in the wider one of the Dominion; and, so, when the Conservative Ministry appealed to the country in 1896, Mr. Fitzpatrick's old constituency asked him to be their candidate. He consented, and the result was that he was elected by more than a thousand of a majority over a very strong and popular opponent, Mr. Fremont, formerely mayor of Quebec City. The two facts, that he had been offered the portfolio of Attorney-General in the De Boucherville administration, and that he refused it because his political principles differed from those of the then Provincial Ministry, speak volumes, respectively, for his ability and his conscientiousness. To decline

SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, K.C.M.G.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

the position required not only a high degree of moral courage, but much self-denial ; for had he accepted it he would have been the Ministerial representative of his father's countrymen, and of his own and his father's co-religionists—a country and religion to which Mr. Fitzpatrick is ardently, nay, passionately devoted, but he is, nevertheless, consistently dutiful and loving to his native Canada. That his abilities were recognized long before he entered the political arena is evident from his having been made Crown Prosecutor of the city and district of Quebec by the Joly administration, and was re-appointed to the same office by the Mercier Government. He has also been Counsel in some important interprovincial and international litigation ; and he was leading Counsel for the defence at the trial of the ill-fated Riel. He won laurels as Counsel for Belgium in the Tournai frauds case, and was also Counsel for the United States in the celebrated Eno extradition trial. He is a Q.C., and a Solicitor for the Bank of Montreal. The most recent and one of the most conspicuous marks of distinction conferred upon him by his own Province was his election, in November last, as Batonnier of the Bar of the District of Quebec, and in December, as Batonnier-General of the Province of Quebec. Physically, Mr. Fitzpatrick has a striking personality, being above the average height, of slender, athletic build. As a parliamentary debater, a forensic orator, he is ready and effective in either French or English ; and his gesticulation is graceful and appropriate. As an antagonist he can hit hard, but is frank and chivalrous ; can be scathingly severe, but never forgets to praise where praise is deserved.

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PRIVATE SECRETARIES' OFFICE.

No man is more ready to do justice to an honest opponent. As a worker he is diligence personified; for, paradoxical though it seem, he is never really at rest except when very busy. As Charles Reade says of another Fitzpatrick, he has all the delightful qualities of his nation without its prejudices.

He has travelled extensively in Europe and America; and in both continents has been brought into contact with some of the most learned and distinguished jurists of the day, and with many who are equally illustrious in the other professions. Thus he has that refined and highly cultivated taste which, in its highest development, can never characterize any, even the educated, who have been debarred from visiting those lands which are celebrated in classic song and story. His friends, and even those of his opponents who know him well, say that he has not yet reached the zenith of his fame, but that even higher honours than those he has yet attained await him in the not distant future.

*Byron Nicholson.*

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## THY SOUL IS IMMORTAL.

FRAIL thing of a day who bewailest an hour,
Why weepest so madly? What makes thee lament?
Dost think 'tis thy soul sheds such plentiful shower?
Thy soul is immortal—thy tears are soon spent.

Thou feelest thy heart torn by woman's caprice,
Thou sayest "'Tis broken by anguish and pain."
Thou askest of Heaven thy soul to release;
Thy soul is immortal—thou wilt love again.

Distrust of the future disquiets thee sore—
Thou sayest the present is veiled by the past—
O'er yesterday brood not, bright morrow's in store;
Thy soul is immortal—and time will go fast.

Thy body is crushed by the ills of thy heart,
Thy knees bow beneath thee, thou scarcely can'st stand:
Down, down on thy knees, then, poor fool that thou art;
Thy soul is immortal—and death is at hand.

The coffin will house thee, thy memory, name
Will perish, the sun of thy glory will set;
But not so thy love, so but pure be its flame,
Thy soul is immortal—and will not forget.

*From the French of Alfred de Musset.* *Arthur Scaife.*

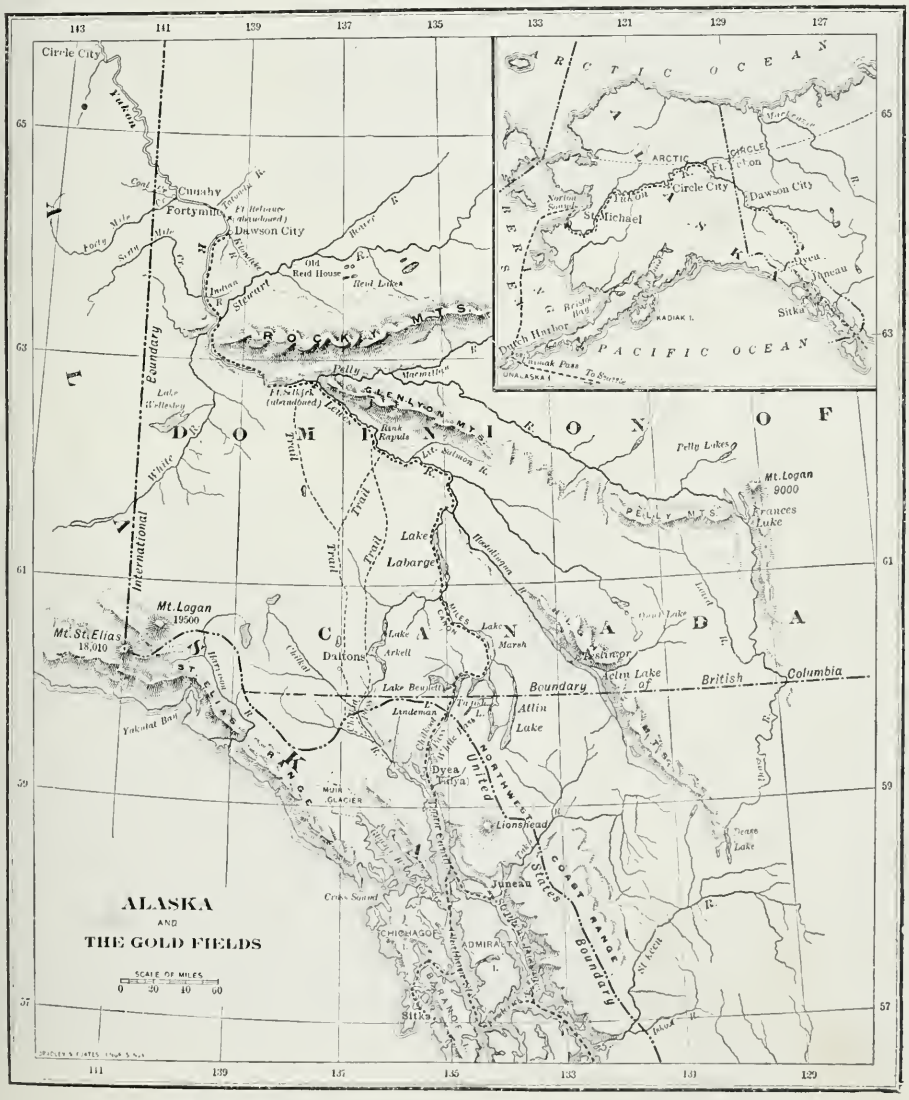
A VIEW OF A PORTION OF SKAGUAY IN AUGUST, 1897.

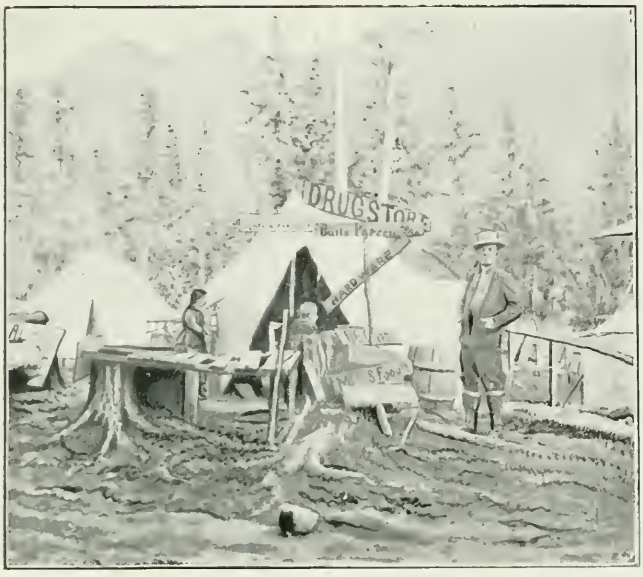
# THE KLONDIKE.

*Illustrated from Special Photographs.*

SINCE the days of '49, the pioneer days of the gold seeker of the West, the gold miner has been gradually working his way northward, until now about seven or eight thousand are digging and washing for the precious yellow metal close to the Arctic circle. It was in 1858 that the miners began to move northward. Then they deserted California and in their thousands rushed to the banks of the Fraser River. A few years after they rushed to Cariboo, in 1862 to the Stickeen, and in the seventies to the Cassiar. Year after year they wandered towards the north, following the wide and rich gold belt which runs through the Canadian Northwest from the Kootenay to the Arctic. It was not until 1878 that the miners looked towards the valley of the Yukon. Prior to that year none of them had gone farther north than Cassiar, and many of them oft expressed a wish to prospect the head waters of the Yukon. In 1878 a party chartered a small schooner and went up to the head of the Lynn Canal. They went a short way over the Dyea pass, but as the Chilcats, the tribe inhabiting the Dyea pass then, were hostile, they were unable to do any prospecting. In 1880 several parties went over to Lake Bennett, but none stopped in the country. It was in 1882 that miners began to go into this country in large numbers, and a miner, Ed. Schieffelin, and his brother built a steamer for the Upper Yukon. The builders of the steamer and a party of five went up the Yukon as far as

Nuklukyet, where they spent the winter prospecting. They found coarse gold, but as the ground was frozen, were unable to work it. For three years afterwards many miners worked the bars on the Stewart River with good results, and in 1886 rich discoveries of gold were made on Forty Mile Creek by a miner named Franklin. There was a rush to the district, which is in United States territory, and miners have worked with good results there and on creeks tributary to that creek until the present time. In 1894 Circle City, the first of the mining towns of the Yukon, was founded. This city became the centre of supplies for Birch Creek, on which gold was found in 1893, and for all gold bearing creeks on which miners were working in the neighbourhood. Year after year the field widened, and men went in expecting to remain several years. On August 16th, 1896, gold was discovered in the Klondike mining district. George W. Carmack, a half-breed,


ALASKA
AND
THE GOLD FIELDS
SCALE OF MILES
0 30 40 60
Circle City
Fortymile
Dawson City
Old Red House
Mt. Logan 19500
Mt. St. Elias 18,010
Dalton's
Lake Labarge
Lake Bennett
Lake Marsh
Lake Arkell
Lake Lindeman
Atlin Lake
Juneau
Sitka
Dyea
Skagway
Yukutat Bay
Mt. Logan 9000
Frances Lake
Pelly Lakes
Dutch Harbor
Kadiak I.
Sitka
ARCTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
Circle City
Dawson City
St. Michael
Juneau
Sitka
Dutch Harbor
Kadiak I.
Chilkat Pass
To Selkirk
Boundary
British Columbia
Yukon
Stewart R.
Pelly R.
Lewes R.
Hootalinqua R.
Teslin Lake
Big Salmon R.
Little Salmon R.
Rink Rapids
Hootalinqua
Trail
Chilkoot Trail
White Pass
Dyea Trail
Lionshead
Muir Glacier
Chilkat Inlet
Lynn Canal
Chilkoot Inlet
Taku Inlet
Admiralty I.
Chichagof
Glacier Bay
Stikine R.
Taku R.
St. Elias Range
Coast Range
Pelly Mts.
Selkirk Mts.
Ogilvie Mts.
Mackenzie Mts.
Northern Selkirk Mts.
Richardson Mts.
Porcupine R.
Peel R.
Mackenzie R.
Arctic Ocean
Arctic Circle
Fort Yukon
Fort Hamlin
Fort Selkirk
Fort Reliance
Fort Norman
Fort Simpson
Fort Wrangel
Fort Stikine
Fort Simpson
Fort Rupert
Fort Victoria
Fort Langley
Fort Hope
Fort Yale
Fort Kamloops
Fort Alexandria
Fort Fraser
Fort Saint James
Fort Mcleod
Fort Saint John
Fort Dunvegan
Fort Vermilion
Fort Chipewyan
Fort Resolution
Fort Simpson
Fort Liard
Fort Nelson
Fort Halkett
Fort Rae
Fort Providence
Fort Smith
Fort Resolution
Fort Chipewyan
Fort Vermilion
Fort Dunvegan
Fort Saint John
Fort Saint James
Fort Fraser
Fort Mcleod
Fort Kamloops
Fort Alexandria
Fort Yale
Fort Hope
Fort Langley
Fort Victoria
Fort Rupert
Fort Simpson
Fort Wrangel
Fort Stikine
Fort Simpson
Fort Norman
Fort Reliance
Fort Hamlin
Fort Yukon
Arctic Circle
Arctic Ocean
Mackenzie R.
Peel R.
Porcupine R.
Richardson Mts.
Northern Selkirk Mts.
Mackenzie Mts.
Ogilvie Mts.
Pelly Mts.
Selkirk Mts.
Coast Range
St. Elias Range
Taku R.
Stikine R.
Taku Inlet
Glacier Bay
Chilkoot Inlet
Lynn Canal
Chilkat Inlet
Muir Glacier
Lionshead
Dyea Trail
Chilkoot Trail
White Pass
Rink Rapids
Hootalinqua
Trail
Big Salmon R.
Little Salmon R.
Lewes R.
Hootalinqua R.
Teslin Lake
Boundary
British Columbia
Yukon
Stewart R.
Pelly R.
Mt. Logan 9000
Frances Lake
Pelly Lakes
Dutch Harbor
Kadiak I.
Sitka
Juneau
Dawson City
Circle City
St. Michael
Arctic Ocean
Pacific Ocean
Chilkat Pass
To Selkirk
Boundary




SKAGUAY'S FIRST DRUG STORE.

was the discoverer, coming across the gold largely by accident. However that may be, it stirred up the world. The shipments of gold by the steamers told the story. Thousands started at once and thousands more are waiting to be more certain, and it is well that they have done so. Ship load after ship load of gold seekers and their freight has been rushed to the extreme limit of salt water navigation, and there they have been literally dumped upon the beach, some above high water and many below, as they learned to their sorrow when the water covered them as they slept.

There are three established routes to the gold fields. One by way of the Stickeen, Lake Teslin, and the Hootalingua; another by Dyea, the Chilkoot Pass, the lakes and rivers; and the other by Skaguay, the White Pass, and down the lakes and rivers. The start in each case is made from Victoria or Vancouver. If going by the Stickeen, the miner disembarks from the ocean steamer at Wrangel, and takes passage up the Stickeen to Telegraph Creek on one of the river steamers. From the head-waters of the Stickeen the route follows through an undulating country which presents no obstacle to railway construction, and for the greater part of the distance of 150 miles is pretty well covered with timber. The miner packs his outfit over this road to Teslin lake, where he builds his boat and drifts down the lake, down the Hootilinqua, Lewes, and Yukon Rivers to Dawson. The total distance from Victoria by this

A MORE RECENT VIEW OF SKAGUAY, SHOWING THE WOODEN BUILDINGS RECENTLY BUILT.

route is 1,600 miles. Should the Dyea route be chosen, the ingoing miner takes passage to Dyea, at the head of Lynn canal, and from there makes the arduous journey with his supplies on his back, over the steep Chilkoot pass. From the water to the mouth of the canyon on this trail it would be as easy to build a road, as easy almost as to construct one along one of the city streets. From the mouth of the Canyon to Sheep Camp, however, construction is more difficult; in fact, it would probably be necessary to suspend the road by iron girders from the sides of the cliffs. From Sheep Camp to the head of the climb is yet more difficult, as all who have gone over the road will heartily agree. It is very steep, and very stony. From the summit to Lake Lindeman there is a climb of 1,320 feet, and the road has been somewhat improved of late. Lake Lindeman, the first lake, is about four and a-half miles long, and between Lake Lindeman and Lake Le Barge there is a sandy ridge three-quarters of a mile long, which brings us to the end of the present Dyea route. The other way is by the Skaguay route, the route by which the major portion of those who joined in the mad rush of last spring went in. This pass was discovered by Captain William Moore, of Victoria, in 1891. His son, Bernard Moore, pre-empted 160 acres at the mouth of it, on which the city of Skaguay, so well known to the world at present, stands. Moore and his son, looking forward to a rush to the north

ANOTHER LATER VIEW OF SKAGUAY.

A RECENT VIEW OF DYEA.

lands, organized a company and were preparing to build a saw mill and a wharf, and intending to open a trail; but when the ships arrived with the gold seekers they were simply overwhelmed. The miners paid no attention to the former locations, but went ahead and laid out a town and elected a recorder.

More than 1,100 locations have been made, and now the town of tents is giving way to a town of frame houses. The trail was not open, and even the correct distance was not known before the eager throng were crowding over Some fell over bluffs, some got mangled between rocks, some mired and left to die. The stench from the dead bodies before the snow came was terrible. If this pass is improved and kept open during the winter, it may be possible to put over hundreds of tons of provisions and have them ready at the lakes for the break-up in the spring.

Skaguay is now quite a city; the tents are giving way to cabins and frame buildings. Every upward steamer takes up large consignments of lumber. It has been incorporated, and a

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

THE RINK RAPIDS ON THE LEWIS RIVER.

it with horses, goats, oxen and mules, hitched to waggons, carts and drags, and carrying pack saddles loaded with flour, bacon, beans, dried apples and hay. Soon the saloons and dance halls were up and filled with patrons. There were tons of stuff scattered over the beach and shiploads strung along the trail. The thousands who rushed in by this trail had a terrible time, for it was terribly rough. It was a trail of blood during the rush, for nearly 1,000 horses were left dead upon it. mayor and council have been elected; in fact, it is now quite replete with "every modern convenience." Dyea, its rival city, is also progressing favourably.

On arrival at Lake Lindeman, or if the miner has gone over the White Pass at Lake Bennett, boats are built, the lumber being whipsawn on the banks of the lakes, and the journey down the string of lakes and the Lewes and the Yukon Rivers begins.

Many are the dangers to be encoun-

tered. The first point to be dreaded is the Miles canyon, a narrow gorge between most precipitous banks. Here the water is very swift, and the ingoing miners usually carry their boat and supplies around it. Many, however, have shot the rapids safely, and, again, some have met their death there. Below the canyon there are three miles of bad river to the White Horse rapids, which are rocky and swift, with falls. Several lives were lost in these rapids during the rush of last summer. Thirty miles from the rapids is Lake Le Barge the last of the lakes. From the end of this lake—it is 31 miles long—it is but a short distance to the Lewes River, really the Yukon, although it is not called by that name until 200 miles further down the Pelly joins it, and makes one big, wide river. It is 180 miles from the junction of the Pelly and Lewes Rivers to Dawson, but the journey from there is simply a drift down the stream.

Dawson City, which is situated on the Klondike River, near the confluence of that river and the Yukon, is made up of about 80 log cabins and some 500 or 600 tents. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river bank. The two commercial companies have built fine, large, two-storey stores and warehouses, which must have cost them about $10,000 each, considering the existing prices. To build the commonest kind of log cabin, 18 x 24 feet, costs from $3,000 to $6,000. Front Street is the principal thoroughfare, and is the locality where nearly all the business is transacted. It is on the east side, facing the river. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, half-dozen laundries, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store or two, two saw mills, three butcher shops, two jewellery stores, a dozen physicians and dentists, a couple of real estate offices, the principal business engaged in is the sale of intoxicants.

There are two churches, Catholic and Episcopal, and a Sisters' Hospital. The latter institution is a very necessary one, for Dawson is located in a swamp, and malarial diseases are ever on the rampage. As can be seen from the latest reports from the gold fields, provisions are now very scarce in Dawson, and it is feared that ere the river is open in the spring time some will suffer from shortage of food.

The amount of gold taken out during the past year is astounding, and miners seem to think that, before the approaching winter is over, pay streaks on other creeks will be found that will parallel last year's discoveries. Everybody is at fever heat, and ready for a grand rush to any new diggings. The slightest word or gesture on the part of some of the men supposed "to be on the inside" would precipitate a panic and almost depopulate the city in a day. On all the gulches of El Dorado and Bonanaza creeks are cabins in which are cans of gold exposed and unprotected. More care is exercised in guarding and protecting bacon and flour than the bright yellow gold, fresh from its state of virginity. It is impossible to estimate the amount of gold that is being taken out every day. Many men are realizing handsome revenues from "working claims on the lay," that is to say, the owners rent out their prospects to the workmen for one-half of the gold product. The creeks from which nearly all the gold found so far has been taken are El Dorado and Bonanza, but now many other creeks have been found with excellent showings, and ere long they will also be mined to considerable advantage. El Dorado has about forty exceptionally rich claims, employing from twenty to sixty men. The other claims have not, and cannot be developed sufficiently, before the middle of next winter to determine their richness. Bonanza Creek the next best paying creek in the district, averages about $1,000 to $5,000 to the box length, and there are about 105 claims on it operated on a large basis, and employing from six to fifty men each. It was on Bonanza Creek that the first discoveries of gold were made in this district by George W. Carmack, or "Lying George" as he was commonly called.

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

THE EAGLE'S NEST ON THE LEWIS RIVER BELOW THE LITTLE SALMON.

Wages are now $15.00 a day in the gulches and $10.00 in Dawson City. Some men, who are working under contract, are making from $25.00 to $30.00 a day in wages, paid in cash or gold dust. But these high prices are due, of course, to the present scarcity of labour. Next year, with the opening of navigation, they will fall without doubt, and the effort made last spring to cut miners' wages to $10.00 a day will be repeated, next time successfully—probably the rate will be made $8.00 a day. Packing of provisions to the gulches—when you can get it packed at all—costs from 25 to 40 cents a pound to Bonanza or El Dorado creeks. This seems a high price, but when the cost of living is considered, and the amount of time that men must lose in this work, it really is less than it will seem to an outsider.

The climate of the Klondike is a very damp one, and although there is almost continuous sunshine in summer time, evaporation is slow, as the thick moss will not conduct the heat. The ground is in consequence very swampy. It is only after several years of draining that ground will become sufficiently dry to allow the frost to go out, and then only for a few feet.

During the winter months the cold is intense, and with usually considerable wind. These winds are very cold, and almost solidify the garments of the miners. A heavy mist arises from the open places in the river, and settles down the valley in calm extreme weather. This dampness makes the cold to be felt much more, and is conducive to rheumatic pains and colds.

The life in this wild region is a very wearing one, as the looks of any old-timer will testify. Only those who are very strong physically should go into this country, and many of these will be greatly disappointed, for men are now going away who have been in the Yukon country for years, who have worked hard and prospected widely, and yet did not "hit it." Now, broken down in health and courage, they are leaving the gold regions almost penniless. They cannot stand it any longer, especially in view of the threatened shortage of the supply of provisions for the coming winter.

*J. Gordon Smith.*

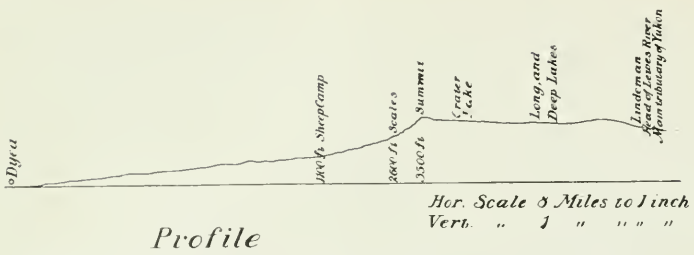
# SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

TWO men and a boy landed at the head of the Lynn Canal about the end of August, Anno Domini, 1897, and after that things happened to them. Other men and boys went there and things happened to them too, but on the trail every man ran his own pack-train and his own "happenings," expecting no sympathy and getting none. The furthest that Good Samaritanism ever went was to say, with a grin, as one passed by on the other side—or *over*, as the case might be—"Well, you would go to the Klondike!" This mild sardonic grin was seldom resented in bad language because the vocabulary of the victim was generally exhausted; and besides, he was expecting, after he got started again, to get a chance at somebody else about a hundred yards along the trail.

The two men were long-limbed, long-winded products of Western Ontario towns and an Eastern Ontario University, who had been kicked about from post to pillar, through the breezy plains of the Territories and as far as British Columbia; while the boy, only sixteen, but the biggest of the three, counted his experiences from one side of the continent to the other. Naturally three such kindred souls saw nothing very terrible and much prospective amusement in an overland trip into the Northwest Provisional District of Canada. They had the trip, but sometimes it was hard to say where the fun came in.

PACKING SUPPLIES FROM THE BEACH AT DYEA TO THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL.

It will be seen that the horse's harness consists of a packsaddle and its appurtenances.




*Profile*

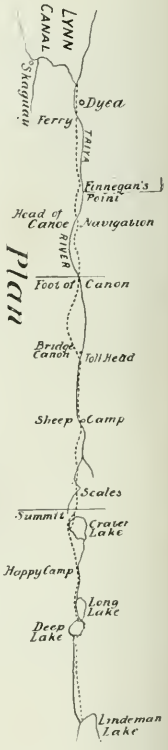
MAP SHOWING HEIGHT OF VARIOUS PORTIONS OF CHILKOOT PASS.

The first move they made was to get separated and into trouble. The men were landed with their outfit at Skaguay, while the boy was landed at Dyea with the horses and some of the feed. The rest of the feed the captain of the boat took over to Skaguay because he had not got it off when the tide favoured his leaving Dyea. He put it on the beach at Skaguay, the tide rose, and when the tops of the bales of hay were still uncovered, he came to the men and pointed out that that was their hay, and it would get wet. They thought it strange that it should get wet in the water that way, but hazarded a remark to the effect that they intended to request the United States Commissioner to see that the captain furnish them with dry hay, or the equivalent in money of the realm, or anything else that would buy hay. The captain replied that the commissioner was over at Dyea, and that he, the captain, for his part, was about to sail immediately, having all his clearance papers in his pocket, which he tapped caressingly. The deacon blessed him fervently, and he departed.

One man continued to work at the boat they were constructing out of lumber brought from Vancouver for that purpose, while the other went to see if it were true, as the captain had averred, that the boy's whole charge of horses, feed, and saddles were seized by the customs officials at Dyea. Alas! as the story books say, it was only too true. He found the Deputy Collector, Mr. Jones, and his fellow troubler, Mr. Floyd, in an office which had a piece of canvas for a door. These industrious civil servants had just lately been authorized to collect duty on all Canadian produce used in American territory, and had accordingly made up a bill against the two men and the boy to the tune of two hundred and ninety dollars.

The engineer, representing himself and partners, told Mr. Jones and Mr. Floyd that as it was impossible to "tak' the breeks o' a Hielanman," he did not clearly see how the duty was to be collected. Mr. Jones, however, replied that they had already collected the horses, and would immediately sell them in default of the said two ninety. Whereupon the part owner of these highly dutiable effects hied himself off down to the beach, where his partner was busied with the boat, and reported progress. After that report the nails were all driven well home, the boat-builder seeming to have a spite against them, or else he was thinking of something.

They finished the boat and put in all their belongings, leaving at Skaguay beach only the things they lost that night, when the tide, with the assistance of the wind, had caused a pleasant excitement among the campers on the beach. Nobody warned another body on the trail, because, as I said, every one controlled only his own "happenings," so, if there was going to be a tide two feet higher than the night before, if you




*Plan*

CHILKOOT PASS.

didn't ask about it you weren't told about it.

As soon as the boat was loaded, they went up town (for Skaguay was already a town, though the residences were nearly all canvas) and took their farewell meal at the Hotel Rosalie, the pioneer restaurant of Skaguay. They shook hands with mine hostess, Mrs. Church, and accepted gratefully, as becomes those who go down to the sea in ships, her good wishes for a prosperous voyage.

quite decided that they would shortly go to the bottom, they went back to Skaguay. They were nearly gone before they found how full of water she was, for they were standing at the back using the sweeps as sculls. They expected to swim the last hundred yards, but by energetic baling the captain saved the boat and cargo, the engineer, as was appropriate, supplying the motive power.

They were much pleased at not having to swim ; for the water from glac-

A CACHE ON THE TRAIL, SHOWING PROVISIONS STACKED UP.

In parts of the Trail, the packing over is done in relays.

They waited the tide in a steady rain. About twelve the rain ceased. It was pitch dark, but quite calm, when they floated. Using the long sweeps as poles they shoved the boat off.

They would have got along nicely if the boat had been as good as she looked, but like all the other people in that mad rush, they were using a thing without having taken time to give it a trial trip. So as soon as they were

iers is cold, and, moreover, some of the cargo would have been spoiled like the hay. They slept in the boat and in the morning fixed the leak. At noon they started for Dyea and reached there about 3 o'clock.

By the first of September it was evident that the over-boomed Skaguay or White Pass trail was all but impassable, and accordingly demand for horses suddenly dropped. It was,

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

LOOKING DOWN TAIVA INLET (LYNN CANAL).

therefore, on a rapidly falling market that these first victims of the Custom House had to make a forced sale. After looking the stock over, it was decided that a big sorrel mare, pretty soft she was, and a villainously balky bay mare were the most likely-looking waggon-team, and were not much good for packing. After a particularly "*mauvais quatre heure*," for the mare was as mean as a horse just ready to balk can be, Jack Cavanaugh was talked into buying the team, much against the will of his partner, "Old" Bob Wright, the "bad man" of Dyea. It took several drinks at two bits a drink (twenty-five cents) to get Old Bob to look at the transaction in a proper frame of mind. Bob was arrested not long after for being disorderly over at Skaguay—not for being drunk, he is always drunk, and during his "term" walked about Skaguay as drunk as usual, for there was no jail to put him in; but still he was under arrest.

Reinforced with the good United States double eagles from this and another source or two, the engineer went over to Skaguay and redeemed the property. Afterwards they met Judge McQuire on his road into the interior to administer justice. He asked about their little trouble with Mr. Jones and Mr. Floyd, and assured them of his belief that they would get back their two hundred and ninety. They said they expected to get it when the Behring Sea award was paid. It was all right anyway, only they happened to be the first to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; before that, Canadian horses had entered free.

After these few rounds with "Uncle Sam" and the captain who delivered or did not deliver the hay, the three were not afraid of anything, and although things happened right along with surprising celerity, they accepted them as the natural accompaniments of a gold rush.

After they sold the team to Cavanaugh, they bargained that their stuff should be teamed up to the ferry, that is, a mile and a half, and put across in his boats. They had expected to go

up the Tiaya River in their own boat to the head of canoe navigation, six miles, but found it rather impracticable; some days the river has enough water to float a heavily-loaded boat, and then the current is too strong to work against; other days you go aground; so they decided to pack right from the ferry.

One bright Tuesday morning they were ready to start on their own horses over the famous trail. While the other two were preparing breakfast the third fed the horses, having elected himself to that important position on account of having been among horses from his youth up, packed ponies and freighted goods in everything from an Ontario mail-stage to a Red River cart, but chiefly and particularly because anything is better than cooking in a small tent. The pack-saddles are generally put on before breakfast, and then one is able to get a second and tighter cinch when ready to load. Some ponies one has to take with subtlety, drawing the cinch suddenly when they are intent on something else—for instance, ruminating on the state of the trail, or their final chance for life with oats at twelve dollars a sack.

I have not yet looked to see whether or not the encyclopedia explains the mysteries of "diamond hitch," but it is just as deserving of a sketch as some knots I do remember there, such as "running bow lines," "clove hitches," and other nautical knots. Before coming to the "diamond," however, the load is put on with what is sometimes called the "basket hitch." This is done with light rope, such as first-rate clothes-line or sash-rope. The weights are carefully adjusted so as to have the load balanced within a few pounds,—let us say a box of groceries, forty pounds, and a sack of bacon, fifty pounds, on one side; a sack of oats, about ninety pounds, on the other; and fifty pounds of flour in the middle. Now, the senior packer, standing on the nigh-side of the pony, passes a broad band with a hook on it under the horse's belly to his assistant, and, with the long, stout rope attached to the other end of this band, the two perform some curious evolutions. There is a series of short jerks and

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

A TYPICAL SCENE BETWEEN LAKES LINDEMAN AND BENNETT.

pulls, and "hold what you get," while the pony perhaps humps his back, perhaps sags a little, but nearly always grunts. Then there is a second arrangement of the rope, and the assistant puts a foot against the load so as not to pull the horse and load when he heaves on the rope, which he proceeds to do; then the first man does the same on his side, ties a couple of half hitches, and, presto! the horse, saddle and load are one piece.

As soon as the first was loaded the engineer and the boy turned him loose. They had packed together over the British Columbia hills with that very horse. "Alas! poor 'Halibut,' he hath borne me on his back a thousand times," but he lies now just at the entrance to the canyon. Somebody sneers at Lawrence Sterne for picturing an old man's grieving over the death of an ass. I think the critic said that such "sentimental drivel" was all make-believe for Sterne. But perhaps Sterne, too, could feel those things just as many a man did on the trail when he raised an axe, and with steady hand struck his dumb, uncomplaining, but worn-out horse, one quick, sharp blow just above the flinching, reproachful eyes. That was the only sad sight of the trail. Men were not forced to go there, and they always got enough to eat, but many an honest horse went short. The two men and the boy, however, though it was not always easy, saw that their ponies never lacked feed.

Some horses were mean. Now, there was the big sorrel; he used to lie down whenever he came to a nice sandy place, with the object of enjoying a comfortable roll. He seldom managed to shift his pack, but was always specially loaded with unbreakables. Then there was the little sorrel, who was so round and smooth and fat that it was next to impossible to cinch a saddle so that it would not turn with the load; besides, he didn't know his business at first, and used to "rush" the hills and jiggle his load; but he learned. He is still at Dyea, and the best looking pony on the trail. When Major Walsh wanted a message delivered in a hurry he chose the engineer, and he chose the little sorrel;

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

TAGISH LAKE AT 4.15 A.M.

they made the record trip from Dyea to Sheep Camp and return.

The three did not try to make a trip to Sheep Camp each day, as their horses were not quite good enough, and neither men nor horses were sufficiently acquainted with the trail. It is quite surprising what a horse will learn about a trail, and how necessary it is that he should learn in order to make good time. So they used to go to the entrance to the canyon each day till all the goods were transported over that stage. It was quite easy following

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

LAKE LINDEMAN.

along the comparatively level waggon road as far as Finnegan's Point, about three miles. At Finnegan's Point, when the water was high, as it was at that time, it was necessary to go on the bank among the trees for about a mile, and here they found mud and stones in quite sufficient quantity.

Then the river had to be crossed, and the water ran very close to the tops of the big rubber boots. From here to the canyon the trail ran over what looked like a broad watercourse, rising gradually to the canyon, about two and a half miles. When the water is low, waggons are driven to this point without much difficulty ; but a railway will soon be there, and then there will be no more carrying of girls "pick-a-back" across the shallow, serpentine branch of the river. Yes, there was a trail to the left, where one crossed the river only once ; but the waggon road kept to the right, and crossed again and again. Naturally, the girls took the plain waggon road, and when they, in short skirts and knee-boots, stood irresolute at the water's edge the representatives of the stronger sex, proud possessors of thigh-boots, had wonderful opportunities for gallantry in affording aid to poor, "distressed damsels." Real knight-errantry it was.

After everything was at the canyon they camped there and packed to Sheep Camp. There are some slippery, steep and narrow places on the canyon trail, and if a horse was awkward or badly shod he occasionally came to grief, keeping perhaps twenty or thirty others waiting in various states of impatience. The three got along as well as the rest,

and in a few days had everything lugged along to the rising ground just beyond Sheep Camp.

Sheep Camp was then a lively place. Some four or five saloons, under canvas, of course; a big gambling tent, a great many tents of travellers and packers, giving the valley the look of an army encampment, for at night every tent had a light in it.

There were then only two wooden structures; one was the store and post-office (private), kept by a most obliging Swede called Foss, one of the few dwellers along the trail who did not go out of his way to lie. The other was the "Hotel and Store," run by "Old Palmer" as a restaurant and bunkhouse. The bunks were the floor divided into sections by imaginary lines. Guests supplied their own blankets, paid for their meals seventy-five cents in advance, and considered themselves lucky to get sugar in their tea. When a man is making thirty dollars a day he expects sugar in his tea, but sugar was not always for sale at Sheep Camp.

PROSPECTIVE MILLIONAIRES NEAR SKAGUAY.

PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

ON LAKE LINDEMAN.

The three bad miles from Sheep Camp to the Scales we soon travelled, making, as the custom was, from two to three trips a day, packing one hundred and fifty on each horse, and taking some awkward articles, like of oars or long saw, themselves.

They camped at the Scales, having taken up some wood on their last trip. There was an inhospitable camping-ground if ever there was one. It supplied water only, and supplied that when not wanted. The tents were pitched in a flat water-course, deceptively dry,

and the ropes were tied to rocks. One night most of the campers had two feet of water all about them. There had been a lot of rain, causing the snow higher on the hill to thaw. The water bubbled up right in the tents, and there was dire confusion. The two men and the boy were not worried, for they had their tent set on a rock. The unfortunates waded about all night, saving what they could; some more fortunate ones turned out and helped, while others cheerfully remarked, "Well, you would go to the Klondike!"

room, yes, and share of the blankets, too, many times over. He was not over forty, but had gone the pace that kills. While they had supper he told of wanderings in New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands. He had known Stevenson, and yet nearly had to sit on those cold Alaskan rocks! It snowed that night, but in the tent they had a warm fire, and sat and talked of the wondrous story-writer and the strange islands of the sea, so different from the wild, desolate rocks of Alaska or the heather-clad hills of Scotland.

Poor Mac! He had drifted up there

DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

BUILDING A BOAT ON LAKE LINDEMAN.

Up there, one night, they gave tent-room to a little Scotchman who could find no other shelter. People were sometimes as inhospitable as the country itself; these were not the old miners, nor yet the "Gentlemen Rovers," but new hands, as the greater number were, who had never been in the wilds before, nor understood the brotherhood of man. The little Scotchman being a travelled man did not expect that among twenty tents he should find only one whose occupants would give him sitting room till morning. The other campers knew not what they missed; his conversation was worth his tent-

from 'Frisco, but found it wouldn't do, and told them he would work back to the lazy isles where he had lost the last of his strength and youth and courage. He could not stand the packing, though the pay was good, and the engineer saw him afterwards cooking in the "Montana" chop-house very much down on his luck.

Between the Scales and Crater Lake stands the much-feared summit of the Chilkoot Pass. It sometimes snows there even in September, for it is high —nine hundred feet higher than the Scales, and thirty-five hundred feet above sea-level; but these three being

natives of "Our Lady of the Snows," and always having had a mild belief that "Our Lady of the Snows" was, in spite of the critics, fairly descriptive of the land of their birth, were not much alarmed about a little flurry of snow. They finally decided that the summit while they were on it was no worse than the mountain at Hamilton or Montreal.

The stuff had to go over, though, and as it is no fun carrying a hundred pounds over any hill, or even up a flight of stairs, they compromised. They carried a boat over to Crater Lake, put it together and worked it there, so that they could hire their packers. The freight rate on Crater Lake was from three-quarters of a cent to two cents a pound, and it was possible to make four trips a day with a ton aboard. Some days, with a south wind, people could not bring their boats back; other days they did not get loads; so they did not always make over a hundred dollars a day. It was generally considered to be worth about seventy-five dollars a day to stay at Crater Lake, for it was worse than the Scales. The only place to camp near the trail, where people piled their stuff, was on the boulders lying between the foot of the Glacier and the lake. These boulders are arranged like a pile of shot or shell, and the spaces between them were supposed to extend indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, probably to China, or wherever the antipodes of that district may be; anyway, the three lost one tin spoon and one table knife, which slipped down out of reach. It was here, too, that they took in two Californians the night of the big storm, and with another who was working with them, there were six in the 8x10 tent. When they ran out of wood the next day, after burning the tent-poles, they concluded that it was better to wait till the storm was over before they took down the oars, which had become tent-poles, to row across the lake in their crazy boat for wood. So the six sat in their blankets, told stories, and organized the Society of Frozen Stars, the emblem of which, a five-pointed tobacco stamp, each still wears on his coat.

The next morning they had to make room for a very cold Klootchman and her niece, a little girl ten years of age who talked very good English. The squaw had her feet frozen, having been out all night after getting wet. She was warmed up, and they went over the summit to Sheep Camp, while the Frozen Stars struck camp and moved to Long Lake, looking askance at Happy Camp, which lies half way between Crater and Long Lake, and is named with fine irony. Once at Long Lake it is not much trouble to get across it and Deep Lake, then over the last hill and in to Lindeman.

It is at Long Lake one needs three guy-ropes on each end of his tent, for "the winds are piping loud, my boys." But how long it would take to tell about all the little things; how "the bhoy" got so that he could carry one hundred and twenty pounds; how they got pie for nothing from the girl who made seventy dollars in three weeks selling pie "just on the side," while cooking for her father and brother, always on the move; how the one-legged man used to shoot ducks and run on the impassable Chilkoot trail; how the deserted mule used to chew the tent-ropes till he earned the name of "canvas-back," and as such was fair game and accordingly shot. "The Canadian Magazine" would not hold all about work and fun; only the trail could hold that as it holds so much more; for the companies are there now—speculators, land agents, gambling houses, dance halls, railroads and telephones. Soon there will be less room in the Pass for muscle and head and heart, but these will get the quicker afloat on the cold river flowing north over the gold-covered bed-rock.

*Thomas S. Scott.*

# THE FENIAN INVASION OF QUEBEC, 1866.

*With Several Valuable Historical Illustrations.*

MONTREAL in the sixties was a martial town. In the excitement born of the Trent affair, militia organizations sprung into existence all over Canada ; and in Montreal, where there was already the nucleus of a considerable force in the Volunteer Rifles, which the year before had taken the title "Prince of Wales' Rifles," in honour of the Prince's visit, no less than four infantry battalions and a troop of cavalry were raised. Such was the fervour shown that a very large proportion of the young male population became enrolled in the volunteer ranks. The Montreal of those days bears little resemblance to the great city of to-day ; but it is questionable whether there were not more citizen-soldiers in the city thirty years ago than there are at the present time. Montreal at that time was still a garrison town ; and the presence of two or three regiments of regular troops with a brigade staff of officers had a marked tendency toward developing martial sentiment and encouraged the enrolment of volunteers.

The breaking out of the Fenian troubles in 1866, therefore, found Montreal well-equipped with means of defence. An index to the military strength of the city at that time is supplied by the Queen's Birthday review in 1866, held just one week before the outbreak of hostilities in Upper Canada. This was taken part in by the following Regular troops : 25th King's Own Borderers, Lt.-Col. Fane ; Royal Artillery, Lt.-Col. Pipon ; 4th Battalion, Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. Elrington ; 30th Regiment, Col. Pakenham ; while the militia organizations included the Field Battery of Artillery, Major (now Lt.-Col.) Stevenson ; Royal Guides, Capt. D. L. Macdougall ; 1 and 2 Troops of Cavalry, Major John Smith ; Garrison Artillery, Major Ferrier ; Engineers ; Victoria Rifles, Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith ; High School and Lady Alexander Russell's Cadets ; the Chasseurs Canadien, Lt.-Col. Coursol ; Hochelaga Light Infantry, Capt. Horne ; Prince of Wales' Rifles, Lt.-Col. Devlin. At this review was Lt.-General Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces, on whose staff was one Col. Wolseley, who has since chalked his name high up on the wall of fame. Major-General Lindsey had direct command of the forces, which in number must have aggregated five thousand.

Yet it could hardly be said that the military authorities were ready for the emergency when it arose. The loud talk of Head Centre Stephens, Roberts and Sweeny had been regarded as so much gasconade ; and it was not seriously thought that they would attempt an armed invasion, nor was it believed that the American Government would permit such an infraction of the laws which govern the relations of nations at peace. Still, there was undeniable uneasiness for months before the trouble actually came ; and this was largely caused by the knowledge that emissaries of the Fenian Brotherhood were at work in the city trying to detach the Irish and French from their allegiance. Montreal, also, at that time, contained a great many Americans, who had settled there from one cause and another during the Civil War ; and many of these had no compunction about conspiring against the country which had been an asylum to them. The mutterings of danger from without and the fear of trouble at home kept the city in a perturbed state during the winter and spring of 1866 ; and the militia companies kept on the alert. They were all at their full strength, and were well-drilled and ready for action.

Towards the end of May the general

LIEUT.-COLONEL BERNARD DEVLIN,

Commanding Prince of Wales Regiment during Fenian Raid, 1866.

massing of Fenians along the boundary was reported to the authorities, and early action was taken. So apprehensive were they of treachery at home that the Victoria Bridge was guarded at night by detachments of militia; for it was feared that home sympathizers with the revolutionary cause would blow it up and thus prevent the prompt forwarding of troops to the front. To protect the Missisquoi boundary and the Eastern Townships it was decided to form a camp at St. John's, from which point the Richelieu River could also be guarded. Each of the chief militia organizations of the city was called upon for a detachment for active service; and on the evening of June 1st a tidy little force marched through the city to Point St. Charles and there took train for St. John's. This included companies from the regular battalions; two fully equipped brigades of Royal Artillery; a company each from the Prince of Wales' Rifles, the Victoria Rifles, the Royals and the Chasseurs Canadien.

On the following day another force of militia was despatched southwards to guard the Huntingdon frontier. In the morning the Prince of Wales' Rifles and the Victoria Rifles were called out, and at six o'clock that evening they marched to Bonaventure depot through the crowded streets of a much excited city, and proceeded to Lachine. There they were ferried across the St. Lawrence River to Caughnawaga, where train was taken for Hemmingford, a small town in the eastern end of Huntingdon—a county which stretches along the northern boundary of New York State from the St. Lawrence River almost to the Richelieu River, and must receive the first shock of invasion from that quarter. There were also ordered to the Huntingdon frontier two or three days later the Montreal Field Battery, under Major (now Lt.-Col.) Stevenson, and the Montreal Troop of Cavalry.

The popular excitement, already high, was increased to fever pitch by the news of the invasion of the Niagara frontier and the conflict at Ridgeway. To consider the situation and provide for the protection of the city which had sent nearly all its available militia force into the field, a public meeting was called by the Mayor, Hon. Henry Starnes, for the evening of June 4th. The City Hall was crowded, and all sections of the population were represented both on the speakers' platform and in the Hall. Two members of the Government of the day, Hon. John Rose and Hon. T. D. McGee, were present, and the latter's remarks were awaited with exceptional interest in view of the fact that he was the recognized chief of the Canadian Irish, and the representative in Parliament of that section of Montreal where it was feared there might be disaffection. That these fears were not altogether groundless was shown by the statement of the Mayor, that he had dismissed a number of policemen who had refused to take the oath of allegiance which upon the outbreak of the trouble had been tendered to all the civic employees. But there was no equivocation in Mr. Mc-

Gee's language. He was glad, he said, to be present at so glorious an exhibition of the unanimity, patriotism, courage and loyalty of Montreal. As member for half the city he would say that the citizens could take care of themselves. Unfortunately the city contained some turbulent people who required to be watched—skedaddlers who had fled from the American draft, and who now requited the city which had protected them by plotting against its peace. There had lately been an influx of New York blacklegs and burglars who already seemed to scent their prey from afar. He advocated the formation of a civic guard ; and those who would not sign the roll should be regarded as disaffected and weeded out.

There were other stirring speeches. Hon. John Rose advocated the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as it ought, he said, to be known that any man who came to Canada with a nefarious purpose came here with a halter around his neck. He hoped there would be no shilly-shallying with putting off the sentences for six months by legal technicalities ; there should be a tribunal for summary justice, whereby a man taken with arms in his possession on Friday should die on Saturday. These fiery utterances were received with loud acclamations, and the rolls for a home-guard being opened at the close of the meeting hundreds hastened to sign.

Mr. McGee, who, by his outspoken zeal for order, signed his death-warrant, as subsequent lamentable events showed, about this time addressed, through the medium of the *Canadian Freeman*, a stirring appeal to his Irish fellow-citizens. Part of this fervid epistle is well worthy re-publication. "Without provocation," he wrote, "—without pretense of provocation—crippled by the anathema of the Church, and outlawed by the Federal Government, these deluded men dare to menace Canada. Officered by such men as Jennison, the jay-hawker of Kansas notoriety, and the English renegade, Percy Wyndham, they dare to assail our frontier in the abused name of Ireland and the Irish people. The turbulent and the dissolute floating population of the large lake and sea-port cities form the rank and file—all of them totally ignorant of the true state of Canada, crammed full of falsehoods as to the discontent of our population and the French-Canadians, and all, when once in the field, absolutely at the mercy of the English renegade and the Kansas jay-hawker. . . . I deny that they represent Ireland, to whom Canada has done no wrong. . . . I would add that a more wanton, immoral, unjustifiable attack never was made upon a free people ; and the fate of pirates and freebooters is all they can expect. . . . We (the Irish) have a duty additional to the duties of others. We are belied as a class by these scoundrels, and as a class we must vindicate our loyalty to the freest country left to Irishmen on the face of the globe."

In view of such utterances, which undoubtedly represented the sentiments of the Canadian Irish, seconded as they were by the practical proofs of loyalty

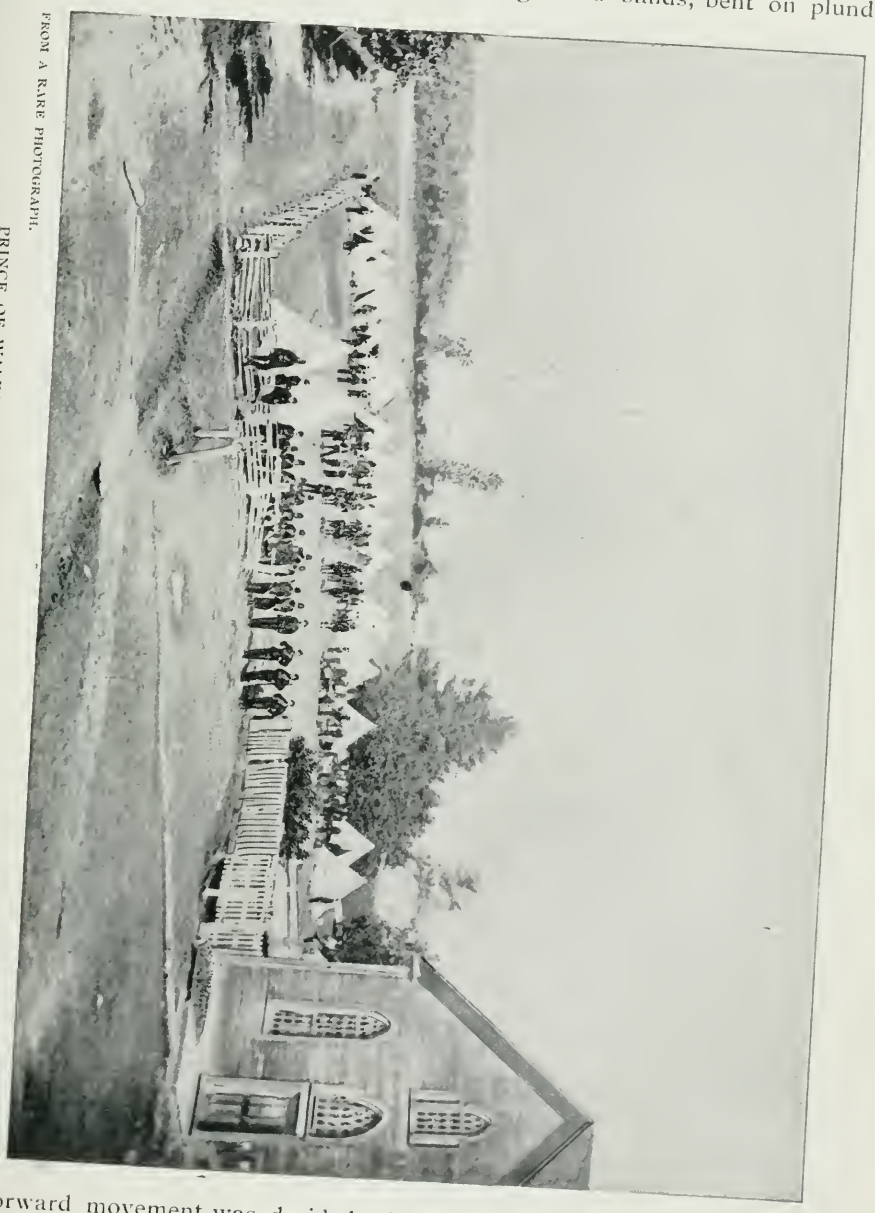
LIEUT.-COLONEL OSBORNE SMITH.

Who commanded the Victoria Rifles in 1866, and who earned a C.M.G. at Eccles Hill in 1870. He afterwards went to Winnipeg, and, in 1885, raised a battalion for service at the front.

furnished by the sight of Irish militiamen marching to the front, it is not pleasant to remember that the Protestant section of the community regarded their fidelity as questionable. This feeling narrowly escaped making mischief in the Prince of Wales' Rifles. This organization was admirably suited for troubles of this nature. One of its companies was known as "the Orange company," two others were exclusively composed of Irish Catholics; the commanding officer was Lt.-Col. Bernard Devlin, a leading Irishman; the second in command was Lt.-Col. C. F. Hill, who in 1853 had been prominent in the Gavazzi riots as a partisan of the ex-monk. At a time when religious prejudices and racial antipathies were highly excited it was inevitable that there should be friction in such an organization; and the situation was aggravated a day after the battalion left Montreal by the arrest of Sergeant-Major Mahony, an ex-regular, for using treasonable language. Mahony was sent to Montreal under a strong guard, and was for a time confined in the gaol there. It is now a well-known fact that for a week after they were moved to the front the "Orange" company kept their rifles loaded, so convinced were they of the imminence of treason. But these unworthy suspicions were soon dissipated, and when Lt.-Col. Devlin brought his battalion back to town he had attained a popularity among the Protestants which stood him in good stead in after-life.

Meanwhile the Fenian forces were gathering on the frontiers, the two rallying points being St. Albans, Vt., and Malone, N.Y. From the latter point they were within striking distance of Cornwall on the one side, while the fertile county of Huntingdon lay almost at their feet to the north; from Vermont they threatened the eastern townships. Early in June, General Sweeny, the commander of the Fenian brigade, arrived at Malone; and immediately from all points in New England and the adjacent states companies of men began to leave for the two camps. A good deal of ability was shown in the mobilization of this tatterdemalion force; for within four or five days it was estimated that four or five thousand men were gathered together, and then distributed along the frontier, stretching from Malone eastward as far as Newport, Vt. Most of them were of Irish descent, though many ex-soldiers, both of the Northern and Southern armies, joined the movement for the love of adventure, not feeling happy at the return of the humdrum days of peace. The officers were reported to be largely from the Confederate army. General Sweeny had been a Lt.-Col. in the Northern army. He was a West Point graduate; saw service in Mexico; and served with conspicuous gallantry in the Federal army during the civil war, being thrice severely wounded—at Wilson's Creek, Shiloh, and Corinth. In 1865 he was cashiered for insubordination. As the Fenians reached the seat of action their troubles began. The United States authorities at last awoke to the fact that in permitting an armed force of its citizens to wage war on a neighbouring State with which it was at peace, they were guilty of a breach of international comity certain to lead to trouble; and after the lamentable loss of life on the Niagara frontier, they really appeared to exert themselves to prevent a similar conflict in the east. The St. Lawrence, in the neighbourhood of Ogdensburg, was patrolled by a revenue cutter, *Salmon P. Chase*, with shotted guns, to prevent the crossing of Fenians at that point; and at Malone and St. Albans, the United States soldiers, under instructions from General Meade, the District Commander, began to seize munitions of war and arms wherever they found them. President Johnson's proclamation was issued on June 6th; in it he denounced the raid, warned American citizens not to join it, and instructed General Meade to suppress it. On the same day Sweeny was arrested at St. Albans. About this time the great O'Neill, fresh from his abortive campaign on the Niagara, appeared at Malone; having been released on bail

at Buffalo, he had hastened eastward. He took charge of the New York division, while Gen. Mahan succeeded to the command of the Vermont forces; been formed near Highgate Springs, Vermont; and early on June 7th they began to cross the frontier in small disorganized bands, bent on plunder.



FROM A RARE PHOTOGRAPH.

PRINCE OF WALES REGIMENT IN CAMP AT DURHAM—FENIAN RIAD, 1866.

and a forward movement was decided upon.

This, however, proved a dismal failure. Only on the Missisquoi frontier was the soil of Canada invaded. A considerable camp of Fenians had It was at the time a reproach to the Canadian authorities that they had left Missisquoi so unguarded, when a detachment from the strong camp at St. John's stationed at St. Armand would have saved the people of that county

FROM A RARE PHOTOGRAPH. A MILITARY PARADE ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, MONTREAL, IN 1866.

The nearest Cavalry are the Royal Guides (the only corps to meet the Fenians in actual combat on the Quebec Frontier in 1866); just beyond them is the Montreal Troop of Cavalry; beyond them again are the Militia Corps of Montreal.

from some material losses and much perturbation of spirit. A panic prevailed along the front. Valuables were buried in the earth, farmers drove their cattle away back further into Canada, while others boldly moved their movable possessions across the line into the United States, where they were safe from molestation. Men sent their families into places of safety, not caring to trust them to the mercies of an undisciplined mob of free-booters. Scattered along the border, at short distances from it, are the Canadian villages of Phillipsburg, St. Armand, Cook's Corners, and Felighsburg ; and the three latter had experience with the invaders. They levied contributions of food from the farmers, stole horses, and where houses were found locked up they broke into them and wrecked the furniture. They moved about in bands of forty or fifty ; were not in uniform ; and though they had officers, there was no attempt at discipline. They established camps, and made a number of prisoners, among them the High Sheriff of the district. A representative of a Montreal French daily, who had been sent to the front, ventured too near a picket, and created a sensation. A cry of "the British are coming!" was raised ; the Fenians emerged in force and captured the reporter. They looted his pockets of their contents ; and then he was forced to strip and exchange his good clothes for the rags of one of his captors. He was then taken before the Captain, who, finding him to be a French-Canadian, made a grandiloquent speech about the intention of the Fenian army being not to make war on those of his nationality, but to assist them in getting their liberty from England, and ordered his release, securing for him also the return of his clothes. For two days Felighsburg was in the hands of about five hundred of the enemy ; but early on June 9th they received word that a British force was approaching, and a good many of them left at once for home. About two hundred, however, decided to meet the enemy, and removed to Pigeon Hill, near Cook's Corners, where they threw up barricades across the roads about half-a-mile from the frontier, and prepared to defend them.

The British column for service in Missisquoi left St. John's early in the morning by train, and by noon they were at St. Armand, which was distant but a few miles from the Fenian camp. While preparing to march, two waggons drove up containing five Fenian prisoners, who, having straggled away from the main body, had been captured by the farmers. "These," a correspondent with the troops wrote, "were little scamps such as one sees about the streets of all great cities. One was a tolerably stout, resolute-looking fellow ; another a mild-looking young man, much better dressed than the rest." The column started on its march for Pigeon Hill. The Granby and Waterloo volunteers, under Capt. Millard, formed the advance guard ; then followed two Armstrong twelve-pounders with their regular quota of men from the Royal Artillery, under Captain Phipps; two companies of the Rifle Brigade, under charge of Major Nixon, who had command of the column; three companies of the 25th Regiment (one of them forming the rear guard); and the Royal Guides, a very smart cavalry corps, of Montreal, under the command of Capt. D. Lorn Macdougall. The day was a fine one; the roads were good ; and such fast time was made that soon the enemy's neighbourhood was reached. On the way two more Fenian prisoners were brought in by farmers. One, of rather gentlemanly demeanour, was well-mounted; his horse was speedily impressed and soon had its face turned towards the frontier with a British officer on its back. He had been captured by a farmer, with the assistance of his son and the hired man.

As Pigeon Hill was neared the Royal Guides were ordered to the front for skirmishing duty ; and the men turned out to make way for them, cheering as they went by. The Guides were the only body fortunate enough to have a brush with the enemy. The account of

what followed, as told the writer by a trooper, who took part in it, may be of interest. "I can remember as though it were but yesterday," he said, "how we went galloping by the regulars and militia, and how they cheered us. Soon afterwards we came to barricades made of brushwood across the road, and we got down off our horses and took them away. There was not a Fenian to be seen; their hearts had failed them at the pinch and they had fallen back towards the frontier. We rode along and soon came upon a mob of the enemy, perhaps a couple of hundred all told, racing for the boundary. Up on the crest of the hill the Royal Artillery was unlimbering its guns ready for action; and the sight added a poignancy to the yearning for home which was at that moment afflicting the Fenian breast. As we neared them our captain ordered a charge, telling us to use only the flat side of our swords; and in a minute we were in among them slashing right and left. I saw fellows tumbling head over heels as they were struck. Quite a number of Fenians emptied their guns, and I heard the zip, zip of bullets about my head. In this running fight we soon reached the boundary line. There a company of United States regulars was stationed, and as fast as a Fenian tumbled over the line he was seized and disarmed. We came charging right up to the boundary, but were warned by the American officer in charge not to cross it. Of course we had nothing to do but obey, but our commander took advantage of the occasion to express very vigorously his opinion of the United States Government for not having prevented the raid. The American officer merely shrugged his shoulders.

"We captured quite a few prisoners —a dozen or so. We galloped along the frontier for some distance and invested a barn in which we were told Gen. O'Neill was hiding. We surrounded it and then carried it with a rush, only to find that it was quite empty."

While this lively little brush was going on, the regulars formed in loose order on the hill and marched into a belt of forest lying between them and the boundary in which it was thought Fenians were ambushed. It was, however, found quite guiltless of the enemy, and the troops returned to the hillside. The fighting was over, and so satisfied was the commander of the troops that there was no further danger, that with the exception of one company he marched the forces back to St. Armand that night. In all, sixteen Fenians were captured; and they were, at a court held in Sweetsburg at a later day, subjected to various terms of imprisonment.

The rebuff at Pigeon Hill was the last discouragement to the Fenians. The raid was formally called off; and the offer of the American War Department to send the members of the force home at its expense was eagerly accepted. In a week the Fenian army had faded away. Further west, along the Huntingdon frontier, they did not once set foot on Canadian soil, though they succeeded in keeping the countryside in a ferment for a fortnight, and in giving the Huntingdon columns of militia a good deal of marching to do. The command of this division was invested in Col. Osborne Smith, the commanding officer of the Victoria Rifles. The Prince of Wales Rifles was commanded by Lt.-Col. Bernard Devlin. Hemmingford was the first objective point of these troops, and they reached it late in the night of the day on which they left Montreal, June 2nd. There the men took shelter in the barns, while the farmhouses were thrown open to the officers. Next day a camp was formed; but two days later the Victoria Rifles were ordered to Huntingdon, in the western end of the county, which was menaced from Malone. Fenians were assembling at all the little villages across the line; there was among the inhabitants marked uneasiness threatening to develop into panic; and naturally the troops were enthusiastically welcomed. On the day following, the Prince of Wales Rifles were also ordered west, and left on a wearisome

march over wretched roads. It had been raining and at every step the foot went ankle deep in mud. The whole countryside turned out to welcome the militiamen as they passed along, the farmers supplying them with milk and young girls decorating them with flowers. At Havelock, where a stop was made for breakfast, there was much excitement, a rumour being current that on the previous evening the Victoria Rifles had been engaged by the enemy near Franklin Centre and cut to pieces. A march forward to this place was at once made and the falsity of the news established. The troops resumed their march from Franklin Centre in a heavy rain which kept up most of the afternoon; and when, after marching nearly thirty-two miles, they reached Durham (now known as Ormstown, Chateauguay), they were so worn out that the farmers of the neighbourhood turned out and did sentry duty so that they might all get under shelter and secure rest.

Next day the force went into camp and so continued until the end of the scene; the Victoria Rifles and the officers of the Commander being stationed at Huntingdon town, farther to the west. The troops suffered a good deal of privation. The departure from the city had been so sudden that many of the men supplied themselves with no changes of underclothing; and though the successive rains soaked them through and through, they had perforce to wear their sodden clothes. They were poorly shod for the heavy Huntingdon roads and many of the men became footsore. Relief organizations were set on foot in Montreal and clothing and other necessaries forwarded as rapidly as the somewhat primitive transportation facilities of the time would permit. Major (then Ensign) E. L. Bond, writing of the Prince of Wales' camp at Durham, says: "No fighting occurred in the vicinity, although twice, owing to alarms, a portion of the regiment was sent out hurriedly towards the frontier for out-post duty. In one case the mud was so heavy that men returned without their boots. The dearth of strong boots and clothing was the cause of great discomfort. Many men came out without a change, and naturally the clothing worn became demoralized. One morning when the regiment was drawn up for Adjutant's parade a man was reported absent, and on enquiry he was found to be in his tent. Upon being sent for with a peremptory order to appear, he turned out with a blanket tied around his waist like a skirt, and upon his action being called into account was fully justified, owing to the state in which his trousers were."

Of the alarms mentioned by Major Bond, the chief took place on June 10th. Late on the night of that day an orderly came galloping into camp from headquarters with instructions from the Commander. The note to Col. Devlin stated that a forward movement of the Fenians was expected, their chief object being the capture of the Beauharnois canal; and instructed him to send four companies to Anderson's Corner and to hold the remainder of his force in readiness for an attack. The regiment was awakened; four companies were started off in the dead of the night on what proved to be a wild goose chase; and the remaining five companies lay on their arms until daybreak. A week later the trouble was so nearly over that the troops were ordered back to Montreal by way of Beauharnois and the St. Lawrence River. The only martial episode of the whole campaign was the immuring in the guard-house at Hemmingford of a private in the Victoria Rifles for thrashing a fellow-soldier in the Prince of Wales' Rifles who had called the Victorias feather-bed soldiers.

By the third week in June Montreal had welcomed home with heartfelt gratitude her citizen soldiers, and a triumphal review on Logan's Park with over five thousand troops in line marked the definite closing of the Fenian scare of 1866.

*John W. Dafoe.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## VII.—THE SIXTH CUSTOMER AND THE SILVER TEAPOT.

OF all the people with whom Hagar had to do while managing the Lambeth pawnshop, she liked always to remember Margaret Snow. The memory of that pale, blind old maid, with her sorrowful story and her patient endurance, never died out of the girl's heart. The pitiful little episode of the silver teapot, which she pawned so unwillingly, and only out of sheer necessity; the sad tale recounted by the crushed creature, and the unexpected part which she took herself in the conclusion of such tale; all these things served to keep green the memory of the sad woman whom Hagar called her sixth customer. There was even something ludicrous in parts of the affair; something naive and childlike in the absolute simplicity of the romance; but Hagar never saw its humour. All she knew was that Margaret was a martyr and a saint, and that the world was the loser for not knowing her story. Such as it is, the tale runs thus:

It was dusk one November evening when Margaret came to the shop, with a parcel tied up in an old towel. Hagar knew her well by sight as a blind woman who lived in an attic of the end house of Carby's Crescent, and as one who earned a hard and penurious living by weaving hand-baskets of straw for a great emporium at the corner of the outside street. These baskets—a spe-

she had to live, and dress, and buy food, so her existence was really a kind of miracle. Still, she had never asked charity of a single soul, being proud and reserved; and throughout the years she had dwelt in Carby's Crescent she had never entered the pawnshop. Knowing this, Hagar was astonished to see her standing in one of the sentry-boxes, with the bundle placed on the counter before her.

"Miss Snow!" cried Hagar in sheer surprise. "What is the matter? Is there anything that I can do for you?"

The thin pale face of the woman flushed when she heard herself called by her name; and her voice was hesitating and low as she laid one slender finger on the bundle, before making reply.

"I have been ill, Miss Stanley," she explained softly, "so I have not done much work lately. Very little money has come in. I—I am obliged to—to pay my rent and—and——" She broke down altogether, and added desperately: "Please lend me something on this."

Hagar became a business woman at once. "What is it?" she said, undoing the bundle deftly.

"It is—it is—a silver teapot," faltered Miss Snow; "the only valuable I possess. I wish to pawn it for three months, until I can redeem it. I—I—hope to repay the money by then. Three—three pounds will be—" Her voice died away in her throat; and

cialty of the great shop—were given to customers in which to carry away small parcels ; and as the demand was constant, the supply was the same. Margaret could always sell as many of these baskets as she could weave ; but, although skilful and nimble with her long fingers, she could rarely earn more than ten shillings a week. On this Hagar saw a poor thin hand steal up to her averted face to brush away a tear.

The teapot was a square one of Georgian design, with fluted sides, an elegantly-curved spout, and a smooth handle of ivory. Hagar was quite willing to lend on it the required three pounds—as the silver was worth more —until she made a curious discovery. The lid of the pot was closed tightly, and soldered all round, in a manner which made it quite impossible to be opened. This odd circumstance rendered the teapot for all practical purposes entirely useless ; no one could use an hermetically sealed vessel.

"Why is this teapot closed?" asked Hagar in surprise.

"It was done thirty years ago by my order," replied the blind woman in a calm voice ; then, after a pause, she added in faint and hesitating tones : "There are letters in it."

"Letters? Whose letters?"

"Mine and—a person's with whom you have no concern. Please do not ask any more questions, Miss Stanley. Give me the money and let me go. I hope to redeem the teapot in three months."

Hagar hesitated and looked doubtful. "As it is sealed up, the teapot is hardly of much use," she said after a pause. "Take it back, my dear Miss Snow, and I'll lend you the three pounds."

"Thank you, no," replied the old maid coldly. "I take charity from no one. If you can't lend the money on the teapot, give me back my property."

"Oh, well, I'll take it in pawn if you like," rejoined Hagar with a shrug. "Here are three sovereigns, and I'll make out the ticket at once."

The hand of the blind woman closed on the money with a sigh of mingled regret and relief. When Hagar returned with the ticket she saw that Margaret was fondling the piece of silver as though unwilling to part with it. She drew back, flushing, on hearing the approaching footsteps of Hagar, and taking the ticket in silence, moved away with tears running down her withered cheeks. Hagar was touched by this mute misery.

"Can you find your way back home in the darkness?" she called out.

"My dear," said the elder woman with dignity, "day and night are the same to me. You forget that I am blind. Also," she added, with an attempt at lightness, "I know every inch of this neighbourhood."

When she departed Hagar put away the teapot, and wondered a little over the odd circumstance of it being closed, and containing love-letters. She was certain that the letters were concerned with love from the faltering way in which Margaret had mentioned them; also because they were her own and "a person's with whom you have no concern."

The last sentence, as spoken by the blind woman, showed Hagar only too truly her indomitable reserve and pride. She must have been reduced to her last crust before she could have brought herself to pawn the queer casket—and a teapot as a receptacle for love-letters was very queer indeed—which contained the evidence of her youth's dead romance. Thirty years ago the teapot had been sealed ; Hagar knew also that thirty years ago the heart of this blind and unattractive old maid had been broken. Here indeed was material for a true romance—and that of the strangest, the most pitiful.

"What a strange place is a pawnshop!" said Hagar, philosophising to herself. "All the flotsam and jetsam of human lives drift into it. Broken hearts, wrecked careers, worn-out and dead romances—this is the place for them all. I should like to know the story of that sealed-up teapot."

Indeed, so curious she was to know it that she felt half inclined to call on the old maid and ask for information.

But Hagar, although a poor girl, and a wandering gipsy, and the manageress of a low London pawnshop, had a natural instinct of delicacy which withheld her from forcing the confidence of one disinclined to give it.

Miss Snow was a lady born, as all Carby's Crescent knew, and her unbending pride was proverbial. The few words with which she had checked Hagar's inquiries about the letters enshrined in the teapot showed plainly enough that the subject of the hinted romance was not one to be touched upon. Hagar, therefore, kept the teapot in the shop, and forbore to call upon its owner.

For some weeks Margaret continued to weave her baskets and take them to the shop which employed her. She went to church every Sunday morning, according to her usual custom ; and other than these outings she remained secluded in her freezing garret. In that year the winter was particularly severe in London, and snow fell thickly before Christmas. In her desire to save money for the redemption of the teapot, Margaret denied herself a fire, and reduced the amount of food she took to as little as would sustain life. In her thin clothing and well-worn shoes she went to shop and church amid falling snow, and in the teeth of cutting winds. Naturally, with lack of clothing, food and fire, with her weight of years, and emaciated frame, she fell ill. One morning she did not appear, and the woman of the house sought the attic, to find its occupant in bed.

Still, her bold spirit, her inborn pride, kept her resolute to refuse charity ; and she wove her baskets sitting up in her truckle-bed, between bouts of pain and anguish. In these straits she must have died, but that God in His pity for this helpless and tortured woman sent an angel to aid her. The angel was Hagar ; and a very practical angel she proved to be.

Learning from the gossip of the neighbourhood that Miss Snow was ill, and remembering the episode of the silver teapot, Hagar marched up to the freezing garret and took charge of the old maid. Margaret objected with all her feeble force ; but the kind-hearted gipsy girl was not to be deterred from doing what she conceived to be her duty.

"You are ill and alone, so I must look after you," she said, throwing a rug, which she had brought, over the poor woman.

"But I cannot pay you. All I have of value is the silver teapot."

"Well," said Hagar, proceeding to kindle a good fire, "that is safe in my shop, so don't trouble about it. As to payment, we'll talk about that when you get better."

"I shall never get better," groaned Margaret, and turned her face to the wall. And, indeed, Hagar thought that was true enough. Worn by years of cold and privation, Margaret's body was too feeble to resist much longer the inroads of disease. When she left her garret again it would be feet foremost ; and another London pauper would be added to the great army of the unknown dead. With Margaret the sands of time were running out very rapidly.

Hagar was like a sister to her. She supplied her with fire and food and blankets ; she gave her wine to drink ; and, when she could get away from the shop, she came oftentimes to sit by that poor bedside. It was on such an occasion that she heard the one romance of Margaret's life, and learnt why the love-letters—they were truly love-letters—had been placed in the silver teapot.

It was late in December, and the ground was white with snow. The shops, even in Carby's Crescent, were being decked with holly and mistletoe for the season of Yule ; and after closing the premises Hagar had come to pass an hour with Margaret. There was a good fire—one which would have made wrathful the miserly heart of the late Jacob Dix—and a fair amount of light from two candles placed on the mantelpiece. Margaret was cheerful, even gay, on this evening ; and with her hand in Hagar's she thanked the girl for her kindnes.

"But, indeed, thanks are weak," said the blind woman; "you have fed the hungry and clothed the naked. After thirty years of doubt, my dear, you have restored my faith in human nature."

"How did you lose it?"

"Through a man, my dear; one who said that he loved me, yet who broke off our engagement without any reason."

"That was strange. Why did you not ask him for his reason?"

"I could not," said Margaret, with a sigh; "he was in India. But it is a long story, my dear. If you care to listen ——"

"I shall be delighted!" said Hagar, quickly—"especially if it explains why you sealed up the letters in the teapot."

"Yes; it explains that. In that teapot—which was the only present I ever received from John Mask—I placed his cruel letters thirty years ago; also mine to him, which he sent back."

"Why did he send back your letters?" asked Hagar.

"I don't know; I cannot say; but he returned them. Oh!" she cried, with a burst of anguish, "how cruel, how cruel! and I loved him so—I loved him! But he forgot me and married Jane Lorrimer. Now they are rich and prosperous and happy, while I—I am dying a pauper in a garret. And the silver teapot is pawned," she finished, pathetically.

Hagar patted the thin hand which gripped the bedclothes. "Tell me the story," said she, soothingly—"that is, if it will not cause you too much pain."

"Pain!" echoed Margaret, bitterly. "When the heart is broken it feels no pain, and mine was broken thirty years ago by John Mask." She remained silent for a moment, and then continued: "I lived at Christchurch, in Hants, my dear, in a little cottage just outside the town. This I inherited from my parents, together with a trifle of money—not much, indeed, but sufficient to live on. Both my father and mother had died, leaving me alone in the world at the age of twenty; so I lived in my cottage with Lucy Dyke and a little maid as my servants. Lucy was near my own age, and looked after the house well. I was blind, you see, my dear," said Margaret, softly, and could do nothing for myself. Dear Lord! but I have had to earn my bread since then."

Overcome by bitter memories, she paused for a moment. Hagar did not dare to break the silence; and in a short time Margaret resumed her tale.

"Also, I had a dear friend called Jane Lorrimer, who lived near with her parents, and who visited me constantly. We were like sisters, and I loved her better than anyone in the world, till John Mask came to Christchurch. He was visiting the rector of the parish, and I met him. Although I never saw his face, I was told that he was very handsome; and he had a sweet, low voice, which charmed me greatly. You know, my dear, how we poor blind folk love a sympathetic voice. Well, I loved John, but I had no idea that there would be any return of that love; for how could a blind girl hope that a handsome young man would look on her—especially," added Margaret in a melancholy tone, "when Jane was so beautiful?"

"But he did not love Jane," observed Hagar significantly.

"No," said the blind woman proudly; "he loved me, and this he told me after we had known each other for a year. We became engaged, and life was then at its brightest for me. However, he was going out to India to be a tea-planter; and he said when he was settled there and had made a fair amount of money that he would send for me. Alas! alas! that promise was never kept."

"Why wasn't it?" asked Hagar bluntly.

"Who can tell?" said Mary sadly. "Not I; not Jane. She was as surprised as I was when the end came. Although blind, my dear, I can write fairly well, and John made me promise to correspond with him. I did so for more than a year, and he answered faithfully."

"Who read his letters to you?"

"Sometimes Jane, sometimes Lucy Dyke. Ah! they were both good friends to me in my trouble. At first John's letters were very affectionate, but as the months went by they grew colder and colder. Oftentimes Jane said that she would not read them to me. I wrote to John asking the meaning of this change; but his replies were not satisfactory. At last, eighteen months after his departure, I received back my letters."

"Really! Did Jane or Lucy bring them to you?"

"No; Jane was absent in London seeing friends; and Lucy at the moment was out of the house. The little maid brought me the packet. I opened it, thinking it might be a present from John, as he had given me nothing but the silver teapot, which he presented to me before he departed. I made the little maid wait till I opened the packet; and I asked her to read the letter from John enclosed."

"Did she?"

"Yes; oh, the pain of it," cried Margaret. "He said it was best that our engagement should end, and that he returned to me my letters, thirteen in all. Not an excuse, or a sigh, or a regret. Only two curt, cruel lines, breaking off our engagement, and the packet of my letters. I was distracted with grief; and I placed the letters in my bosom while I wept."

"What did Lucy say when she returned?"

"She was very angry with the little maid for having read the letter to me, and causing me such pain. She wanted me to destroy my own letters, but I refused. I kept them by me day and night; John had touched them, and they were all that remained to me of him. I saw that my romance was dead and done with. I took my own letters and those he had written me, and tying them up in a bundle, I placed them with my own hands in the silver teapot. Then I went to a jeweller and had the lid closed. It has not been opened since."

"Did you tell Lucy, or Jane, that you had done this?"

"I told no one. I kept my own secret, and none guessed what the teapot contained, of my one hour of happiness. Shortly afterwards misfortunes fell upon me. I lost my money through the wickedness of my trustee, and had to give up my house and dismiss Lucy and the little maid. Jane went out to India to an uncle, and she took with her Lucy as maid. In six months from her departure I heard that she had married John Mask."

"Did she write and tell you so?"

"No; she never wrote to me, nor did he. As for myself, after receiving back my letters with those cruel two lines, after enshrining them in the teapot, I strove to forget him. I never wrote a line to him; I never mentioned him. He had treated me cruelly, and he was dead to me. That was the end of my romance, my dear."

"And how did you come to London?"

"I lost my all, as I told you," said Margaret simply, "and as I could not bear to live poor, where I had been well off, I left Christchurch and came to London. Oh, my dear, why should I tell you of the miseries I endured! Blind and poor and friendless, I suffered greatly; but it was all nothing compared to the suffering of that hour when John broke my heart. Finally I drifted here, to earn my bread by weaving baskets; and here I die. Alas! poor Margaret Snow!"

"And John Mask and his wife?"

"They live in the West End, in Berkeley Square, rich and prosperous, with sons and daughters by their side. Lucy is the housekeeper. Oh, I learnt it all from a friend of mine in Christchurch. Ah! how happy—how happy they are!"

"Did you reveal yourself to them?"

"No. Why should I? They would not care for me to haunt them like a ghost of the past. They are rich and honoured and happy."

"And you lie here, poor and dying!" said Hagar bitterly.

"Yes; it is hard—hard. But I must not complain. God has sent you to make my last moments happy. You

are good—good, my dear. You have done much for me; but one thing more you must do. Open the teapot."

"What!" cried Hagar in surprise—"open what has been closed for thirty years!"

"Yes; I wish you to read me John's letters before I die. Let me go to my rest knowing that he loved me once. To-morrow, my dear, you must do this for me. Promise."

"I promise," said Hagar, folding the blankets over her. "To-morrow I shall have the teapot opened, and bring you the letters—your own and John Mask's."

With this promise she took her leave for the night, after seeing that Margaret was warm and comfortable. In her own bed, Hagar meditated upon the sadness of the story which had been told to her; on the passionate love of the man for the blind woman, which had died away so strangely. That he should have ceased to love Margaret was not uncommon, as men, particularly when absent, are only too often prone to forget those they leave at home; but it was curious that he should have married Jane Lorrimer. A doubt stole into Hagar's mind as to whether Margaret had been treated fairly; whether there might not have been other reasons for the sudden ending of her romance than she knew of. For such suspicion Hagar had no grounds to go on; nevertheless, she could not rid her mind of the doubt. Perhaps the letters might set it at rest; perhaps all had happened as Margaret had told. Nevertheless, Hagar was anxious that the morrow should come—that the teapot should be opened and the letters read. Then she would learn if treachery and woman's wiles had parted the lovers, or if the story was merely one—as Margaret believed—of a faithless man and a broken-hearted woman.

The next day Hagar left the shop in charge of Bolker, and took the silver teapot to a jeweller in the adjacent thoroughfare. He soon melted the solder, and opened the lid. Within, beneath a pile of withered rose-leaves, she found the packet of letters, tied up with a blue ribbon. There was something sacrilegious to her imaginative mind in thus disturbing the relics of this dead-and-done-with romance; and it was with reverent care that Hagar carried the teapot and its contents to the house in Carby's Crescent. After thirty years of mouldering under the rose-leaves these letters, yellow and faded, were restored to the light of day; and the woman who had written them when young and fair, was now lying heart-broken and dying in the winter of her age. Hagar was profoundly moved as she sat by that humble bedside with the ancient love-letters on her lap.

"Read them all," said Margaret, with the tears running down her face; "read the letters of John in which he told me of his love thirty years ago. Thirty years! Ah, dear God! when I was young and happy! Oh, oh, oh! Youth and love!" she wept, beating the bedclothes with trembling hands—"love and youth! Gone! gone!—and I lie dying!"

Steadying her voice with an effort in the presence of this sacred grief, Hagar read the letters written from India by the absent lover. There were ten or twelve of them—charming letters, full of pure and undying love. From first to last there was no sentiment but what breathed devotion and trust. The writer spoke tenderly of his poor blind love; he promised to make her life happy, to strew her path with roses, and in every way to show himself worthy of honour and affection. Up to the twelfth letter there was not a hint of parting, or of a desire to break off the engagement; only in the thirteenth letter—two curt lines, as Margaret had said—came the announcement, with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a thunderbolt. "It is better that our engagement should end," wrote John coldly; "therefore I return you the thirteen letters you wrote me." And that was all. This unexpected communication, coming so suddenly after the fervour of the dozen letters, took away Hagar's breath.

"Excepting in the last I do not see anything cruel or cold in these letters, Miss Snow," said Hagar, when she had ended her reading.

Margaret put up one thin hand to her head. "No, no," she stammered confusedly; "and yet I am sure John wrote cruelly. It is so long ago that perhaps I forget; but his last letters were cold, and hinted at a desire that we should part. I remember Jane and Lucy reading them to me."

"I don't see any hint of that," replied Hagar doubtfully; "in fact, in the last two or three he asks, as you have heard, why you wish the marriage postponed."

"I never wished that!" murmured Margaret, perplexed. "I wanted to marry John and be with him always. Certainly I never said such a thing when I wrote to him. Of that I am sure."

"We can soon prove it," said Hagar, taking up the other packet. "Here are your letters to John—all of them. Shall I read them?"

Receiving an eager assent, the girl arranged the epistles in order of dates, and read them slowly. They were scrawled rather than written, in the large, childish handwriting of the blind; and most of them were short, but the first six were full of love and a desire to be near John. The seventh letter, which was better written than the previous ones, breathed colder sentiments; it hinted that the absent lover could do better than marry a blind girl—who might be a drag on him, it said.

"Stop! stop!" cried Margaret breathlessly. "I never wrote that letter!"

She was sitting up in the bed, with her grey hair pushed off her thin, eager face; and turning her sightless eyes towards Hagar, she seemed almost to see the astonished face of the girl in the intensity of her desire.

"I never wrote that letter!" repeated Margaret in a shrill voice of excitement; "you are making some mistake."

"Indeed I read only what is written," said Hagar; "let me continue. When I finish the other five letters we will talk of them. But I fear—I fear ——"

"You fear what?"

"That you have been deceived. Wait—wait! say nothing till I read."

Margaret sank back on her pillow with a grey face and quick in-drawn breathing. She dreaded what was coming, as Hagar well knew; so the girl continued to read the letters hurriedly, lest she should be interrupted. They were all—that is, the last five or six—written in better style of handwriting than the former ones; and each letter was colder than the last. The writer did not want to leave her quiet English home for distant India. She was afraid that the engagement was a mistake; when she consented to the marriage she did not know her own mind. Moreover, Jane Lorrimer loved him; she was——

"Jane!" interrupted Margaret with a cry—"what had Jane to do with my love for John? I never wrote those last letters; they are forgeries!"

"Indeed, they look like it," said Hagar, examining the letters; "the handwriting is that of a person who can see—much better than the writing of the early letters."

"I always wrote badly," declared Margaret feverishly. "I was blind; it was hard for me to pen a letter. John did not expect—expect—oh, dear Lord, what does it all mean?"

"It means that Jane deceived you."

"Deceived me!" wailed Margaret feebly—deceived her poor blind friend! No, no!"

"I am certain of it!" said Hagar firmly. "When you told me your story, I was doubtful of Jane; now that I have read those forged letters—for forged they are—I am certain of it. Jane deceived you, with the aid of Lucy."

"But why, dear Lord, why?"

"Because she loved John and wished to marry him. You stood in the way, and she removed you. Well, she gained her wish; she parted you from John, and became Mrs. Mask."

"I can't believe it; Jane was my friend."

"Naturally; and for that reason deceived you," said Hagar bitterly. "Oh, I know well what friendship is! But we must find out the truth. Tell me the exact address of Mrs. Mask."

"For what reason?"

"Because I shall call and see her. I shall learn the truth, and right you in the eyes of John."

"What use?" wept Margaret bitterly. "My life is over and I am dying. What use?"

Feeble and hopeless, she would have made no effort herself, but Hagar was determined that the secret, buried in the silver teapot for thirty years, should be known, if not to the world, at least to John Mask. These many days he had deemed Margaret faithless, and had married a woman who, he believed, gave him that love which the blind girl had refused. Now he should learn that the wife was the traitress, that the rejected woman had been true and faithful even unto death. Hagar made up her mind to this course, and forcing the address from the unwilling lips of Margaret, she went the very next day to the stately mansion in Berkeley Square. So came Nemesis to the faithless friend after the lapse of thirty years. The justice of the gods is slow, but it is certain.

Margaret lay weeping in her bed. As yet her feeble brain could not grasp the truth. John, whom she had believed faithless, had been true; and in his eyes, all these years, it was she who had been cruel. To her all was confusion and doubt. Not until the afternoon of the next day did she learn the truth for certain. It was Hagar who told it to her.

"I went to the house in Berkeley Square," said Hagar, "and I asked for Mrs. Mask. She was out, and I saw the housekeeper—none other than your former servant, Lucy Dyke; Mrs. Jael now," added the girl contemptuously—"well off, trusted and comfortable. That is the reward of her treachery."

"No, no! Lucy—surely she did not deceive me?"

"I made her confess it," said Hagar sternly. "I told her of the letters in the teapot; of your hard life, and of your dying bed. At first she denied everything; but when I threatened to tell Mr. Mask the wretch confessed the truth. Yes, my poor Miss Snow, you were deceived—bitterly deceived—by your friend and your servant. They made a sport of your blindness and love."

"Cruel! cruel!" moaned Margaret, trembling violently.

"Yes, it was cruel; but it is the way of the world," said Hagar with bitterness. "It seems that Jane was in love with your John; but as he was true to you, she could not hope to marry him. Determined, however, to do so, she bribed Lucy with money, and the pair resolved to part you from John by means of lying letters. Those you wrote to India never reached him. Instead of your epistles, Jane forged in your name, others—which I read to you—urging a breaking-off of the engagement, and hinting at her own love. John thought they came from you, and wrote back—as you have heard *now*—asking why you wished the marriage broken off. When Lucy or Jane read the letters to you thirty years ago, they altered the sense so that you should think John cruel. But why explain further?" cried Hagar with a burst of deep anger. "You saw—you know how they succeeded. John broke off the engagement and sent you back your letters. For that your treacherous enemies were not prepared. If Lucy had been in the house you would never have received the packet. No wonder she wanted you to burn the letters, seeing that the forged ones were amongst them. Had you not hidden them away in the silver teapot, Lucy would have found means to destroy them. However, you know how they have been preserved these thirty years, to prove the truth at last. Revenge yourself, Miss Snow! Jane is the honoured wife of John; Lucy is the confidential housekeeper, comfortable and happy. Tell John the truth, and ruin both vixens!"

"Oh, what shall I do? What can

I do?" cried Margaret. "I do not want to be cruel, but they ruined my life. Jane—"

"She is coming to see you; and John also," said Hagar rapidly. "The two will be here in an hour. Then you can denounce the treachery of Jane, and show John those letters to prove it. Ruin her! She ruined you."

Margaret said nothing. She was a religious woman, and nightly recited the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Now—and in no idle fashion—she was called upon to prove the depth of her belief—the extent of her charity. She was asked to forgive her bitterest enemies, those two women who had ruined her life, and who had built up prosperous existences on such ruins. It was hard to say "Go in peace" to these. Hagar was implacable, and urged revenge; but Margaret—weak, sweet soul—leant to the side of charity. Waiting the arrival of her false friend, her lost lover, she prayed for guidance and for strength to sustain her in the coming ordeal. It was the last and most painful phase of her long, long martyrdom.

Mrs. Mask arrived an hour afterwards, as Hagar had announced, but alone. Her husband had been detained by business, she explained to the girl, and would come on later. Like herself, he was anxious to see their dying friend.

"Does he know the truth?" asked Hagar, before admitting the visitor.

Jane was now a large and prosperous woman, with an imperious temperand, in an ordinary case, she would have replied sharply. But the discovery of her treachery, the knowledge that her victim was dying, had broken her down entirely. With a pale face and quivering lips, she shook her head, and signed that she could not bring herself to speak. Hagar stood aside and permitted her to pass in silence. She would have lashed the perfidious woman with her tongue, but deemed it more just that the traitress should be punished by the friend she had wronged so bitterly. Mrs. Mask entered the room and slowly walked over to the bedside. The blind woman recognized her footstep.

"Jane," said Margaret reproachfully, "have you come to look at your work?"

The prosperous lady recoiled as she saw the wreck of the merry, happy girl she had known thirty years before. Tongue-tied by the knowledge that Margaret spoke truly, she could only stand like a culprit beside the bed, and like a culprit wait her sentence. Hagar remained at the door to listen.

"Have you nothing to say," gasped Margaret faintly—"you, who lied about me with your accomplice—who made my John believe me faithless? My John, alas! he has been yours—won by dishonour—these thirty years!"

"I—I loved him!" stammered the other woman, goaded to defend herself.

"Yes, you loved him and betrayed me. For years I have suffered hunger and cold; for years I have lived with a broken heart, alone and miserably!"

"I—I—oh, I am sorry!"

"Sorry! Can your sorrow give me back thirty years of wasted life—of long-enduring agony? Can sorrow make me what I should have been—what you are—a happy wife and mother?"

"Margaret," implored Jane, sinking on her knees, "forgive me! In spite of all my prosperity, I have suffered in secret. My sin has come home to me many a time, and made me weep. I searched for you when I returned to England; I could not find you. Now I am willing to make what expiation you wish."

"Then tell your husband how you tricked him and ruined me."

"No—no! Anything but that Margaret! for God's sake! I should die of shame if he knew. He loves me now; we are old; we have children. Two of my boys are in the army; my daughter is a wife and a mother. What you will, but not that; it would destroy all; it would kill me!"

She bowed her head on the bedclothes and wept. Margaret reflected.

Her revenge was within her grasp. John was coming, and a word from her would make him loathe the woman he had loved and honoured these many years—would make him despise the mother of his children. No, she could not be so cruel as to ruin the innocent to punish the gilty. Besides, Jane had loved him, and it was her love which had made her sin. Margaret raised herself feebly and laid her thin hands upon the head of the woman who had martyrised her.

"I forgive you, Jane. Go in peace. John shall never know."

Jane lifted up her face in amazement at this God-like forgiveness. "You will not tell him?" she muttered.

"No. No one shall tell him. Hagar, swear to me that you will keep silent?"

"I swear," said Hagar, a little sullenly. "But you are wrong."

"No; I am right. To gain forgiveness we must forgive others. My poor Jane, you were tempted, and you fell. Of Lucy I shall say nothing; God will bring home her sin to her in——Ah! dear Lord! Hagar! I—I—I die!"

Hagar ran to the bedside and placed her arms round the lean frame of poor Margaret. Her face was grey, her eyes glazed, and her body fell back in the arms of Hagar like a dead thing. She was dying; the end of her martyrdom was at hand.

"Give! give——" she whispered, striving to raise one feeble hand.

"The teapot!" said Hagar. "Quick—give it to her!"

Jane seized the teapot—ignorant that it contained the letters which proved her guilt—and placed it in the hands of the poor soul. She clasped it feebly to her breast, and a smile of delight crept slowly over her grey face.

"John's gift!" she faltered, and then—died.

A moment later the door was pushed open, and a portly man with grey hair entered the room. He saw Jane sobbing by the bedside, Hagar kneeling with tears in her eyes, and on the bed the dead body of the woman he had loved.

"I am too late," said he, approaching. Poor Margaret!"

"She has just died," whispered Hagar. "Take your wife away."

"Come, my dear," said John, raising the repentant woman; "we can do no good. Poor Margaret! to think that she would not marry me! Well, it is best so; God has given me a good and true wife in her place."

With Jane on his arm, the lover of Margaret moved towards the door. "I shall, of course, see to the funeral," he said in a pompous tone. "She shall be buried like a princess."

"Indeed, Mr. Mask!—and she lived like a beggar!"

A faint flush of colour crept into the man's cheeks, withered with age. "That was not my fault," he said haughtily; "had I known of her wants I would have helped her; though, indeed," he added bitterly, "she deserved little at the hands of one whom she wronged so deeply. I loved her, and she was faithless."

"Ah!" cried Hagar, and for the moment she felt inclined to tell the truth; but the memory of her promise restrained her; also a glance at the white face of Jane, who thought that her secret was about to be revealed.

"What do you say?" asked John, looking back.

"Nothing. But—the silver teapot?"

"My gift. Let it be buried with her."

He passed through the door without another word, leaving Hagar alone with the dead. Had he known of the contents of the teapot, which the dead woman had clasped in her arms, he might not have departed with his wife by his side. But he went out ignorant and happy.

Hagar looked at the retiring forms of the married pair; at the white face of the dead woman; at the bare, bleak room and the silver teapot. Then she laughed.

(*To be Continued.*)

# ONE TRAMP.

IN the year 188–, in one of the lesser English families, there occurred a domestic disturbance which resulted in sending the younger son forth into the New World. The heat of those who remained soon subsided, and their love, greater than their anger, sought repentantly and unremittingly for the wanderer. But America is a wide continent, and for ten years the search had been in vain. For Fred, ever generous and kind, was erratic, impulsive and proud, and ill-fitted to make his way alone in the great world, or to face the struggle of life in all its seriousness. And so, despite his best efforts, little by little he lost ground, lower and lower he sank, until, at the date of our story, he formed one of a gang, half tramps, half thieves, which infested the northern part of Pennsylvania.

These men had lost their respect for the sacredness of vested rights. Few of them were tramps by choice. Most of them had battled hard for honourable success, but, some from inherent weakness, some from external pressure, had been failures. They had toiled, but reaped not; others, who mayhap had not toiled, saw perennial harvest.

But to-night they talk of a more desperate deed, for they plan to trifle with human life. Gathered in an empty box-car these outcasts of society broach their scheme. It lacks but a day of Christmas, and on to-morrow's eve a fast Special will pass over the D. L. & W. Railroad from Buffalo to New York. It is known that this Special is to carry several money packages of great value; its baggage and express cars will be packed with much valuable merchandise and with many a costly present; and its coaches will be filled with the wealthy and well-to-do hurrying homewards for the festal day. With dynamite placed upon the track so as to explode when struck by the engine, the gang plot to wreck this train, and then take their chances for rich plunder. The spot selected is at a lonely siding running into an immense gravel pit; this, they think, will furnish a convenient stage upon which to carry forward their inhuman tragedy.

Fred hears this diabolical plot unfolded with horror and dismay, for, low as he has sunk, down-trodden tramp as he is, his heart is yet too true to its fellows; his love for humanity, which has shown but little love to him, is yet too strong to permit him to enter willingly into that which involves the sacrifice of human life and the desolation of innocent hearts. He raises his voice in protest :

"But, Jinks" (Jinks is their recognized leader), "this thing isn't right; it isn't fair or square. These folks haven't done us any harm ; mebbe some of them have given us a meal now and again. Anyhow, we haven't any call fer to take life just because we're out of a job; it's going too far."

"Shut up, you fool!" growled Jinks, "much they nobs care whether we live or die, an' why should we care about 'em, I'd like ter know. They'd hang us all if they could, an' a bite o' cold wittles now an' again ain't all the dooty o' man to man, I reckon. Let 'em give us fair play, I say, or take their chances."

"But," interposed Fred again, "the thing's too risky. Life's sure to be lost, an' that means hanging for those of us as are caught, and, ten to one, some of us is bound to be."

"Well, jest as soon go to the devil hangin' as starvin," responded Jinks, "and let those as is to blame keep us company. We hain't got work, we hain't got wittles, and we hain't got money; these chaps hes all the money, an' now we're goin' fer to git our share, an' hanging's no bigger risk than starvin'."

"If you're afeerd, Chirpy," spoke up another of the gang, calling Fred

by the name given to him from his general cheerfulness, "If you're afeerd, then yer needn't come. We'll do the work an' giv' yer a share afterwards, too; ther ain't nothin' close-fisted about this yer gang, but bust me if I thought Chirpy was a coward, boys!"

This loosed the tongues of the tramps, some of them chaffing Fred, others sneering at him, and others contending that Chirpy was "as bould as the best," but all fully bent on the evil deed; and Fred saw that further protest was useless.

The night and the day which followed was a time of torture to poor Fred. The awfulness of the deed, the guilty sense of participation, and the feeling that he dare not bear a hand in such crime, grew upon him until he suffered like one whose reason totters upon its throne. Now his far-away English home rises up before him with all its accustomed Christmas cheer. He sees his dear old mother, her heart at this season more than ever full of her wandering boy. She is praying for him now, praying that God will guard him wherever he may be. Fred feels it; he knows it; and will any one deny the truth of his conviction, the fact of that prayer, or its utility? Be that as it may, the soul of the man in the body of the tramp responds. No! he will be true to himself, his mother and his God; the brand of Cain he will not wear.

But it is not easy to elude his comrades. Through the day the gang have scattered far and wide in groups of two and three, and some have procured the deadly dynamite. Then, as darkness falls, they rendezvous at the chosen gravel pit. Soon the track patrol passes for the night, lights the switch lamp and disappears. Now the desperate wretches place their dynamite in position, and retire amongst the overhanging bushes, to await their carnival of deviltry. Fred's agony and horror grew momentarily more unendurable. Already he sees, or seems to see, the upward leap of the locomotive, arrested in its onward way. He hears the loud crash, the grinding timber, the hideous hissing of the escaping steam, the shrieks and groans of the suffering, and the mingled prayers and imprecations of the unhurt. Car is piled upon car, baggage is hurled in every direction, and all around lie the mangled and the maimed, the injured and the dead. Fire adds its ferocity to complete the fiendish scene, while here and there, like vultures of the night, his nefarious comrades probe for pitiless plunder. Fred's every faculty revolts in terror. He cannot endure the sight. It must not be.

But what can he do? All day he has watched for a chance to give the alarm, and found none. Now it is too late, and—listen! Yes! it is! Away in the distance he hears the first faint warning whistle of the fated train. Ten minutes more and imagination will be reality. Some one must warn the unsuspecting engineer of that Special, or no power on earth can prevent the catastrophe, and every second now is vital. Again that warning whistle! louder and clearer this time.

Born of desperation, a plan flashes into Fred's mind, and with it the determination and strength to execute it. In the darkness, separating himself from the excited members of the gang, he slips quickly down the gravel pit, and with feverish noiselessness and caution makes his way along its sides until he reaches the switch. Then the thunder of the on-coming Special sounding in his ears gives him the strength of two men, and with frantic effort he wrenches the switch lamp from its fastenings, and dashes madly down the track in the face of the flying thunderbolt, waving his signal wildly to and fro above his head and raising shout after shout in the futility of desperation.

Is it too late? Will they never heed his signal? Must this slaughter be, and bloodguiltiness be on his head?

The blaze of the headlight is full on him now. He gathers his strength together for a final effort, when crack! crack! crack! a volley of pistol shots comes flying through the air from the ambuscade of the enraged desperadoes, at first stunned, but now chagrined at

this sudden imperilling of their design. Fred falls on the rails, hit on the leg.

But the engineer has seen the waving light. "Down brakes" has screeched through the night. Levers are reversed, and the mighty winged mass of iron and steel, straining and spluttering in his harness, comes to a complete stop within ten feet of the body of a tramp, and not one hundred feet away from a full charge of one of the most powerful explosives of which the world has knowledge.

Fred has not lost consciousness, and a word tells his story. The train-crew remove the fatal explosive, but they scour the bushes in vain for those who placed it with deadly intent, and are obliged to content themselves with reporting the attempt at the next station. They lift the tramp carefully into the baggage car, and while a surgeon from amongst the passengers examines the wounded limb, the mighty engine plunges forward once more.

The tale runs rapidly from end to end of the long train, and varied and complex are the emotions which it stirs in the breasts of the hundreds of happy holiday travellers, as they picture, and scarcely dare to picture, the terrible possibilities which have been averted. Thankfulness in some form or other, whether it be mere selfish pleasure at life preserved, or a holy tribute to the Giver of all life, or gratitude towards His agent, a tramp—thankfulness, in some form, is the predominant feeling of every heart, and mingles with admiration for the noble deed and the noble doer of it. Their thanks and their admiration must find tangible expression. The subscription-list is started, and men who wouldn't give five cents to save the life of another, now moved by a brave act and the saving of their own lives, join with philanthropists in contributing handsomely toward a purse for the benefit of one tramp. Then the passengers settle down for the remainder of the journey, some to meditate, others to pray, some to tremble in terror to their journey's end, others to talk the exciting occurrence over in all its bearings, and tell o similar experiences.

But one of their number has a heart which abounds more in love for others than do the hearts of his fellow-travellers. For amongst capitalists as amongst tramps some are more true to humanity than others, and the same love of his kind which deterred Fred from consenting to their destruction now impels one of the wealthy to go forward and personally learn more of this outcast tramp who has been the saviour of them all.

In the baggage-car poor "Chirpy" is resting uneasily on a rough couch, formed among the baggage. He is conscious, but weak, almost to the point of wandering in his speech. The stranger strives to enter into conversation with him, and inquires if his wounded limb is very painful.

"No, not very," Fred says ; he is tired though, so tired, but he is glad he saved the train. His comrades? No, he will say nothing about them. His name? What does that matter! They call him "Chirpy" It is not his real name? No, of course not ; he will not tell his real name. Home? He has none, he is a tramp. It is many a year since he had a home. Mother? Ah, yes! he has a mother, and might he spend but an hour with her he would gladly die. He can see her now ; she is praying for her boy ; she was praying for him last night ; when is she not praying for him! And to-morrow will be Christmas Day. Does the stranger know how they keep Christmas in England?

The kind-hearted man smiles, and replies that he knows England well, and has spent many Christmases there. He had hoped to spend this one there, too, but has been detained at the British Columbian gold-fields, in the interest of English capital, and it will be the New Year before he can reach home now. Will "Chirpy" not tell him in what part of old England is his native place ;

Fred is weak and lonely-hearted ; the stranger is kindly, and has won his confidence. Perhaps he knows the old

familiar scenes, and can tell him of the changes the years have made. Perhaps he has seen his mother, and can tell him of her. He will tell the stranger. What is the use of forever trying to hide himself! His native place is B—, in —shire. Does the stranger know it?

The traveller starts sharply, but controls himself, and scanning the features of the tramp with intense eagerness, says quietly:

"Then you are Fred M—?"

And Fred, too weak and too indifferent to deny, closes his eyes and simply answers "Yes."

Then the baggage-man and his mate marvel to see the elegant traveller bend over the uneven couch of this torn and tattered tramp, as, shifting the baggage, he gently raises Fred's tired and unkempt head and pillows it on his own well-clothed breast. In low tones which are full of joy, he gives Fred to know that he is safe in the arms of his elder brother. He tells him how bitterly he has repented the ill-timed discussion which caused their separation, and how he has sought for him far and wide until this hour. He tells him of their mother, and how she longs to see her boy again; and he pictures a happy re-union in which they will all soon participate, please God, in their common home beyond the sea.

The extemporized couch is now one of joy rather than pain. Fred's heart is full of peace and rest. His weariness in body and mind enable him to say little, but he lies content, with eyes that glow and glisten through many a tear, as he listens to the tales of love and of the loved. Love has transformed that baggage car; it is now the palace of the divine.

When the ambulance had removed the wounded man from the car at New York, the baggage-man, who is a bit of a philosopher, leans against the side of his car in deep reflection for a full minute and a half; then calls to his mate:

"Say, Bill! don't th' good Book say as how all men air brothers?"

*J. W. Hannon.*

## LIFE'S NIAGARA.

(*By the Author of "Away From Newspaperdom."*)

CALM lies Lake Erie under sun and sky,
Reflecting sail or rippled by the oar,
No peace so great its waters knew before
In higher reaches northerly that lie;
But mark the waves—insensibly they hie
Through narrowing verges to Niagara's roar,
Where, ages since, the rocks with birth-pangs tore
The river, pre-ordained to live and die
Within so short a range; and still they rend
And dash the waters to the world below,
Where foaming, swirling, onward still they tend
Through maddening eddies to Ontario.
This is like Life's beginning and its end:
From Calm to Calm through wild unrest we go.

*Bernard McEvoy.*

# THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC.

*A Review of "Glimpses of the Monastery."* *

"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon !"

THE sweet spirit of Christian charity which awoke in France, in response to the eloquence of a St. Vincent de Paul, or an Olier, gave to her in the new world two devoted women, whose names are cherished among her worthies. The rhetorical and political brilliance of the Church, so pre-eminent in the days of Louis XIV., causes us to overlook the achievements of the preceding reign, and may have given colour to the verdict, that the policy of aggrandizement pursued by Cardinal Richelieu made him indifferent to the true welfare of the Catholic Church. After all, a great characteristic of Richelieu was that he was more tolerant than his age, and in this solution we may find a reason for the rapid growth of religion, irrespective of creeds, and the development of those religious Orders which signalized the reign of Louis XIII. These Orders, founded under the direction, or at least with the sanction, of the man "of whom France had need," were destined to have a far-reaching and beneficent influence, and to exercise an important bearing on the progress of France in the new world.

In "Glimpses of the Monastery," the work before us, we trace the first fruits of this religious zeal in the life and labours of Madame de la Peltrie and Mère Marie de l'Incarnation. In the preface to the book, the author—a member of the Community—states that the matter to be placed before the reader,

> "Was not to be a dry compendium of facts and dates. It should represent the character and spirit of the institution of which it treats, by presenting before the reader the varying vicissitudes through which it has passed, from the first hazardous undertaking of its foundation to the present day. It should introduce us to those valiant women who shared the courage and long-suffering of the priests and missionaries of the heroic age of Canada, but it should acquaint us also with some of those facts and incidents which occur to vary the uniformity of convent life, presenting to us even the more intimate pictures of the lives of the nuns."

In the last words of this passage, "the uniformity of convent life" and the "lives of the nuns," the author has, perhaps unconsciously, suggested an interesting study on the comparison to be drawn between convent and ordinary life. The reader, however, must determine whether in its analogy, or in its diversity, it furnishes the most food for reflection.

To the student of Canadian history and of human affairs the work possesses a peculiar value, since it throws many side lights on the domestic life of familiar characters, and furnishes a key to passages in history. The volume is a substantial one of over 600 pages, illustrated by several engravings, and will be welcomed by those numerous visitors to the ancient city who desire to preserve a memento of an institution so intimately associated with the history of Canada.

A variety of subjects are brought into review, and the interest and sympathy of the reader are controlled in a masterly manner. The condition of the infant colony on the arrival of the Ursulines is, perhaps, the most successful portraiture. The hardships and privations of the early pioneers, the habits and customs of the aborigines;

* "Glimpses of the Monastery": Scenes from the History of the Ursulines of Quebec during Two Hundred Years, 1639-1839, by a Member of the Community. Second edition, Revised, augmented and completed by Reminiscences of the last fifty years, 1839-1889. Quebec: L. J. Demers & Frère.

scenes of battle with the Indians, glimpses of the vice-regal court, are vividly pourtrayed; while we obtain a view of the reign of terror—the days of the siege—in the following words:

"On the 12th of July, at nine in the evening, from the batteries erected at Point Levis, the enemy began a heavy cannonade on the city. The Lower Town, at only a mile distant fron the opposite shore, had been deserted by its inhabitants, who foresaw its impending fate. The red-hot balls and bomb shells did their work of destruction, shattering many houses and setting them on fire. The Upper Town, which had not been so completely evacuated, proved to be within the range of the enemy's guns, and the greatest panic prevailed. . . . With the return of daylight it was resolved to remove the community to a place of greater safety. It would have been temerity to remain longer within reach of the murderous projectiles which had wrought such havoc in a single night."

From the midst of these scenes the heroic women pass to sights still more sad—to minister to the wants of the sick and dying in the General Hospital.

Thus, amid their own dire distress, they were ever ready to efface self, seeking only to console and strengthen others. Their faith sustained them in their darkest hours, enabling them to cheerfully perform what to them, in the meantime, was their mission on earth.

"La foi qui n'agit point, est-ce une foi sincère?"

The days following the siege were days of anxiety and doubt, which found expression in the following words, written by one of the community to the sisters in Paris:

"I know how sincerely you have shared the afflictions which have weighed upon us for several years past. A treaty of peace, so long desired, but concluded on terms so contrary to our hopes, has filled up the measure of our sorrows. We felt the disappointment the more acutely, from having flattered ourselves so long that the final arrangements would be very different; for we could not persuade ourselves that Canada would be given up so easily. Nothing is left but to adore with submission the impenetrable decrees of the Almighty."

The lilies of the Bourbons had given place to the "banner of England;" but British rule seems to have brought consolation to the good nuns, for on several occasions they gave expression to the kindness they had received at the hands of the new rulers. Thus, in 1767, a letter addressed to the Ursulines of Paris reads as follows:

"The news we had from France this year, as far as regards religion, grieves us profoundly. Although expatriated by the fate of war, our hearts are as French as ever, and this makes us doubly sensible of the decline of that dear country. I cannot help saying that it is well to be in Canada, where we enjoy the greatest tranquility. We are not in the least molested on the score of religion. We have a Governor who, by his moderation and benignity, is the delight of everyone."

At a later date, Mother St. Louis de Gonzague writes:

"Religion is perfectly free at present; if any depart from their duty it is their own fault. People say that it is not the same in France, where religious communities suffer persecution. We have not the same difficulty under the Government of England."

Many more interesting passages, relating to the lives of the nuns, interwoven with romance and tragedy, scenes in the history of the convent, echoes of the Revolution, might be cited as an evidence of the scope of the work, but with one quotation, referring to a name familiar in our history—Le Gardeur de Repentigny—we must bring this notice to a close.

Those who have visited the "Chapel of the Saints" in the Ursuline Convent will have noticed "La lampe qui ne s'éteint pas," which for 170 years has cast its tender light amid all the changing scenes which have marked the history of this institution.

"O twinkling lamp! thy feeble ray
Sheds no refulgent glare;
And yet thou knowest no decay
Since once thrice fifty years away
Thou first wast trimmed with care."

Who then had lit this tiny lamp before the shrine of "Our Lady of Great Power?" The maiden's name was Marie Madeleine de Repentigny.

"On leaving the convent, she, like many others, had not formed to herself any fixed plan of life. The prestige of rank, wit and beauty on the one side, and that of merit, politeness and noble demeanour on the other, soon resulted in an alliance with an officer, which appeared advantageous in the eyes of the world. . . . Suddenly the young officer is called away on duty . . the first report brings tidings of his death! To the violent grief of

the first months succeeds an attempt to dissipate the irksome gloom of mind by plunging anew into the whirl of worldly pleasures. At one of the churches of the city, an eloquent Jesuit was giving the exercises of a retreat for young ladies. Marie Madeleine went with the rest, but soon found that the sacred orator was preaching—so it seemed to her—for her alone.

"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world, and yet to lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

Her choice is made, she seeks again the refuge of the convent.

"Confirmed, henceforth in her vocation; grateful for the protection of heaven, she begs permission to found a perpetual memento of the grace, the invisible *light* she has received. Her own life, cheerful, courageous, mortified, during the twenty years she had yet to spend within the monastery, was another light, rejoicing her companions more than the *Votive Lamp*, which she daily trimmed with sentiments ever fresh of piety and gratitude."

The lives of the truly noble compel our admiration, whatever our creed or faith, and thus it is, in pursuing these pages, the coldest heart will be touched by the heroic courage of these women, while to their adherents there gathers around their memory the auriole of the saint.

The work, however, appeals to all, as a record of noble women, toiling in a noble manner for a noble cause.

The shadows of the convent towers,
Slant down the snowy sward;
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord.

*Arthur G. Doughty.*

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## BUBBLES.

(*By the Author of "Away from Newspaperdom."*)

ARE we but bubbles on the stream,
Whose little spheres reflect the sun,
And mate and join in love's fine dream
So that where two were there's but one?

That floats along the river's wave,
Now through the shade, now in the glow,
And sees the pine and poplar wave,
And wild flowers sweet that bloom below.

Then vanishes to mist, and ends,
Leaving no trace; the landscape still
Is beauteous; still the sunset lends
Its grace, and dawn makes great the hill.

And all is as it was before,
And we are merged in some sweet cloud
That floats away by sea or shore
Until it meets the tempest loud.

Then far inland is wildly driven,
While lightnings tear the earth and sky,
And then, its pregnant bosom riven,
Breaks into drops that downward hie:

And lo! upon a pansy's face
There are two tears that joy to meet,
And find in a divine embrace
That love endures and still is sweet.

*Bernard McEvoy.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WHEN the instructor of youth wants to be particularly edifying he points to the Partition of Poland as one of the grievous crimes of history, one of those indefensible acts of greed and tyranny which a newer and more enlightened age would not tolerate. The final dismemberment of Poland took place in 1795. A hundred years pass away, and the chorus of praise of our advancing civilization is interrupted by a perfectly cold-blooded discussion upon the proposed and expected dismemberment of China. It is not the feelings or rights of the Chinese that are causing any outcry against complete spoliation, but the fear that in the scramble the peace of the world may be endangered; a species of morality as intelligible as the objection of the Puritans to bear-baiting: not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Four European Powers are stretching out hands for a share of the spoil, Russia doing the work for her ally, France, while Great Britain and Germany are, apparently, in a jealous and suspicious concert. The force which sustains British demands is that she opens and expands new territories and areas for the trade of the whole world equally, asks no special favours for herself, and makes free to all nations the concessions obtained for her own subjects. Yet this does not modify materially the morality of the transaction that divides among the powerful the possessions of dwindling states. It is precisely the policy of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries dressed up in the phrases of the nineteenth.

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What chiefly excites hostility among foreign nations to the growth of the British Empire is that some of its defenders cherish a conviction that we are the trustees of Providence, and destined to rule the world for the benefit of all races. If you put forward plans for Imperial aggrandizement, commercial or political, on any other ground, you are a Jingo. The foreigner bluntly calls this hypocrisy, because he feels sure that the stimulus of British advancement is essentially the same as that of other nations, pride of race, a vigorous population, rich commerce, and the ability to maintain armies and navies. That British rule, by its curious and admirable intermixture of the monarchical and aristocratical with the democratical, is stable and beneficent, does not mend matters in the least to the foreign observer. He believes, reasonably enough, that the aggression which affixes a superior label to itself is none the less dangerous and far more irritating. Therefore, the question of the Far East is as likely as not to precipitate a war some day, since the commercial interests of India, equally with those of England, demand that in the break-down of the Chinese wall of exclusiveness British trade shall have an equal chance with others. Being possessed of the financial and shipping facilities and profits as well, England secures, in any nominally equal chance anywhere, a better opportunity than her neighbour.

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If one is to judge by appearances, little is really known of the true aims and operations that are now working their way in China. What are the sources of knowledge? Statements in the press, the movements of troops or fleets, and the ingenious theories that critics love to spin. The Foreign Secretaries of all civilized governments but one keep their proceedings as secret as possible, and until a decisive move is made the public at large are not taken into their confidence. It is understood to be the correct thing to believe that in the long run Great Britain comes out ahead, a pious faith about which a Canadian, who knows how often during a century she has

been over-reached and outwitted in North America, has his doubts. Using all the language of Jingoism, while professing to despise it, the advocates of British luck declare her navy invincible, her food supplies adequate, her future assured against any combination. To this school Lord Rosebery addressed himself last year in his warning that by Imperial expansion England had given hostages to fortune, and could not risk a war in Europe upon the Cretan question. The warning is also timely to-day.

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Mr. Gladstone seems already, during his lifetime, to have passed into history, and his 88th birthday called forth expressions of esteem undisturbed by the note of partyism. His latest counsel, given privately, it is said, to the Liberals is to push on an agitation against the House of Lords. But a fight of this kind needs a strong man, and the removal of Mr. Gladstone from the scene left a gaping chasm which cannot soon be filled. The party, by the gradual trend of events, will win back seats, and ultimately a majority; but what can they do with it? One of their influential journals advises patience and very little else: "So long as Liberals cling to their principles," says *The Speaker*, "and are loyal to the duty of enforcing those principles whenever the opportunity of doing so occurs, they need no programme, and they may even, for the moment, do without anything in the shape of authoritative leadership." This is a course which Mrs. Micawber appreciated, but it points to utter disintegration. The House of Lords is part of the constitution, and as long as it registers without undue restiveness the partly socialistic measures of a Conservative Government, not much can be done with it by arousing the democracy. The Liberals, in losing seats like that at York, may point to the fact that double constituencies are proverbially uncertain where a single vacancy occurs unexpectedly, and, in the main, the tide moves slowly but surely in their direction.

In India, up the Nile, in the Niger country, in the Greek question, in South Africa, and now in China, there lurk many dangers to peace. That is, international peace, because already in several of these quarters British troops are actually in the tented field. The navy has not been in serious action since the taking of Alexandria in July, 1882, and it remains to be seen whether the naval resources and administration are above the criticism that is now being bestowed upon the army. The understanding that exists between France and Russia may afford some obstacles to a settlement of the Anglo-French disagreements in the Nile and Niger region, where the French seem to be mischievously active in spheres of commerce or control generally acknowledged to be British. The Meline Ministry at Paris has had the unusually long life, for French Ministries, of nearly two years, and there are signs that the friendly relations it has established with the clerical and monarchist parties point to greater stability of policy and consequently, perhaps, to a more pronounced chauvinism than Britain has had to reckon with hitherto. Russian influence in European policy was never stronger, and it is impossible to feel that the designs of the Czar's advisers coincide with the desire for peace which certainly animates Lord Salisbury's policy. In short, it is contended by those who are accustomed to watch European events very closely that the year closed with a greater array of international issues unsettled than usual.

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Persons who think perfection can be attained in public affairs by hasty legislation should make a note of the fact that Civil Service reform is once more under inspection in the United States. The wholesale extensions of the list of officials coming under the law which were made in recent years have been a subject of inquiry. No real objection can be raised against the doing away with the spoils system. But in attempting to remedy an evil by a stroke of the pen you may fall into another difficulty. A Government should have some ap-

pointing power, since if all its most important clerkships are to be filled by an arbitrary rule, working through written tests, the result may at times be inconvenient if not injurious. For the great bulk of civil servants a law abolishing patronage we may safely presume to be beneficial. But for numerous and important exceptions allowance must be made. This is illustrated forcibly by Mr. Gage, the member of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet who above all others was chosen for his fitness and business experience, and who testifies that certain classes of employees should be appointed without "academic test." Other evidence, not of a purely partizan nature, confirms this view. You may ride civil service reform to death, just as other needed reforms in the state may be botched by well-meaning precipitancy.

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Cabinet Ministers, of course, in making high appointments, may choose unwisely. Indeed they may lack wisdom themselves, though they are the choice, directly or indirectly, of the Sovereign People. The name of Mr. McKenna, for instance, when submitted by the President for appointment to the Supreme Court, has been criticised on the ground that he was not a sufficiently able man for so great a position. Incidentally, Mr. McKenna is a Catholic, and the comedy enacted every time some zealous bigot sees "the hand of Rome" in public affairs has been on exhibition in this case. Then, Mr. McKenna, as Attorney-General, construed out of existence the famous section 22 of the new tariff law intended to strike at Canadian railways. Even his ingenuity here is quoted against him. If his choice by the Executive indicates unfitness on their part to select, why not a civil service law for creating judges automatically?

It is hoped that when trade revives, and the excess of imports brought in before the Dingley Tariff was applied are worked off, the revenues will meet the expenditure. But this hope is really baseless, since the Treasury itself figures upon a deficit of $28,000,000 during the fiscal year ending next June, and one nearly as large for the following year. Even these allowances are believed to be inadequate. Talk of curtailing expenditure there is none, and the steady increase of national expenditure is regarded as a settled thing. The prospect of a low tariff in the United States is, therefore, exceedingly remote.

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No person in Canada supposes that the "sealskin sacque" legislation of Congress, and its more or less vexatious enforcement by the Custom officials, emanates from the reasonable people of the United States. But such a law is valuable as one among many proofs that reasonable opinion in the republic seldom passes the laws.

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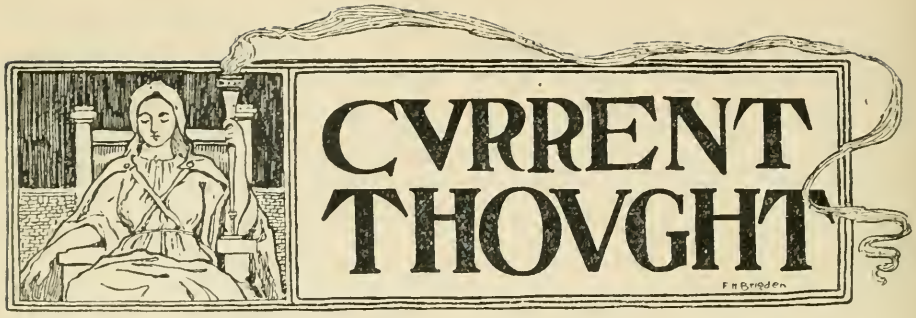
What the United States can do to protect its commercial interests in China, if the markets of that empire are to be seized by European nations, is much discussed. It is pointed out by commercial authorities that the question has a deep interest in view of the rapidly developing manufactures of the States. One thing is certain, that with her free trade policy England will not close Chinese ports controlled by her to American goods. This would indicate the direction Washington diplomacy ought to take, but there are few signs that the rulers of the republic want any concerted arrangement with Great Britain, commercial or political. All the wooing comes from the other side.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*




## THE HISTORY OF THE YUKON.

IN his work on the Yukon District, about to be published,* Mr. W. Ogilvie the well-known explorer and surveyor, gives some interesting historical data. He says :

"The first people from civilization to enter the country were the traders for the Hudson's Bay Company. In the year 1840 Mr. Campbell was commissioned by Sir George Simpson to explore the Upper Liard and to cross the height-of-land in search of any river flowing to the westward. After ascending the river to its head waters he struck across to the head of the Pelly River, thence down the Pelly to the confluence of the Lewes, at which point he turned back, his men having become discouraged by the stories of the Wood Indians encamped there, who represented that the lower portion of the river was inhabited by a large tribe of cannibals. In 1847 Fort Yukon was established at the mouth of the Porcupine by Mr. A. H. Murray, another member of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"In 1848 Campbell established Fort Selkirk at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes Rivers; it was plundered and destroyed in 1852 by the Coast Indians, and only the ruins now exist of what was at one time the most important post of the Hudson's Bay Company to the west of the Rocky Mountains in the far north. In 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company's officer was expelled from Fort Yukon by the United States Government, they having ascertained by astronomical observations that the post was not located in British territory. The officer thereupon ascended the Porcupine to a point which was supposed to be within British jurisdiction, where he established Rampart House; but in 1890 Mr. J. H. Turner of the United States Coast Survey found it to be 20 miles within the lines of the United States. Consequently in 1891 the post was moved 20 miles farther up the river to be within British territory.

"The next people to enter the country for trading purposes were Messrs. Harper and McQuesten. They have been trading in the country since 1873 and have occupied numerous posts all along the river, the greater number of which have been abandoned. Mr. Harper is now located as a trader at Fort Selkirk, and Mr. McQuesten is in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company at Circle City, which is the distributing point for the vast regions surrounding Birch Creek, Alaska. In 1882 a number of miners entered the Yukon country by the Dyea Pass; it is still the only route used to any extent by the miners, and is shorter than the other passes though not the lowest. In 1883 Lieutenant Schwatka crossed this same pass and descended the Lewes and Yukon Rivers to the ocean."

As to the gold found there, it is pointed out that Inspector Charles Constantine, of the North-West Mounted Police Force, who went there in 1894, estimated the output of that season at $300,000. But the existence of coarse gold was known in the district as early as 1864, for in that year a clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company wrote to his father in Ontario as follows :

"I had some thoughts of digging the gold here, but am not sure about it. I do not think it is in paying quantities at the Fort (Yukon), but if I could only get time to make an expedition up the Yukon I expect we should find it in abundance, but I am always on the voyage or busy at the fort during the summer, and in winter nothing can be done in the way of gold hunting. I think that next fall, after arriving from my trips down the Yukon, I shall be able to go up the river. There is a small river not far from here that the minister, the Rev. McDonald, saw so much gold on a year or two ago that he could have gathered it with a spoon. I have often wished to go but can never find the time. Should I find gold in paying quantities I may turn gold-digger, but this is *merely a last resort when I can do no better.*"

* Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co. Paper, 50 cents.

There are many other valuable paragraphs in this most interesting volume. The following may be taken as examples :

"Attention may be directed to the fact that the whole of that vast region owes its now world-wide reputation to the richness of 140 claims in the Klondike District ; 100 of these are on Bonanza Creek, and about 40 on Eldorado. To use a mining term, many of those claims are 'world beaters,' and if the indications now known are worth anything at all they are worth from sixty to seventy millions of dollars in that extent of these two creeks.

"Taking this division as a whole, including the three creeks named, affluent to Indian Creek, a district some 35 miles in length and 25 or more miles in width, if the indications can be relied on, there are one hundred million dollars in sight in that area. No one can guarantee this amount, but the prospects so far developed point to that sum pretty conclusively. This district is exceptionally rich. Nothing has ever been found like it heretofore in that country,—in fact, in very few countries has anything been found like it, and while we cannot confidently assert that other finds as valuable as it will be made, it is altogether improbable that gold is scattered over such a vast extent and only rich at a point which is less than the 140th part of the total area. If we add to this, part of the northern area of British Columbia, we increase it nearly twofold, and the comparative area of the Klondike District is much lessened."

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## AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The *National Review*, in its January issue, thus summarizes the position of the Federal movement in Australia :

"It would be idle even for the keenest politician to pretend that the politics of Australia have during the past month held public attention to the exclusion of other topics. At this time of year one instinctively associates Australia with cricket and with homeric cricket. The brilliant play of Mr. Stoddart's team and the opposing teams has been followed in the Mother Country with breathless interest. Indeed, at a time of considerable international anxiety it has been almost ludicrous to mark how generally conversation in London has turned towards cricket—'Ranji's throat,' Maclaren's centuries, or Australia's brilliant second innings. This mid-winter cricket has a singularly cheering effect at a peculiarly dismal period of the year, and those who provide it are benefactors to their distant fellow-countrymen. England has won the first of the test matches, but the Australian team is evidently capable of knocking up a great score, and ultimate victory appears to be quite an open question. The matches have been so fully chronicled and commented upon in the newspapers that we need not further deal with them here ; so recur to our proper Province, which concerns the duller sides of existence. The main thread of Australian public affairs is unquestionably the movement towards Federation which we have viewed since its inception with the maximum of interest that is compatible with a minimum of expectation. Recently the cause has sustained two severe blows, for Queensland, after shilly-shallying for several months in a most exasperating manner, has finally decided not to participate in the final Convention which assembles in the new year, though her premier, Sir Hugh Nelson, had pledged her co-operation. However, he has been overrule by Parliament, and that colony stands aside.

"New South Wales, many of whose politicians regard the Federal movement with scornful and jealous eyes, has also taken unfriendly action against the advice of her able premier, Mr. Reid, who is an enthusiastic Federationist. The anti-Federationists of that community have succeeded in inserting an amendment in the Federal Enabling Act which is considered to damage the prospects of the Federation Bill. The latest cablegram states : 'There has been a severe struggle in the New South Wales Legislative Council over the Federal Enabling Act Amendment Bill, which enacts that 80,000 electors must vote in favour of the Federation Bill, otherwise it will be lost. The Federalists, led by Mr. Barton, endeavoured to block or amend the Bill. The anti-Federalists, led by Mr. Want, the Attorney-General, carried the measure unamended with the help of the closure. The large number of affirmative votes required imperils federation.' The position of Australasian Federation at the opening of the fateful year 1898 may thus be summarized. New Zealand has consistently stood aloof on account of her distance from the other colonies. Queensland also remains an outsider, owing to an irreconcilable conflict as to electoral areas. New South Wales is a doubtful quantity, and West Australia is somewhat lukewarm. There remain Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania —a well compacted group of colonies, in whose hands the fortunes of the Federation rest."

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

ONE of the most notable features of our present national life is the growing interest in everything that pertains to Canadian history. Articles and books dealing with various phases and periods are in great demand. Old books, pamphlets and newspapers possessing historic importance are greedily picked up by libraries and private collectors, and the prices of these works are advancing very rapidly.

Some years ago, the Dominion Government, in order to preserve material relating to early Canadian history and to reprint much that was not accessible to the ordinary student, established an archive department. This has been moderately successful. Now a commission is looking into the preservation of governmental documents and state papers and is said to have discovered a very loose state of affairs in this regard. Jealousy among the departments, added to reckless indifference, has caused the destruction of many valuable blue books and other documents. It is probable that a new building will be erected at Ottawa so that everything of importance may be collected, filed, catalogued and preserved.

Another proposed reform is agitating Ontario. In the city of Toronto there are three large reference libraries, the University of Toronto Library, the Legislative Assembly Library and the Public Library. It is proposed to amalgamate these three into one great Provincial Reference Library, which will contain everything procurable relating to the history of the Province and of the Dominion. The idea is a grand one, and should it meet with general acceptance and be successfully worked out, it will be an example to the other provinces.

Another of the notable features of recent national development is the growth of a kindlier feeling between the two races which fate has brought together to work out a common destiny on the northern half of this continent. The French-Canadians of Quebec voted against the coercion of the English-Canadians of the Prairie Province, and as a result the English-Canadians of all the provinces have come to feel more kindly towards those who trace their lineage back to the chivalry of France. The kindlier feeling is reciprocated if one can judge from the conduct of our French-Canadian Premier and those of his colleagues who are of the same race as himself. Even in the parts of Ontario where narrow bigotry has been known to reign in years that have passed, the national feeling is rising above race and religious differences, and is creating a more liberal basis for a common citizenship.

The growth of a united Canada has been slow. The Imperial Act of 1867 which laid the foundations of a new nation seemed, during the first years of its sway, to have little influence; the people of each province were still provincial. Its effect is now being felt, and common elements in national life are becoming more accentuated. Inter-provincial communication and trade have developed steadily, bearing in their train an inter-provincial sympathy which will ultimately create unity. Charles Campbell, one of our younger poets, seems to have felt and embodied this in his recently published poem, entitled "Canada,"* which he has dedicated to a strange combination: Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the mem-

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

ory of the Loyalists. His closing lines are as follows :

The lilies of old France are just as fair ;
Though lost to sight, their fragrance still is there—
The Red Cross beckons ever in the van,
The hope of earth, the steadfast friend of man—
Beneath its folds a serried people stand
In true and pure allegiance, heart and hand ;
One, from stern Fundy's deep arterial tide
To where the Great Lakes spread their waters wide ;
One where the Rocky Mountains proudly soar ;
One still upon the far Pacific shore ;
One people,—to be sundered nevermore !

A few lines which appear in an earlier portion of the poem are also worth quoting :

Well for the loyal faith and knightly grace
That tried time-honoured foes in close embrace !
Oh ! well that noble hearts can soar above
All hates o'erpast, to brotherhood of love !
The Lilies and the Cross, by God entwined,
Stand fast mid chaos—marvel to mankind !

Let us hope that the age of bigotry has passed, and that no more race and religious questions may arise to undo what has been accomplished. Canada has more to fear from internal bickerings and dissensions than from armed invasions.

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Canada has not among her population a very large percentage of deserving poor. Yet this class exists, and is deserving of more attention than it has yet received from the men who are yearly making thousands of dollars out of Canadian progress. Sir J. A. Chapleau, the retiring lieutenant-governor of the Province of Quebec, set a splendid example when, a few days ago, he sent $1,200 to the mayor of Quebec to be distributed among the poor. This money was the amount usually spent on the annual reception. All honour to such a generous and noble-minded gift ! It is such action which reveals the finer feelings of a healthy democracy, and which strikes hard blows at socialism, confiscation and anarchy. Such a gift, small as it is, will do more real good than a gift of fifty times that amount for a building of stone, which is an increasing burden to those who are the unfortunate recipients—such buildings being the common form of the gifts which our rich citizens are in the habit of making to the community.

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A Canadian novel of more than ordinary importance will soon be issued in this country. It will describe Canadian rural and village life with a delicacy and charm never before accomplished by any novelist. The author is Joanna E. Woods, whose book, "The Untempered Wind," published in 1894 in New York, ran through several editions. This talented lady has also had other books published, and has acquired considerable reputation as a short story writer, her work appearing in leading United States periodicals. The new book will be a love-story of absorbing interest.

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Speaking of books, the first volume of J. Castell Hopkins' Encyclopædia has appeared. It is a valuable volume and reflects credit on all concerned. A rather over-critical review of it appears elsewhere in this issue.

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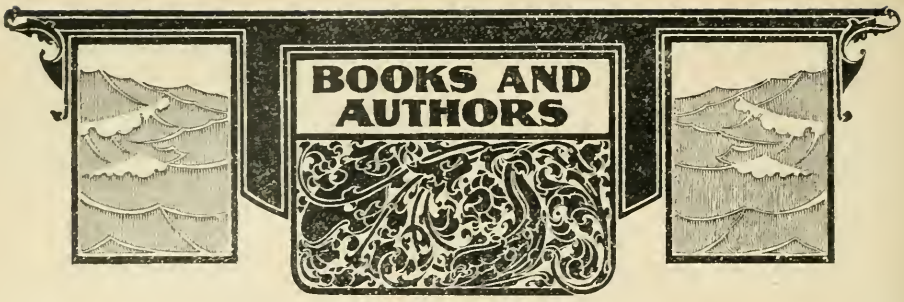
This is the season of the year when municipal election problems are prominent. There seems to be a tendency among Canadians to regard municipal elections as a joke rather than as an important part of our administrative system. The candidates who secure the preference in the large cities are not men of acknowledged probity or of prominent standing. They are usually men of small mental calibre, and of broad views as to political morality. What they must possess is an inexhaustible amount of bluff, a decided and energetic manner, and the unique power of pleasing one-half of the electors. The consequence of all this is that the cost of governing our towns and cities is very high, and the borrowing power of each municipality is used too freely. But, perhaps, this is part of the price we must pay for the benefits of democracy.




## A CANADIAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THE most pretentious publication ever undertaken in Canada since the establishment of the printing press is "Canada: an Encyclopædia of the Country," to be written by a corps of eminent writers and specialists; to be edited by J. Castell Hopkins, author of "Life and Work of Sir John Thompson," "Life and Reign of Queen Victoria," etc., and to be published in five royal quarto volumes, by subscription, by the Linscott Publishing Company, of Toronto. The idea of such a work is magnificent and daring, and Mr. Hopkins deserves the highest praise for his originality in its conception, and his energy and resource in its execution.

The first volume is to hand. It is dedicated by express permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and is prefaced by a few lines from the pen of his Excellency the Governor-General. It is divided into seven sections, the plan of each being the same. First there is an arcticle by some special contributor, and then come a series of editorial notes quoting documents, letters, speeches or other works bearing on the subject of the general article. These notes are designed to still further explain and illustrate the particular subject with which they deal, and to connect the articles in the same section.

The first section is entitled "Discoveries and Explorations," and contains two contributed articles, "Voyages and Discoveries of the Cabots," by Dr. Harvey, and "Early Explorations and Discoveries," by Sir Sanford Fleming. The second section, "The French and the English," contains "Origin of the French-Canadians," by Benjamin Sulte, "Exploits of the French-Canadians," by R. W. Shannon, "The Struggle between France and England," by the editor, "Acadia and the Acadian People," by James Hannay, "The Constitutional Act of 1791," by P. F. Cronin, and "Canada under Early British Rule," by John Reade. The third section is entitled "Wars between Great Britain and the United States," and to it Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison and Agnes Maule Machar contribute; in this section the editor's appended notes are very extensive and of great value. Section four is styled "Early Constitutional Progress"; section five, "the Indians"; section six, "Trade and Tariffs," in which is a valuable article on Interprovincial Trade by A. H. U. Colquhoun; and section seven, "Banks and Banking."

These details will give an idea of what is contained in this volume of over five hundred large pages, and will also indicate the style of treatment. If the other volumes equal this in the range of subjects treated, the encyclopædia will indeed be a monumental work, and Mr. Hopkins will have gained a reputation which one might be excused for envying.

There is, however, much room for criticism, for the work has apparently been rather hastily done. This is especially true of the editor's longer articles, some of which he should never have attempted. Had he delegated these subjects to other writers, he would have been enabled to give more attention to his editorial notes and to a general supervision of the contributed articles. He has set out to give us "authoritative information," as he says in his introduction, and he

has not been wholly successful. I have not had time to read all his articles, but have glanced over that entitled "The Struggle Between France and England." I cannot approve of "Ticonderogo" instead of "Ticonderoga;" "Londoun" (in three places) instead of "Loudoun," "harrass" instead of "harass," "*regime*" instead of "*régime*," "Marquess" or "Marques," instead of "Marquis," "*coureur-du-bois*" for "*coureur de bois*."

Then here is a sentence which indicates the haste previously mentioned:

"Meantime, however, the summer was passing, and Wolfe knew something of the winter experiences of Montgomery and Phipps, and others who had previously besieged the great fortress." (p. 68).

I cannot think that Wolfe, in 1759, knew much of Montgomery's experiences n 1775. Again, he speaks of Abercrombie "leaving two thousand dead in the trenches" at Ticonderoga, and yet in all the well-known descriptions of the fortifications and defences of that point, there is no mention of "trenches." It may be picturesque to say "the soil ran red," but running is not a striking characteristic of the Canadian soil. "Through their ships" (p. 68) is a poor substitute for "by means of their ships," and is a characteristic example of the peculiar and, in many cases, indefensible uses to which Mr. Hopkins puts the common prepositions. Such words as "elsewhere," "meanwhile," "meantime," are also carelessly placed, and sometimes so as to convey a wrong impression. In fact, in Mr. Hopkins' writings the diction is often faulty. For example, "The Treaty of Ryswick *only* lasted five years" (p. 64), and the use of "might" without a subject in the sentence commencing "De Levis made," on p. 69.

The mistakes are not confined to this one article, for on p. 179 we find "Clegg" instead of "Glegg," and "General Winchester" instead of "General Wilkinson." In Miss Machar's article General Winder is called "Winter," and Perry's flagship is named "St. Lawrence" instead of "Lawrence." Other equally simple errors are apparent.

I point out these mistakes not from any desire to prove superiority of knowledge, nor from any wish to belittle the magnitude of the work, but simply to show that if Canadian books are to be above criticism more care must be taken in their production. This volume was a great and pretentious undertaking, and hence the work in it should be equally accurate.

The article on "The Constitutional Act of 1791," by Mr. P. F. Cronin, is open to criticism of another kind. It is somewhat obscure and complicated, and rather lacking in the simplicity which marks the work of an able writer. The reader finds difficulty in distinguishing the quotations from the opinions of the writer himself, and can scarcely at times divine the purpose of either the quotations or the general remarks. The style is in marked contrast with that of the following article by Mr. John Reade, who treats his subject, "Canada Under Early British Rule," with a charming simplicity and straightforwardness. Mr. Reade seems to have the rare power of arranging and classifying facts in logical order, and at the same time presenting them in a picturesque dress. The contribution entitled "The Place-names of Canada," by George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, is unique and interesting, and helps to relieve the heaviness of the volume. The subject is treated so as to show the scientific relation existing between our history and our place nomenclature.

One suggestion may be made. At the head of each page is the title of the book, and it would be better to have some words indicating the subject under discussion. This would much facilitate the work of the reader.

## HENRY GEORGE'S LAST WORK.

I have been permitted to look over the table of contents and the first chapters of the work, almost completed, by Henry George, previous to his untimely

HENRY GEORGE.

death last October. "Progress and Poverty" was a piece of special pleading, but this new work, "The Science of Political Economy," is general and scientific in character. The arrangement followed is very similar to that in General Walker's well-known work, and is in striking contrast to that adopted by the political economists who despise the historical and other schools, and cling to the field of pure speculation and theory. Henry George, being a practical man of affairs, would not be expected to remain purely theoretical in his writings. Because he has become practical, his new book will be more valuable and more acceptable to the great mass of the people who are neither theorists, one-ideaists, nor cranks. The work will be a large octavo volume, containing about as much matter as "Progress and Poverty," and will be published this month by George N. Morang, Toronto.

## "HUMORS OF '37."

Apparently the critics are not all as severe on the "Humors of '37," by the Misses Lizars, as was "The Canadian Magazine." The Buffalo *Express* has this to say about the volume:

"In some of its chapters the latest work of Robina and Katherine Macfarlane Lizars, entitled, "Humours of '37," comes pretty near being local literature. These accomplished Canadian women, whose former volume, "In the Days of the Canada Company," we had pleasure of receiving some months since, have gathered for their present book an ample store of material, old and new, bearing on the "Patriot War," or "Mackenzie's Rebellion," as it is variously called. The authors know their subject; their style of narration is conspicuously sprightly, full of wit which is at times truly caustic. It is not quite the book for one to read who seeks his first information on the subject; it is neither a comprehensive nor a continuous history of the times; but it is an admirable supplement to existing histories and journals and memoirs on the subject, and it has *a better literary quality than any other work* we know of, touching this famous ruction of '37-9."

Joaquin Miller has issued* a complete and revised edition of his poems. The illustrations, the preface, the poems and the notes pleased me, but I didn't like to see a volume of poems dedicated to a man like Collis P. Huntington, the manipulator of railways. Still, as it is said that no person can succeed in the South-Western States without paying tribute to this multi-millionaire, the poor poet must be forgiven.

Miller's characteristics are his love of nature and his simplicity. He never sacrifices sense to sound, nor thought to words. He presents in such poems as "Kit Carson's Ride" the early life of the Western States and the characteristics of the Sierras, and it is these poems by which he is best known. But in all his poems, local and general, there is the touch of humanity—broad, rugged, sweet—which has enabled him to reach the ear of the people. Take, for example, the first three stanzas of "A Song for Peace," or two stanzas of "Battles":

* San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. Cloth, illustrated, 330 pp., $2.50.

A SONG OF PEACE.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget ; for I say
That the true shall endure the derision
Of the false till the full of the day ;

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven ;
Ay, forget, lest the ill you have done
Be remember'd against you in heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labour ?
And who shall have rest without price ?
And who shall hold war with his neighbour
With promise of peace with the Christ ?

BATTLES.

Nay, not for fame, but for the right ;
To make this fair world fairer still—
Or lordly lily of the night,
Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star,
All, all are but the same to Him.

When I am dead say this, but this,
He grasped at no man's blade or shield
Or banner bore, but helmetless,
Alone, unknown, he held the field ;
He held the field with sabre drawn,
Where God had set him in the fight ;
He held the field, fought on and on,
And so fell fighting for the Right.

His more lengthy compositions are just as charming as his more simple poems, and a close study of them reveals the nobility and the artistic qualities of this "Poet of the West."

The first Canadian novelist to have his works republished in a uniform edition in this country is to be Gilbert Parker. The Copp, Clark Co. have commenced an edition of this kind with "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." This will be followed by "Pierre and His People," and by the others at regular intervals. The set is placed at the low price of $1.25 a volume ; but it would seem that this price is secured only by producing an inferior book. The cover of the sample before us is very pretty and perfectly suitable, but the binding and the press work are of an inferior grade. Of course, the publishers are working in a small market and among a people who are not always careful to give home productions a preference, nor to encourage Canadian literature. Still, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and the above excuse is not wholly satisfactory, even from the standpoint of a writer who sympathizes with the difficulties of Canadian publishers.

On the 17th of December, 1796, there was born at Windsor, N.S., a man destined to make his mark in public life and also in the world of literature, and Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," is perhaps the best known of dead or living Nova Scotians. To celebrate the centenary of this great man's birth, the Haliburton Club have issued a volume* containing: I. A sketch of the Life and Times of Judge Haliburton ; II. Haliburton as a Humorist and Descriptive Writer, by H. P. Scott ; III. Haliburton : The Man and Writer, by F. Blake Crofton ; III. Bibliography, by John Parker Anderson.

After being called to the bar, Haliburton practised at Annapolis Royal, the former capital of Nova Scotia. In 1828, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1841 transferred to the Supreme Court. In 1856 he resigned, and went to reside in England. As an author, he first came before the public in 1829, as the historian of his native province. In 1835 he began to contribute the adventures and sayings of Sam Slick to the *Nova Scotian*, then edited by that other famous Bluenose, Joseph Howe. These letters brought him permanent fame, and caused Artemus Ward to pronounce him "the father of the American school of humour."

*Haliburton : A Centenary Chaplet. Toronto : William Briggs.

The particulars of Judge Haliburton's life, the character of his literary work, and a full account of all his various publications will be found in this charming volume of one hundred and sixteen pages.

"Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada,"* by J. W. Tyrrell, is already in its second edition—an unusual feature in Canadian book publishing. Most of the information in the book was given in a series of articles in "The Canadian Magazine" some time ago, but much has been added, especially in the way of illustrations. A list of plants and a vocabulary of Eskimo words are found in two useful appendices.

Mr. Tyrrell, in the summer of 1893, with several companions, made a trip from Edmonton to Fort Chipewyan, eastward along Lake Athabasca, and then north-easterly along previously unknown lakes and rivers to Chesterfield Inlet. It was this stretch of land from the Lake to the Inlet that the Tyrrells set out to explore, and about it they have a great deal to tell that is interesting. The volume is primarily intended to give information concerning a portion of Canada's barren lands, but the numerous adventures and the peculiar experiences and hardships of the party make it read like a piece of fiction. The trip down the Georgian Bay from Chesterfield Inlet to York Factory was an exceedingly trying one, and to those who think that the explorers sent out by the Canadian Government have a pleasant time, this may be somewhat of a revelation.

The "Canadian Bookseller" in a recent issue says:

"William Briggs, Toronto, has published 'Books: A Guide to Good Reading,' by John Miller, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario. This book about books will serve a useful purpose. It is very certain that many readers are too desultory in their course of reading; such people will find this book of decided assistance. The author submits lists of books recommended for pupils of various ages. These lists generally have been prepared with admirable judgment. On one point, however, we disagree entirely with the author. In two places the author recommends Stead's five cent edition of Shakespeare's plays and standard poems. There is such a thing as sacrificing everything to cheapness. That is done in these penny editions of Mr. Stead's. The paper is wretched, and the effect of putting such trashily gotten-up books into the hands of school children will be to deaden any artistic faculty they have. A nicely-printed book will encourage and develop the artistic and æsthetic faculties in our children. It will pay us in the long run to supply our children with books they will value for their artistic equally with their literary worth. Let us banish the trashily-printed cheap books."

The writer of the above paragraph is one of the best known of Canadian Librarians.

In the December *Acta Victoriana*, Rev. G. C. Workman ably reviews Hall Caine's "Christian." Among other things he says:

"Mr. Caine also exposes many of the evils of modern society, but presents no adequate remedy for any of them; he emphasizes, too, the importance of presenting Christ in practical life, but makes none of his numerous characters present him, worthily or consistently; he even claims that God is calling on us all in this age to seek a new social application of the Gospel, but does not give a single example of a truly successful application of it. On the contrary, though he represents Storm as doing some good during his life, and as leaving a noble work to be continued by Glory after his death, yet his repeated failures, together with his untimely taking-off, are calculated to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that the Gospel cannot be successfully applied to the life of our time.

"The inappropriateness of the title, though a cause of disappointment, is a comparatively unimportant thing; but the unspiritual character of the hero and the unchristian teaching of the book are fundamental defects, which render the work not simply disappointing, but unsatisfactory. Readers of 'The Christian' were justified in looking for a sober representation of the religion which has done so much for the moral and social elevation of mankind, but Mr. Caine has given them a satirical representation of it. The subject deserves, as well as suggests, a very different treatment."

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, Illustrated, 300 pp.

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FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES WORMS

UN ECRIVAIN PUBLIC (A Public Writer.)

THE

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## BRITISH AND AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AFFECTING CANADA.

[The following article, by Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., appeared in much the same form in the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January, but has been abbreviated and revised for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It aims to show what Canada lost through the carelessness of British diplomacy and the insatiate policy of the United States in negotiations resulting in the Treaty of Independence of 1783; also what Canada lost by the Ghent Treaty, the Ashburton Treaty and the Washington Treaty. Mr. Hodgins gives quotations from original State papers which have never been published.—EDITOR.]

THE peace negotiations of 1782-3, which resulted in the Treaty acknowledging the Independence of the Thirteen American Colonies, marked the commencement of diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain. According to the frank avowal of an American apologist, the undertaking was "a difficult errand in diplomacy, especially under circumstances demanding wariness and adroitness, if not even craft and dissimulation; "*—a grotesque grouping of appropriate, with sinister, diplomatic qualities in the political drama then placed on the stage of history. The wariness and adroitness of some of the players, the incapacity and indiscretion of others, and the mournful epilogue pronounced by the King over "the downfall of a once respectable Empire," best explain why only one of the nations, then forming the audience, applauded the Treaty.

The disaster to Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown hastened the downfall of the ministry of Lord North; and in March, 1782, the Rockingham administration came into power, the chief policy of which was the stoppage of the war with the Revolted Colonies. Shortly before the formation of the new Government, Lord Shelburne had, through a friend, suggested to Dr. Franklin, then diplomatic representative of the United States in Paris, that he would be pleased to hear from him; whereupon Dr. Franklin wrote congratulating him on the change of public opinion in England towards America, and expressing the hope that it would tend to produce a general peace. When Dr. Franklin's letter arrived, Lord Shelburne was Secretary of State, and to him must be justly given the credit of initiating the peace negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Independence. But his negotiations were unfortunately tainted with a want of candor.* Without the knowledge of his colleagues he despatched a Mr. Richard Oswald with

*John Adams, by John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen Series), Boston, 1890, p. 165.

*This peculiarity in Lord Shelburne's character is noted in Mr. Lecky's History of England in the 18th Century, v. 4, pp. 210-15.

instructions to open informal diplomatic negotiations with the Representative of the American Congress at Paris.

Mr. Oswald was introduced by Lord Shelburne to Dr. Franklin as "a pacifical man,* conversant in those negotiations which are interesting to mankind," a quality which harmonises with the Dr.'s opinion of him as "a plain and sincere old man, desirous of being useful in doing good." He had been a successful Scotch merchant in the City of London, was at one time an army contractor, and had acquired, through his wife, large estates in the West Indies and America ; and, on account of his connection with both countries, had been occasionally consulted by the Government during the American war.† But a candid, and, therefore, instructive, opinion of Mr. Oswald's unfitness is furnished by a former eminent American diplomat, who says : "Of all the remarkable incidents in this remarkable transaction, nothing now seems so difficult to account for as the mode in which Great Britain pursued her objects by negotiation. The individual pitched upon to deal with the United States was a respectable and amiable private gentleman, nominated at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin, with whom he was to treat, because he thought he would get along easily with him."

To be on equal terms with the astute politicians representing the American Congress, the same writer adds that: "Great Britain had need of the best capacity and diplomatic experience within her borders. But it was her fortune during all this period—and indeed almost to the present day—to insist upon underrating the people with whom she had to deal, because they had been her dependants; a mistake which has been productive of more unfortunate consequences to herself than an age of repentance can repair." ‡

*Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in his Life of Lord Shelburne (v. 3, p. 177) uses the expression "practical man," but all other authorities use the expression given above. See Life of Franklin, written by Himself, vol. 3. p. 69; Spark's Franklin, v. 9, p. 241; Life of Adams, vol. 2, p. 13, etc.

†Life of Lord Shelburne, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, v. 3, p. 175.

‡Life of Adams, v. 2, p. 32.

The American representatives were Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, John Jay, Chief Justice of New York, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, and Henry Laurens, formerly President of Congress, and though differing on some details as to the Peace, they were united in policy to secure the independence of the States. Each of them had, in addition, a special interest to further in the Treaty. Dr. Franklin's special object was the cession of Canada and Nova Scotia. Mr. Jay's concern was the extension of the western boundary over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, so as to take in the Indian Territory and the Canadian lands. Mr. Adams championed the New Englanders' claim to the Canadian fisheries, which they pressed with extreme anxiety; and they felt that he would secure the fisheries for them if it were a human possibility to do so.

Mr. Oswald arrived in Paris about the middle of April, 1782; and, after communicating to Dr. Franklin Lord Shelburne's desire for peace, the Doctor gave him a confidential paper of "Notes for mere conversation matter between Mr. Oswald and Mr. Franklin," which contained the startling proposition that Great Britain should "voluntarily cede" the whole of Canada and Nova Scotia to the United States.* On his return to London Mr. Oswald reported to Lord Shelburne the result of his mission, and handed him the confidential notes, afterwards known as the "Canada paper."

Lord Shelburne gave only a partial outline of Mr. Oswald's report to his colleagues; for he withheld from them all knowledge of the "Canada paper." The excuse offered for him was, that "there was nothing either in the contents of the paper, or in the manner in which it came into his hands, which rendered it incumbent on him to communicate it to his colleagues; and he thought best not to send any formal answer to it."†

It was through a casual remark by

*Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 250.

†Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 183.

Mr. Oswald, in June, that the existence of the "Canada paper" became known to Mr. Grenville, then representative of the Foreign Office at Paris, who reported the matter to Mr. Fox, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In his reply, dated 10th June, Mr. Fox said: "The paper relative to Canada I never heard of till I received your letter; and it may be said that Shelburne has withheld from our knowledge matters of importance to the negotiations."*

The reticence of Lord Shelburne in not disclosing to the King or to his colleagues the secret proposition for the cession of Canada and Nova Scotia cannot be defended.† In the opinion of Lord John Russell, "It is impossible to justify Lord Shelburne for his favourable reception of so important a paper as the one he had received from Franklin about Canada, without communicating the substance of it at least to his colleagues."‡ The paper also dealt with the question of reparation for the towns and villages which had been burnt by the British and their Indian allies, and gave several arguments why Canada and Nova Scotia should be ceded to the United States, closing with the inducements that Great Britain should "in all times coming have and enjoy the right of Free Trade thither, unincumbered with any duties whatever; and that so much of the vacant lands there shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates."§

Acting on such partial report of Mr. Oswald's mission as Lord Shelburne made to his colleagues, the Cabinet, on the 23rd April, 1782, agreed to the following minute: "It is humbly submitted to His Majesty that Mr. Oswald shall return to Paris, with authority to name Paris as the place, and to settle with Dr. Franklin the most convenient time for setting on foot a negotiation for a general peace, and to represent to him that the principal points in contemplation are the allowance of independence to America, upon Great Britain's being restored to the situation she was placed in by the Treaty of 1763; and that Mr. Fox shall submit to the consideration of the King a proper person to make a similar communication to M. de Vergennes."* The reference to the Treaty of 1763, and, in a later minute, dated 18th May, 1782, would lead to the inference that Canada was not to be given up; for its cession by France to Great Britain, and the delimitation of its boundaries to the Mississippi River, had been there settled; and rendered it all the more incumbent upon Lord Shelburne to disclose to his colleagues Dr. Franklin's secret proposition about the cession of Canada.

Mr. Oswald was shorn of the Samson locks of his diplomatic strength when he confided to Dr. Franklin his personal opinion that the conquest of Canada by Great Britain had been detrimental to the relations of the American colonies to the Empire—an opinion not shared by Dr. Franklin, as will presently appear. And when Dr. Franklin hinted that "England should make us a voluntary offer of Canada" he found that "Mr. Oswald much liked the idea," and promised "that he should endeavour to persuade their doing it."†

Lord Shelburne's biographer relates how Mr. Oswald also indiscreetly disclosed to the American representative the confidential opinions of the Cabinet: "Oswald told Franklin that personally he agreed with him, and he also mentioned that he had not concealed his opinion when in England, but had urged the cession of Canada during an interview with Rockingham, Shelburne and Fox. The two former, he said, spoke reservedly on the point, but in his opinion did not seem very averse to it. Fox, however, seemed

*Life of C. J. Fox, by Lord John Russell, v. 1, p. 313.

†Lord Shelburne subsequently declared that "the great advantage of Monarchy in the British Constitution was that it trusted to the Crown *the secrets* which must necessarily attend all negotiations with Foreign Powers."—Parliamentary History, v. 23, p. 309.

‡Memorials of Fox, v. 1, p. 384.

§Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 252.

* Memorials of Fox, v. 1, p. 345.

† Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 254.

startled at the proposition."* This statement is confirmed by an entry in Dr. Franklin's diary.

The succession of Lord Shelburne to the Premiership, on the death of Lord Rockingham, led to the resignation of Mr. Fox, which was followed by the withdrawal of Mr. Grenville from Paris; and enabled Lord Shelburne to comply with Dr. Franklin's request that Mr. Oswald should be sent to treat. Accordingly, Lord Shelburne's "pacifical man" became the British plenipotentiary under a Commission, drafted for the British Ministry by Mr. Jay,† authorising him to treat with "the Commissioners of the United States," for the settlement of great political and territorial interests which eminently required an experienced and adroit negotiator, skilled in cool, judicious and tactful diplomacy, and one who had a local knowledge of America, equal to that possessed by the American Commissioners.

Canada, at that time, was one of Great Britain's largest and most important territorial possessions; for it included not only her present great domain, but also the Great Lakes, and the rich agricultural territory south of Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior down to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers,—then contemptuously described by Mr. Oswald in his despatches as the "*back lands of Canada*," "*a country worth nothing, and of no importance;*" but which, if retained by Great Britain, would have made her combined Canadian possessions about 3,900,000 square miles, or larger than the territorial area of Russia in Europe and Asia (excluding Siberia); and have constituted British influence the dominant power on the American continent.‡

But Great Britain was then more intent upon humbling the European nations which had challenged her supremacy as a Sea Power, by despoiling them of their territorial possessions, than in acquiring colonial homes for her adventurous people, and markets for her manufactures. A century ago she governed her colonies after an autocratic and old-fashioned paternal despotism, for she recognized, and would then learn, no other. While her army and navy were adding to her colonial empire, her home statesmen, forgetting the constitutional traditions of her island people, and the revolutionary teachings of a home despotism, denied those traditions to their colonial brethren, and imposed on them a despotism which recalled the island precedents of revolutionary relief, and ultimately caused the loss of a growing colonial empire and a loyal and sympathetic kindred.

The value of Canada to the Empire—won on Canadian battle-grounds from France—was well known to Dr. Franklin, the writer of the "Canada paper;" for he had, the year after its conquest, thus graphically sketched its brilliant future in a letter to Lord Kames:

"No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada; and this not merely as I am a Colonist, but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected. I am, therefore, by no means for restoring Canada to France. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will, in another century, be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic sea will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the globe, and awe the world."*

About this time another, and perhaps more maladroit, negotiator, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, an intimate friend of Dr. Franklin,† was despatched by Lord Shelburne "to give private assurances to the latter that the change of administration brought with it no

* Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 206; Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 316.

† "It was a singular circumstance that one who had lately been regarded as a rebel-subject of the British Monarch should now prepare a commission from that Monarch by which his late Colonies were to be acknowledged free and independent."—Life of Jay, v. 1, p. 143.

‡ Canada's present area is about 3,590,000 square miles.

* Life of Franklin, v. 1, p. 399.

† Mr. Vaughan had edited Dr. Franklin's Political, Miscellaneous and Philosophical Pieces, in 1779.

change of policy."* Mr. Vaughan appears to have been a twin neophite in diplomacy to Mr. Oswald, for he indiscreetly admitted to Mr. Adams that "many of the best men in England were for giving up Canada and Nova Scotia."

Prior to the arrival of this very undiplomatic negotiator in Paris, the French Government had intimated to the American Congress that the combined influence of France and Spain was hostile to the extension of their boundaries through Canadian territory to the Mississippi, and to their claims to the Canadian fisheries. And M. de Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, emphasized this in Paris by arguing with the American Commissioners in favour of England, and by declaring that the demands of the Americans were unreasonable, and that France would not continue the war for American objects.† Nor were the English Ministers ignorant of this decision of the allied powers. Mr. Fitzherbert, the British Plenipotentiary to France, was also informed by the French Minister that it was their policy to shut out the United States from the Mississippi, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Fisheries; and he was urged to concur with France in a concert of measures for that purpose—because it could only be accomplished by the aid of Great Britain.‡ And M. de Rayneval, who had been sent to London on a confidential mission to the British Ministry, also expressed to them the "strong opinion" of the French Government "against the American claims to the Fisheries, and to the valley of the Mississippi and the Ohio." "These opinions," says Lord Shelburne's biographer, "were carefully noted by Shelburne and Grantham."§

Nor was Lord Shelburne's Government without material aid from the American Congress. In the session of 1779 Congress had instructed its Commissioners, in any negotiations with Great Britain, to insist upon the grant of independence, the Mississippi boundaries, and the Fisheries, as *ultimata*. But in June, 1784, Congress withdrew their claims respecting the Mississippi boundaries and fisheries, and instructed their Commissioners that "a desire of terminating the war has induced us not to make the acquisition of these objects an *ultimatum* on the present occasion."*

At this time the military and financial outlook of the United States was depressing. Washington reported to Congress that it was impossible to recruit the army by voluntary enlistment. Silas Deane in private letters intimated that it would be impossible to maintain the army another year. The Secretary of State wrote Dr. Franklin: "The army demand with importunity their arrears of pay. The Treasury is empty, and there are no adequate means of filling it."†

Such were the influences surrounding the Ministry of Great Britain in these negotiations. But, careless of the future of Canada, and to the astonishment of the allies of the United States, they yielded to every demand, abandoned the loyalists, and, after losing thirteen British Colonies, in a fit of unintelligible and unappreciated benevolence, gratuitously made the United States a present of sufficient British and Canadian territory to make nine and one-half more—thus adding to the lost and revolted Colonies an additional empire of 351,000 square miles, about equal to the combined territorial area of France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, and alienizing its British occupants.‡

Mr. Jay, suspecting that M. de Vergennes was "plotting with Fitzherbert in order to exclude the New England fishermen from the Newfoundland banks, and to keep the valley of the Ohio for England,"§ induced Mr.

* Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 242.

† Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 140.

‡ Ibid., pp. 120 and 122.

§ Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 263.

* Secret Journals of Congress, v. 2, p. 228.

† Lecky's History of England, v. 4, p. 250-1.

‡ The territory thus added to the United States was afterwards formed into the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota.

§ Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 254.

Vaughan to return to England‡ and "tell Lord Shelburne of the American sentiment and resolution respecting these matters."§ To which Mr. Adams added his advice: "I desired him—between him and me—to consider whether we could have any real peace with Canada or Nova Scotia in the hands of the English."

Mr. Vaughan accepted the commission of Messrs. Jay and Adams, and agreed to advocate American interests and to impress upon Lord Shelburne "the necessity of taking a decided and manly part respecting America," and not "seek to secure the possession of vast tracks of wilderness." He was successful; and Lord Shelburne and his colleagues thereupon authorized Mr. Oswald to agree to a confinement of the boundaries of Canada to a narrow strip of territory along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers.‖

Acting on these instructions, Mr. Oswald provisionally agreed to the outlines of the Treaty drafted by Mr. Jay, in which the following appeared:

"A cession to the Thirteen States, or to the Congress, of that part of Canada that was added to it by the Act of Parliament in the year 1774,—said to be necessary and indispensable."

The Act referred to, known as the "Quebec Act," had described the boundaries of Canada from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence on much the present lines, thence up that river, and through Lake Ontario and the Niagara River and Lake Erie, to where the boundary of Pennsylvania intersected its southern shore, thence southward along the Pennsylvania boundary to the Ohio River, and through it to its confluence with the Mississippi, and thence northward, through the Mississippi River, to the Hudson's Bay Territories.

The part of Canada proposed to be retained by the draft treaty agreed to by Mr. Oswald was the territory north of the present boundary line to the St. Lawrence, thence to Lake Nipissing, and from thence west to the Mississippi,—giving to the United States nearly the whole of what is now the best settled portion of the Province of Ontario (formerly Upper Canada), and all the Canadian territory and great Lakes southward to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Mr. Oswald's ready assent to the cession of Canada, desired by Dr. Franklin, appears to have suggested to that astute diplomatist new demands; for Mr. Oswald writes home: "Since then [April], and particularly in July last, he proposed that these *back lands of Canada* should be given up, and no allowance made out of that fund for the sufferers on both sides; but, on the contrary, that a sum of money [£500,000 to £600,000] should be granted by Great Britain for the sufferers in the American cause. I am afraid it will not be possible to bring him back to the proposition made in April, although I shall try it. Meantime I can plead that by resigning the sovereignty into the hands of Congress, the purpose for which he wished to have these additional lands given up (being that of preventing quarrels amongst the inhabitants) will not be disappointed, since Congress may settle them in any manner they think proper, whatever way the value or price of the land is disposed of."*

Such pleading of the American cause by a British plenipotentiary seems to have aroused the indignation of some members of Lord Shelburne's Cabinet. "Richmond and Keppel were very bitter against Oswald, who, they declared, was only an additional American negotiator, and they proposed to recall him. This Shelburne and Townshend refused to do, as they specially desired that Oswald should be at Paris to negotiate a commercial treaty."†

Diplomatic disaster to British and Canadian interests now seemed imminent. Mr. Jay drafted the Treaty, to which Mr. Oswald readily assented, and forwarded to London as "a true

‡Mr. Lecky says that "Jay despatched a secret messenger of his own" (v. 4, p. 285). Mr. Vaughan was the only one sent.

§Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 123.

‖MS. Letter, Whitehall, 1st Sept., 1782.

*MS. Letter, Oswald to Foreign Office, 11th Sept., 1782.

†Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 298.

copy of what has been agreed on between the American Commissioners and me to be submitted to His Majesty's consideration."* It provided for (1) The Independence of the United States; (2) The cession of nearly the whole of Canada (excepting only a small strip along the St. Lawrence river), with the thousands of British subjects by whom it had been settled; (3) The "right" of the United States to the Canadian Fisheries; and (4) The free navigation of the Mississippi to Great Britain—but without entrance or exit for her ships. Compensation for the Loyalists, reversal of confiscations, and payment of American debts to British merchants, were refused. It has been well said by American writers: "The bargain was struck on the American basis. Considering the only *ultimatum* they were ordered to insist upon, the Americans made a wonderfully good bargain."

"The United States could in all reason ask little more of any nation."†

When the extravagant generosity of the Draft Treaty was understood, the King plaintively wrote to Lord Shelburne: "I am too much agitated with the fear of sacrificing the interests of my country . . . that I am unable to add anything on that subject, but most frequent prayers to Heaven to guide me so to act that posterity may not lay the downfall of this once respectable Empire to my door; and that if ruin should attend the measures that may be adopted, I may not long survive them."‡

Lord Shelburne, in writing to Mr. Oswald, evidently felt the peril in which his Government stood, and warned him that "the nation would rise to do itself justice, and to recover its wounded honour." Apparently with the hope of averting the impending *Decensus Averni*, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Strachey, who had been Secretary to Lord Clive, and was then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was despatched to Paris with instructions to insist upon compensation to the Loyalists, the retention by Great Britain of the "Indian Territory," and of the original boundaries of Canada to the Mississippi; or, if any Canadian territory should be ceded, to charge it with compensation for the Loyalists; to obtain a more favourable boundary of Nova Scotia, and to reject the cession of the Canadian Fisheries.*

Mr. Strachey, though entering the lists late and single-handed, appears to have fought for his imperilled cause with courageous tenacity, and to have taken a decided stand against Mr. Oswald's concessions. As said by an American writer, he "had been sent from England for the purpose of stiffening the easy nature of Mr. Oswald, but he only succeeded in infusing into the conferences all the asperity which they ever betrayed."† An equally Anglophobe writer says: "Mr. Strachey appeared in Paris as the exponent of English arrogance, insolence, and general offensiveness."‡ But his contemporaries were more just: "Mr. Strachey won an acknowledgment from both sides for his persistent energy and skill. Adams said of him, 'He presses every point as far as it can possibly go. He is a most eager, earnest and pointed spirit.' And Mr. Oswald, in writing to Mr. Townshend, said: 'He enforced our pretensions by every argument that reason, justice and humanity could suggest.'"§

Mr. Strachey was too late! Had he appealed to the French Minister, whose policy he knew, he might perhaps have learned that Congress had withdrawn the claims to the fisheries, and to the Mississippi boundaries, as *ultimata;* and that M. de Vergennes was ready to use the influence which Congress had given France for the purpose of making the American plenipotentiaries more conciliatory.‖ Against

*MS. Letters, Oswald to Townshend, 7th and 8th, Oct., 1782.

†John Adams (Statesmen Series), p. 220; Life of Adams, v. 2, p. 33. See also Lecky's History of England, v. 4, p. 263.

‡Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 297.

*Life of Shelburne, v. 3, p. 281. The "Indian Territory" lay south and east of the Ohio and Mississippi.

†Life of J. Adams, v. 3, p. 39.

‡John Adams (*Statesmen Series*), p. 218.

§Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 139. ‖Ibid., p. 141.

him, however, were—the knowledge of Cabinet secrets by the American commissioners, the oft-given consent of his colleagues, Messrs. Oswald and Vaughan,* to the cession of Canada, and the written assent of the British Ministry to a confinement of its limits to a small strip of territory, and the cession of the remainder to the United States.† He failed, therefore, to get back the rich agricultural territory of southern Canada between the Ohio and Mississippi, but he regained a portion to the present river and lake boundary. He also failed to have the Nova Scotia boundary commence at the Penobscot River, but he recovered the territory between the St. John and St. Croix rivers.

Neither Mr. Oswald nor Mr. Strachey appears to have been aware that the secret instructions of the Congress, given in 1779 to its Commissioners respecting the Fisheries (before their withdrawal in 1781), had directed them to concede the "three mile distance from the shores of the territory remaining to Great Britain at the close of the war, if a nearer distance cannot be obtained by negotiation."‡ But, apparently in ignorance of this fact, all Canadian shore fishery rights were conceded without even the suggestion—much less the demand—of the reciprocal right of Canadians to take fish in American shore waters.

What took place over the Fishery clauses of the Treaty has been dramatically related by Mr. Adams' biographer:

"Mr. Strachey proposed that the word '*right*' in this connection should be changed to 'liberty.' Mr. Fitzherbert sustained the movement by remarking that 'right' was an obnoxious expression. The suggestion seems to have fired Mr. Adams, and immediately he burst into an overwhelming defence of the term he had chosen. He rose, and, with the concentrated power which he possessed when excited, declared that when first commissioned as a negotiator with Great Britain, his country had ordered him to make no peace without a clear acknowledgment of the right to the fishery, and by that direction he would stand. No preliminaries should have his signature without it. And here he appealed with some adroitness to Mr. Laurens, who had been President of the Congress when that first commission was given. Mr. Laurens readily responded to the call, and seconded the proposition with characteristic warmth. And Mr. Jay virtually threw his weight into the scale."*

The biographer of Mr. Adams thereupon paraphrases the sinister maxim "The end justifies the means" by telling us: "the stroke proved decisive," but he apologizes by adding: "the act was the assumption of another prodigious responsibility."† And so it was; for the Americans well knew that the instructions they quoted had been revoked by Congress, and that the *ultimatum* they asserted with such indignant fervour had been abandoned.‡ And Mr. Jay confirms this by recording: "Had I not violated the instructions of Congress, their dignity would have been in the dust."§

When the terms of the Treaty with Great Britain became known, the French Government at once demanded an explanation from the American Minister. "I am at a loss," sarcastically wrote M. de Vergennes to Dr. Franklin, "to explain your conduct, and that of your colleagues. You have concluded your preliminary articles without communicating with us, although Congress prescribed that nothing should be done without the concurrence of the King. You are wise and discreet, sir! You perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed duties. I pray you to consider how you propose to fulfil those which are due to the King."‖ He also instructed the French Minister at Philadelphia to inform the American Secretary of State that

* "Vaughan, regretting the interposition of Strachey, undertook for a second time to represent the American views to the British Ministry."—Adams' Works, v. 3, p. 312.

† MS. Letter, Townshend to Oswald, 1st Sept, 1782.

‡ Secret Journals of Congress, v. 3, p. 231; Report of Congress, 8th January, 1782.

* Life of Adams, v. 2, p. 44.

† Ibid, p. 45.

‡ "Mensonges politiques" is said to be the appropriate diplomatic phrase descriptive of the above.

§ Life of Jay, v. 2, p. 105.

‖ Dr. Franklin apologized, and admitted that the French Minister's observations were just, but he hoped that the great work would "not be ruined by a single indiscretion of ours." M. de Vergennes accepted the apology.

the American Commissioners had deceived him, and been guilty of a gross breach of faith ; and in writing to M. de Rayneval, he said, "The English have *bought* a peace, not made one. Their concessions have exceeded anything we believed possible."

The closing letters of Mr. Strachey to the Foreign Office give a blunt Englishman's opinion of a specialty in American diplomacy. In reporting to his chief, he said :—"The Treaty must be re-written in London in regular form, which we had not time to do in Paris, and several expressions, being too loose, should be tightened. These Americans are the greatest quibblers I ever knew."* Later on he wrote:—"The Treaty signed and sealed is now sent. I shall set off to-morrow, hoping to arrive on Wednesday, if I am alive. God forbid if I ever should have a hand in such another Peace."†

Whatever strategic policy may be allowable in international diplomacy, it should be controlled by the knowledge that the diplomatist represents the conscience and good faith of his sovereign, and the dignity and honour of his nation. The skilled diplomatist possesses the *tact des convenances*, which unites circumspection and adroitness with perfect integrity—candid and discreet in the radiant light of his representative station,—a combination of qualities which wins for him a reputation for sagacity and tact and assures to him a recognized supremacy in diplomatic emergencies. Judged by these standards, the reader can say whether this early venture of American Diplomacy illustrates the specialty recorded by the British representative ; the conduct charged by the French Minister ; as well was the sinister strategy frankly avowed by American apologists.‡

*MS. Letter, Calais, 8th Nov., 1782.
†MS. Letter, Paris, 30th Nov., 1782.
‡Sir John Macdonald, writing confidentially to a colleague in 1871, respecting the Protocols on the Treaty of Washington, said : "The language put into the mouths of the British Commissioners is strictly correct ; but I cannot say as much for that of our American colleagues. They have inserted statements as having been made by them, which in fact never were made, in order that they may have an effect on the Senate. My English colleagues were a good deal surprised at the proposition ; but as the statements did not prejudice England, we left them at liberty to lie as much as they pleased."—Life of Sir J. A. Macdonald, v. 2, p. 134.

The Treaty of 1783 was a humiliating experience to Canada, in the loss of her territory ; in the cession of her Fishery rights ; and in the indefiniteness of her boundaries. Lord Townshend, in the debate on the Treaty, well said : "Why could not some man from Canada, well acquainted with the country, have been thought of for the business which Mr. Oswald was sent to negotiate ? Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, Mr. Laurens and Mr. Adams had been an overmatch for him ; he either did not know, or appeared ignorant, how the country lay which he had been granting away, as the bargain he had made clearly indicated."*

An historian of the United States says :—"However great the errors committed by England in the American struggle, it must always be remembered to her credit that in the peace negotiations, Shelburne, declining all temptations to a contrary course, endowed the Republic with the gigantic boundaries on the south, west and north, which determined its coming power and influence, and its opportunities for good."† But the generous endowment was of Canada's territory, and to England's loss.

The generosity of Great Britain has, in later years, further "endowed the Republic" with other large portions of Canadian territory, and has made aliens of other British subjects, who had their homes there. During the war of 1812, the British forces and Canadian militia had captured and held possession of Maine on the east, and all of Michigan, and the territory westward to the Mississippi, which had been won back from the United States in fair fight, and, at the close, was held by right of war. Great Britain's historic generosity restored all these conquered territories to the United States, as a peace offering, by the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. Her peace offering was unappreciated, and she was afterwards rewarded with the Maine and Oregon boundary disputes, and an insolent threat of war. By the Ashburton Treaty of 1842

*Parliamentary History, v. 23, p. 391.
†Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 150.

she ceded some millions of Canadian acres, which a concealed "Red Line Map" of 1783 would have proved to have been British territory; and her officers, without any treaty authorizing the change, gratuitously added a strip of territory between the Connecticut and St. Lawrence rivers — over 150 miles in length—by removing latitude 45° about three-quarters of a mile into Canada, increasing to a mile and a half, north of its true place, and then sloping to the true latitude of 45° in the shape of a gore at the St. Lawrence River, because the United States desired to retain the town at Rouse's Point, in which they had built a fort.* By a carelessly described boundary, she lost large islands in Lake Superior, and about 4,000 acres of an isolated promontory in the Lake of the Woods, 26 miles north of the 49° treaty boundary line; and by later indifference allowed the diplomatic leverage of the United States to pry Canada out of several millions of acres in the Oregon territory with a sea coast and good harbours on the Pacific of about six degrees of latitude; and by describing a line through a strait, in ignorance of Canadian localities, was arbitrated out of the island of San Juan.

From the United States Canada has received several "baptisms of blood" through filibustering raids fomented in that country, not from any embittered relations between her and the Republic, but solely because of her fealty to Great Britain. The invasions of 1775-76, 1812-14, 1837-38, as well as the Fenian Raids of 1866, 1870 and 1871, were intended to strike an effective blow at the Empire in its most vulnerable part. The Fenian Raids—repulsed by the Canadian militia—were avowed to avenge the alleged British misgovernment of the Irish people. The Government of the United States, though fully cognizant that their Fenian citizens were arming and drilling for the invasion of Canada, never interfered until some of their filibustering hordes had crossed the boundary; and then, after arresting a few ringleaders who had been caught red-handed, speedily pardoned and released them.*

When the Washington Treaty of 1871, which adjusted the Alabama claims was about to be negotiated, the Canadian Government urged that the claims of Canada arising out of these Fenian Raids should also be adjusted, alleging stronger grounds of negligence and want of due diligence against the United States than those charged by that Government against Great Britain in the Alabama case. The Imperial Government assented; but owing to the indefinite phraseology of the British letter proposing the negotiations, the High Commissioners for the United States refused to consider the Canadian claims as coming within the class of subjects indicated in the letter of the British Minister, and, besides, "the claims did not commend themselves to their favour." To this denial of justice to Canada the British Commissioners replied that "under these circumstances they would not urge further that the settlement of these claims should be included in the Treaty."† The reply of the Colonial Secretary to the Canadian protest against the Treaty was equally curt: "Canada could not reasonably expect that this country should, for an indefinite period, incur the constant risk of serious misunderstanding with the United States."‡

The political treatment of Canada by the United States may be further illustrated by its actions in carrying out that Treaty. Article 21 provided that fish and fish oil should be admitted free of duty into either country. After the Treaty had been four years in operation Congress passed a law§ that "cans or packages made of tin or other material, containing fish of any kind admitted free of duty under any law or Treaty," should be charged with a specific duty—though it was

* The treaty line was departed from by 4,326 feet north of the true parallel of 45 at Rouse's Point, the effect of which was to give that town to the United States. Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 178.

* Canada Sessional Papers (1872), No. 26.

† Protocol on Articles XII. to XVII. of the Washington Treaty of 1871.

‡ Earl of Kimberley to the Governor-General, June 17 1871.

§ United States Statutes at Large, v. 18, p. 308.

known that the tins, when opened, could not be used again. The duty prohibited entirely the importation of fish from Canada, and rendered the above provision of the Treaty illusory.*

Article 27 conceded to each nation the reciprocal use of their respective canals. American vessels with cargoes were permitted to pass through all the Canadian canals and the St. Lawrence River. But Canadian vessels with cargoes were stopped at the junction of the American canals with the water way, and had either to return to Canada or tranship their cargoes into American vessels.†

The McKinley and Dingley tariffs contain many provisions framed to cripple Canadian trade with the United States. The latter tariff puts a high duty on Canadian timber imported into that country—to which is added an automatic rider that if Canada ‡ should impose an export duty on sawlogs, or other specified timber products going into the United States, the prescribed high duty on Canadian timber should be further increased by a sum equal to the amount of any Canadian export duty.

An attempt to injure the British and Canadian carrying trade was by an amendment surreptitiously introduced into the Dingley tariff, by which a discriminating duty of ten per cent.—in addition to the high duties therein imposed—should be levied on all goods carried into the United States by the Canadian railways or British ships. Owing to the bungling phraseology used, the obnoxious amendment failed of the purpose since avowed by its promoters.

The late Sir John Macdonald, who represented Canada in the negotiations for the Treaty of Washington in 1871, realized the British indifference to Canadian interests, as well as the historic continuity of the insatiate policy of the United States, when he thus wrote to one of his colleagues: "The American Commissioners have found our English friends so squeezable in nature that their audacity has grown beyond all bounds." And he added: "Having made up my mind that the Americans want everything, and will give us nothing in exchange, one of my chief aims now is to convince the British Commissioners of the unreasonableness of the Yankees." Disheartened by an unsympathetic response to his efforts, he then wrote: "I am greatly disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners. They seem to have only one thing in their minds—that is, to go home to England with a treaty in their pockets, no matter at what cost to Canada."* Since Sir John wrote, the sturdiness of Canadian statesmen, and the modern dream of a Greater United Britain, have somewhat improved the Canadian position in diplomatic negotiations with the United States.

The acts of armed hostility and political unneighbourliness on the part of the politicians of the United States instanced above, have, at the times, roused a spirit of resistance and anger—even a threatened *lex talionis*—in Canada, which severely tried the political discretion of the energetic and courageous people who for over a century have maintained untarnished the supremacy and honour of Great Britain over one-half of the North American continent. But they have patiently and wisely subordinated these experiences to their allegiance and responsibility as members of a Great Nation, and to a sentimental faith in a more real imperial unity of our great Empire.

*Thomas Hodgins.*

* Sir Edward Thornton to the Earl of Derby, April 19, 1875.

† Canada Sessional Papers (1876), No. 111. Subsequently the prohibition partially was relaxed, and Canadian vessels were allowed to proceed as far as Albany.

‡ The words in the Tariff are: "any country or dependency."

* Life of Sir John A. Macdonald, by Joseph Pope, v. 2 p. 105.

# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## V.—FOUNDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA, (1605-1784.)

SO far this series of historical papers has dealt mainly with the leading incidents in the adventurous and chequered career of the men who attempted to lay the foundations of a French colonial empire in the great valleys of North America. Acadian history has been only briefly mentioned in connection with that of the more important communities on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and of the various conflicts for dominion on the continent. I shall now leave the old Province of Canada for a while and take my readers to the shores of Acadia, which was not only the oldest colony of France in the vast region now known as the Dominion, but also became a British possession fifty years before the cession of the French dependency on the St. Lawrence. Nova Scotia, which also included New Brunswick for some time, enjoyed the advantages of a liberal system of representative government a year before Quebec fell into the hands of the English, and thirty-four years before similar institutions were granted by the Imperial Parliament to Upper and Lower Canada.

As it has been already stated in a previous paper, French Acadia was an ill-defined region which may be roughly stated to have included a large portion of the present State of Maine, eastward from the Kennebec, the Province of New Brunswick, the Province of Quebec as far as the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The island of St. Jean, now Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton, also called Ile Royale after the Treaty of Utrecht when it became an important section of the French dominions on account of the cession of the peninsula of Nova Scotia to the English, were not generally considered by France as parts of Acadia, and were not included in the treaty in question. The French, indeed, eventually attempted to confine its terms* to the peninsula, and actually fortified the isthmus of Chignecto in furtherance of their claims to the rest of Acadia. But when we trace back the history of the names of Acadia, and of Nova Scotia as well, we can see at once that the term embraced the wide region I have just mentioned, and was not limited in its application to the whole, or a section, of the province of the Canadian Dominion.

Sir William Alexander, subsequently Lord Sterling, courtier and poet, who was also ambitious to be a founder of a colony, first suggested the name of Nova Scotia as early as 1621, when Biencourt, the eldest son of Baron de Poutrincourt, and a few Frenchmen were the only representatives of France in Acadia. "Being much encouraged hereunto by Sir Ferdinando Gorges,"* he wrote in later years, "and some utheris of the undertakers for New England, I show them that my countrymen would never adventure on such an enterprise, unless it were as there was a New France, a New Spain and a New England, that they might likewise have a New Scotland." King

*The treaty ceded "likewise all Nova Scotia or Acadia, with its ancient boundaries, as also the city of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, etc."

*This reference is to Sir Frederick Gorges, Governor of New Plymouth, who received a royal charter in 1620, for the government and colonization of New England.

James entered heartily into the ambitious schemes of his favourite, and induced his privy council to give him a charter under the great seal, which practically granted him ancient Acadie, as well as Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, under the name of Nova Scotia. Since the first appearance of "Nova Scotia" in a royal charter, two hundred and seventy-six years ago, this Latin designation has always clung to the peninsular province.

If we study the map of Nova Scotia in the light of the history of the past, as far back as we have any records or traditions, we see that Nova Scotia has a legitimate claim to be considered the section of the North American Continent first known to Europeans. It is quite probable that the Norsemen passed and even landed on its shores, and there are enthusiastic and imaginative antiquaries who see Norse inscriptions on mysterious rocks that have been unearthed from time to time,* and can even trace a Norse origin in the name of Loran which still clings to two little harbours in the vicinity of the historic ruins of Louisburg, and appears on the oldest maps in the primitive and correct form of Lorambeque and Norembeque. It is quite certain that the Cabots and their English sailors were the first Europeans to see its bays and harbours, and it is not unlikely they may have given the designation of *Prima Vista* to one of the headlands of the island which now forms its eastern political division; but these famous adventurers of the sea have left no memorials of their voyages among the names that have come down to us for centuries. On the other hand, the Portuguese have left us the appropriate name of Fundy (Fondo) for the great funnel-shaped bay which washes the most interesting and fertile section of the Acadian Peninsula, and through which the Atlantic pours its tides with such irresistible force into the bays, harbours and estuaries of those parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Baccaro, an islet on the south-western coast of the peninsula, is evidently a memorial of the Basque voyages, like the same name on the eastern shores of Newfoundland, which was also called Baccalaos centuries ago. The oldest French name on the North American Continent is "Cape Breton", which recalls the early maritime enterprise of the Bretons. The first voyage of De Monts and Champlain around the coasts of Nova Scotia is perpetuated in the names of Lake Rossignol, which is a survival of Port Rossignol, now Liverpool, which received its first name from a fur-trader whose ship and cargo were seized at that place for an infringement of De Monts's monopoly; of Port Mouton, whose original celebrity arose from the humble incident that a sheep leaped overboard in that port. The large and beautiful La Have River—more correctly La Hêve—is also a memorial of De Monts, and though Nova Scotia is a country of varied natural beauty, nowhere except on the Bras d'Or are there such scenes of loveliness as on this grand river, so full of recollections of the days of French occupation, since it was here that Razilly and Denys first settled in the first half of the seventeenth century. A Nova Scotian poetess* has in melodious verse paid a fitting tribute to this picturesque stream:

"And stranger tones have fallen where meet thy drooping trees,
And foreign songs have lingered all homesick on the breeze;
Thy waves have caught the cadence, and seen the merry glance
Of the peasant sons and daughters from vine-clad La Belle France.
Thou hast heard their ringing laughter, a sweet, melodious din;
Seen bodice, cap and kirtle, and beaded moccasin;
But the old regime is over—for arms and conquest gave
Acadia's soil to England, with thee, thou proud La Have.

"And thus thou rollest ever—bright, peerless, uncontrolled;

* See Sir Daniel Wilson's article on the stone found many years ago near Cape Sable, in "Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.," Vol. VIII., Sec. 2, Art. 3. His opinion was that the inscription is not runic. An illustration is given of the stone in the same article.

* Mary J. Katzman (Mrs. W. Lawson), whose verse entitles her to the distinction of being the sweetest Acadian poet.

The peaceful sky above thee—around the forest old,
Stretching in vast magnificence on to the mighty sea ;
So beautiful in slumber, so grand in liberty ;
So solemn and mysterious beneath the tone of night ;
So gorgeous in thy raiment of glad effulgent light ;
Bright, living type of freedom in Nature's temple brave,
Rejoicing ocean's youngest born—thou beautiful La Have."

Cape Breton abounds in memorials of French discovery and occupation. The Port of Louisbourg was named in honour of Louis Quatorze ; the fine Island of Boularderie, whose fertile slopes and cliffs rise from the two entrances of the Bras d'Or Lake, recalls the memory of the gallant French officer who was its first proprietor. The large bay of Gabarus, where Boscawen's fleet landed the troops for the siege of Louisbourg in 1758, is a corruption of the name of Cabarrus, who was a French trader of last century. The beautiful bay of Miré, or Mira—the "a" being clearly a mere anglicizing of the accented "é"—received its name from a French officer. Lingan Bay, where the coal mines were well known to the French settlers, is a vulgar form of L'Indienne. The French also softened the harsh Indian names of Nericka to Arichat, and of Achepé to Aspé, and of Kamsok to Canseau. The picturesque Bras d'Or, which divides the island into two sections, is appropriately named the Golden Arm, but on the oldest maps it is Labrador, which may have been given by some settlers from Bradore Bay on the rugged north-eastern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.*

In the course of time, after the Treaty of Utrecht, when the British began to settle and occupy the country in earnest, British names prevailed. Annapolis, Halifax, Horton, Cornwallis, Cumberland, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Sydney, and hundreds of other names attest the British sentiments of the later occupants of the peninsula. Lunenburg is a memorial of the first German migration to Malagash or Merligueche Bay. While French, English, Scotch and German peoples have in their turn linked their languages to all time with the geography of the Acadian land, the tongue of the original Indian nation, the Micmacs or Souriquois, a branch of the widespread Algonquin family, is still perpetuated largely in the nomenclature of the bays, harbours, rivers and mountains of the beautiful country which stretches from Chebogue or Jebogue Point on the west to Canseau on the east, and from Arichat to Aspé. The original name of Halifax Harbour still survives in Chebucto Head, while Shubenacadie, Musquodoboit, Chedabuctou, Tracadie, Pictou, Antigonishe, Escasoni, Mabou and Cobequid are only a few among the numerous mementos of the race whose descendants live on "reserves"—some of them in comfort—and receive the protection of a paternal government. It is quite possible that these Indians may disappear as a separate community in the course of another century before the aggressive competition of the white man, but whether this happens or not, their memory can never pass away,

"Whilst their names of music linger
On each mount, and stream and bay."

In the history of Nova Scotia there have been several well-marked epochs of settlement. The French, under De Monts and his successors, took the first steps to introduce European civilization into the wilderness where the Micmac hunters and fishermen, who were never cultivators of the soil like the Huron-Iroquois tribes, were the sole occupants for centuries. The Baron de Poutrincourt may be considered the first Frenchman who had sound ideas of settling North America, but his plans, too, soon came to nought. A few Frenchmen who remained in the country after Argall's fatal expedition, and the colonists who came with Razilly, Charnisay and Denys were the founders to a large extent of the prosperous settlements that in the course

* See Bourinot's "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime" in "Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.," Vol. IX., and in separate form, Montreal, 1891.

of a hundred years or so grew up by the natural and prolific increase of a healthy people in the most fertile section of the province. It does not appear that at any time there was such an immigration to Acadia as was encouraged by Louis XIV. and his ministers during a few years of the seventeenth century to settle the more favoured country of the St. Lawrence. A few gentlemen-adventurers, fishermen, soldiers, mechanics and farmers—the two latter classes most insignificant in number—found their way at intervals into the country during the first seventy years of its history, and laid the basis of the communities that suffered so sad a fate in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Acadian settlement of Nova Scotia lasted until 1755, although the troubles of the people commenced immediately with the foundation of Halifax, and led many of them to find their way to New Brunswick, St. John's Island, and Cape Breton before the stern mandate came to drive them from the lands they loved so well, and which they had made their own by their patient industry. In 1749 there were probably at least 10,000 French Acadians—though correct statistics on the point are not available—living in the Annapolis country, on the lands watered by the Gaspereau and other rivers that flow into the Basin of Minas—the district of Grand Prè and Mines—at Piziquid (Windsor), at Cobequid (Truro), and at Beaubassin and other places on the isthmus of Chignecto. It does not appear that more than 6,000 persons were actually deported by the English in 1755, and of this number at least two-thirds were seized in the district of Grand Prè and Mines. It is believed that nearly 1,000 sought refuge in the woods, and found their way to the southwestern coasts.* Probably three thousand, during the six years before expulsion, went to the upper parts of the River St. John, to the eastern coast of the present coast of New Brunswick, and to the islands of St. John and Cape Breton. In later times, when there was a considerable British population in Nova Scotia, and no fears of this hapless people were entertained, many of them were allowed to return to the peninsula and settle in the western part, where the township of Clare still gives illustration of the thrift, industry, sobriety and piety of the descendants of the old proprietors of Acadia. For forty years after the treaty of Utrecht they increased and prospered, and had England treated them from the commencement with fairness, and kept in the province sufficient force to show them she was not to be trifled with, and there was no prospect of France regaining her old dominions by the sea, they might have been gradually won from their fidelity to the land of their origin, and taught to pay willing allegiance to their new masters, who, under all circumstances, had treated them with great consideration and at the same time with an obvious weakness. Had they been allowed to remain in the country, under the checks of a sufficient military force and populous English settlements, the ten thousand Acadian French that occupied the fertile districts of the province in the middle of last century would eventually have increased to a very large number, and exercised most important influence on the social, religious, and political conditions of Nova Scotia, even while remaining loyal to England. In other words, Nova Scotia might have been another French Canada.

As it happened, however, an inexorable Fate destroyed their happiness at one fell blow, and placed them among the most unfortunate of God's creatures. The remnant of the French Acadian race never exercised any influence on the destiny of the Maritime Provinces when their institutions were being moulded and established. British influences eventually dominated in every section and made the Acadian provinces what they have been always—most loyal dependencies of the Crown,

* Parties of these refugees at Cape Sable, St. John River and Bay of Chaleurs were also subsequently seized and deported at a later time. This fact shows the relentless character of the persecution which dogged their movements.

even in those troublous times when the flag of revolt was raised in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

At the present time there are 100,000 people of French Acadian descent living in the Maritime Provinces, principally on the Gulf shores of New Brunswick, on the western lands of Nova Scotia, and in the counties of Richmond and Inverness in Cape Breton. Some descendants of the same race are also found in Prince Edward Island, where there were probably 4,000 at the time of its occupation by England, and the greater number of whom were also deported with unnecessary harshness from the lovely island to which they had fled during the troublous years that followed the settlement of Halifax. The industrial and educational development of these people is not yet equal to that of their British countrymen in the Dominion; though their numbers in New Brunswick and elsewhere give them a certain amount of influence in politics, and enable them to return to legislative bodies representatives who protect the special interests of their people and ably assist in the general legislation of the country.

The foundation of Halifax practically put an end to the Acadian period of Nova Scotian settlement. Until that year the English occupation of the country was merely nominal. Owing largely to the representations of Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts—a statesman of considerable ability who distinguished himself in American affairs during the most critical period of their history—the British Government decided at last on a vigorous policy in the province, which seemed more than once on the point of passing out of their hands. Halifax was founded by the Honourable Edward Cornwallis on the slope of the hill, whose woods then dipped their branches into the very waters of the noble harbour long known as Chebuctou, and re-named in honour of a distinguished member of the Montague family who had in those days full control of the administration of colonial affairs.

Colonel Cornwallis, a son of the Baron of that name—a man of firmness and discretion—entered the harbour on the 21st of June, old style, or 2nd July, present style, and soon afterwards assumed his duties as Governor of the Province. The members of his first Council were sworn in on board one of the transports in the harbour. Between 2,000 and 3,000 persons were brought in at this time to settle the town and country. These people were chiefly made up of retired military and naval officers, soldiers and sailors, gentlemen, mechanics and farmers—far too few—and some Swiss, who were extremely industrious and useful. On the whole, they were not the best colonists to build up a prosperous industrial community. The Government gave the settlers large inducements in the shape of free grants of land, and supported them practically for the first two or three years. It was not until the Acadian population was removed, and their lands were available, that the foundation of the agricultural prosperity of the peninsula was really laid. In the summer of 1753 a considerable number of Germans were placed in the present county of Lunenburg, where their descendants still prosper, and take a most active part in all the occupations of life. The names of original settlers—of Rudolf, Jessen, Knaut, Kaulbach, Hebb, Eisenhauer, Gaetz, and Oxner, particularly—are constantly met in the official and political records of the country for nearly a century and a half. A Kaulbach now represents the county in the House of Commons.

With the disappearance of the French Acadian settlers, Nova Scotia became a British colony in the full sense of the phrase. The settlement of 1749 was supplemented in 1760 and subsequent years by a valuable and large addition of people who were induced to leave Massachusetts and other colonies of New England and establish themselves on the fertile Acadian lands and other favoured parts of the peninsula. Persons not well acquainted with the history of the Acadian provinces are wont to attribute the material prosperity of the country mainly to the large body of

Loyalists who left their homes in the old colonies, after the War of Independence. Aa a matter of fact, however, there were two well-defined streams of immigration into the province after the expatriation of the French Acadians. The first was the influx of the people generally known as Pre-Loyalists, who settled in townships of the present counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Queens, Yarmouth, Cumberland and Colchester, especially in the beautiful townships of Cornwallis and Horton, where the Acadian meadows were the richest.

A number of the New England people also established themselves at Maugerville, and other places on the St. John River. The peopled district on the St. John River became subsequently known as Sunbury County and obtained a representation in the Nova Scotia Legislature. The town of Sackville had a similar origin, and had also a member in the same assembly.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, LORD STERLING.

No better class probably could have been selected to settle Nova Scotia than the American immigrants. The majority were descendants of the Puritans who settled in New England and some were actually descended from men and women who landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620. The county of Yarmouth has always illustrated the thrift and enterprise which were the natural heritage of the founders of New England. Governor Lawrence recognized the necessity of having a sturdy class of settlers, accustomed to the climatic conditions and to agricultural labour in America, and it was through his strenuous efforts that these immigrants were brought into the province. They had, indeed, the choice of the best land of the province and everything was made as pleasant as possible for them by a paternal Government, only anxious to establish British authority on a sound basis of industrial development.

In 1767, according to an official return in the archives of Nova Scotia, the total population of what are now the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island reached 13,374 souls, of whom 6,913 are given as Americans, 912 as English, 2,165 as Irish, 1,946 as Germans and 1,265 as Acadian French, the latter being probably a low estimate. Some of these Irish were brought directly from the north of Ireland, and were Scotch Presbyterians. They were brought out by one Alexander McNutt, who did much for the work of early colonization ; others came from New Hampshire, where they had been settled for some years.

From this early immigration have sprung many of the best known men of Nova Scotia. For instance, T. C. Haliburton ("Sam Slick"); Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran statesman; Dr. Borden, at present Minister of Militia in the Dominion Government; Mr. R. L. Borden, who represents Halifax in the House of Commons; Senator Lovett and Mr. Flint, M.P., of Yarmouth; Mr. Justice Barker, of St. John; Attorney-General Longley; besides the Chipmans, Eatons, Dickies, De Wolfes, Burpees, and many others.

OLD BURYING GROUND, OLD FRENCH FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.

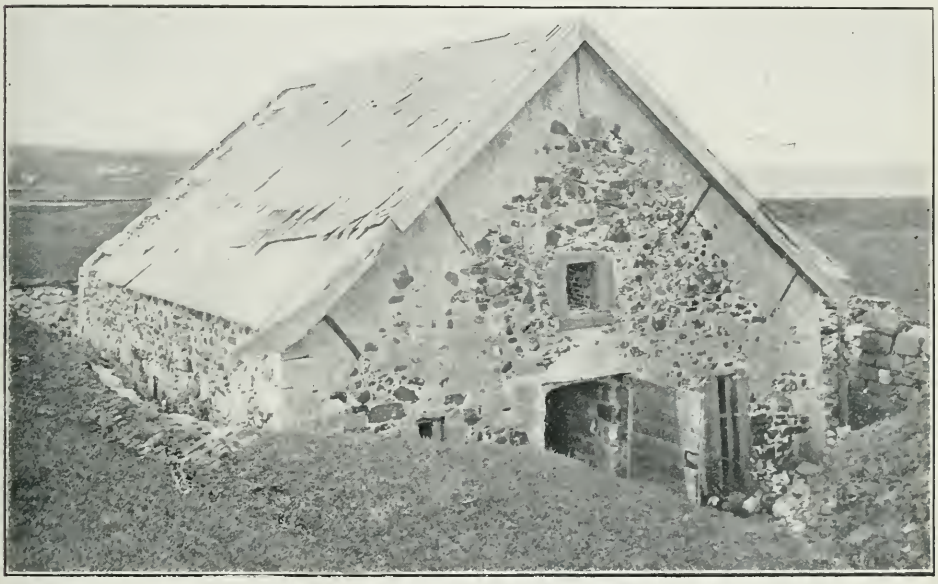
Dr. T. H. Rand, of McMaster University, and Dr. B. Rand, of Harvard, are members of a family first notable for the Reverend Silas T. Rand, the linguist and Micmac scholar. The Archibalds, who have given so many eminent men to the public service of Canada and the Empire—notably the late Sir. Adams G. Archibald, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of two provinces—are descended from four brothers of the Scotch-Irish migration of 1762, who settled in Truro. Senator Miller's family also came among the same settlers.

The Scotch immigration which has exercised such an important influence on the eastern counties of Nova Scotia —and I include Cape Breton, of course —commenced in 1772, when about thirty families arrived from Scotland and settled in the present county of Pictou, where a very few American colonists from Philadelphia had preceded them. In later years a steady tide of Scotch population flowed into eastern Nova Scotia and did not cease until 1820.

Gælic is still the dominant tongue in the eastern counties, where we find numerous names recalling the glens, lochs and mountains of old Scotland. Sir William Alexander's dream of a new Scotland has been realized in a measure in the province where his ambition would have made him "lord paramount." But now, instead of the titled proprietors who were to divide the country amongst them, instead of the baronets with their gilded insignia and armorial bearings, we have stalwart Scots, clad in home-spun, and answering to the homely names of Donald McDonald, Sandy McPherson, Rory McLennan, Dan Morrison, and others very familiar to the Scotch ear. The total Scotch population is about

equally divided between Presbyterians and Roman Catholics.

Until the foundation of Halifax the government of Nova Scotia was vested solely in a governor who had command of the garrison stationed at Annapolis. In 1719 a commission was issued to Governor Phillips, who was authorized to appoint a council of not less than twelve persons. This council had advisory and judicial functions, but its legislative authority was of a very limited scope. Their acts did not extend beyond temporary regulations relative to trade in grain in the Bay of Fundy, or else local enactments touching the people of the village of Annapolis. The Acadians had the right to choose deputies to act as arbitrators in small matters of controversy between themselves, and an appeal was allowed to the Governor-in-Council, who sat for this purpose three times a year. The Acadians are described by some writers as extremely litigious, but their disputes appear to have been generally decided among themselves, especially by reference to the priests, and it was rarely that they resorted to their English masters. This provisional system of government lasted until 1749, when Halifax became the seat of the new administration of public affairs. The governor had a right to appoint a council of twelve persons—as we have already seen, he did so immediately—and to summon a general assembly "according to the usage of the rest of our colonies and plantations in America." He was, "with the advice and consent" of the council and assembly "to make, constitute and ordain laws" for the good government of the province. During nine years the Governor-in-Council carried on the government without an assembly, and passed a number of ordinances, some of which imposed duties on trade for the purpose of raising revenue. The legality of their acts was questioned by Chief Justice Belcher—the first functionary of the Supreme Court appointed in Nova Scotia—and he was sustained by the opinion of the English law officers, who called attention to the governor's commission, which limited the council's



OLD FRENCH MAGAZINE, ANNAPOLIS.

The stones used for the arch of the interior, the portholes and the corners, were brought over from France in 1642. The walls are $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick.

OLD FRENCH SALLY-PORT AT ANNAPOLIS.

Showing in the distance the old quarters of the English officers, a building which possesses thirty fire-places, one in each room.

powers. The result of this decision was the establishment of a representative assembly, which met for the first time at Halifax on the 2nd October, 1758, and was composed of twenty-two members, elected on a freehold franchise by the province at large, and the townships of Halifax and Lunenberg.

In the course of the next twenty-five years the province was gradually marked out into political divisions according as population increased. The Island of Prince Edward never sent representatives to the Legislature of Nova Scotia, but it was constituted a separate government as early as 1768, as we shall see in the course of a later review on the founders of representative institutions in the Dominion.

In 1783 Canada and Nova Scotia received a large accession of loyal population from the old thirteen colonies, then recognized as the independent confederation of the United States. In 1784, there were in the province at the time of its division, according to the most trustworthy statistics available, about 43,000 souls, of whom over 28,000 represented "the new inhabitants," or Loyalists and disbanded troops, who had taken part in the late war. The "old British inhabitants," or the immigration previous to 1783, are given at 14,000. Only 400 Acadian French were living at that time in the country. Of the Loyalists, nearly 10,000 were already settled on the St. John River, and 8,000 in the county of Shelburne, where they had very bitter experiences, as I shall show in a later paper. The new population also included a large number of fugitive blacks and servants.

The province was now commencing to emerge from its early difficulties. The dykes, which had fallen to pieces in many places after the expulsion of the industrious and ingenious people who had constructed them, had been partly repaired, and the amount of products raised on the old French farms was yearly increasing. The scattered settlements of the province had few means of communication with each other except by water, or "blazed" paths through the woods. In the whole peninsula there was only one great road, that leading from Halifax to Windsor, through Cornwallis and Horton, and thence along the coast of

the Bay of Fundy to Annapolis Royal. But the "old inhabitants" generally, after the experience of a quarter of a century, were beginning to have confidence in the future of the country and in its capabilities for raising all kinds of cereals and fruits.

LITTLE DUTCH CHURCH AT HALIFAX (1752-1898.)

The Loyalist migration of 1783 commenced a new epoch in the history of British North America. It opened up new districts, made additions of population to the older settlements and gave new colonies to the Empire. Nova Scotia was divided into two provinces, one of which retained the old name, which had been given to it in King James' day, and the other recalled the Brunswick-Lunenburg or Hanoverian line which had given kings to England. Cape Breton—for the name of Ile Royale disappeared with the fall of Louisbourg—also received a simple system of local government separate from Nova Scotia. Canada was divid-

FRENCH ACADIAN VILLAGE OF DESCOUSSE, CAPE BRETON, 1897.

ed into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada.

The great proportion of this valuable Loyalist migration reached and remained in the Acadian provinces. So important an event, however, as this demands a separate paper, in which I shall endeavour to describe, as far as possible within the few pages at my command, the devotion of this people to England, their trials in the new lands to which they were driven by their republican oppressors, and the influence that they and their descendants have exercised upon the social and political conditions of the countries where they at last found a refuge after years of misery and persecution.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE SENSE OF SPRING.

MELT, melt, white fields! and let the freed streams flow
Between your banks of snow;
And may Love's young heart find
An answer to its mind,
In all the buds that swell, and leaves that grow.

Unfold, ye cloud-set skies of softest blue!
And call the violet through
The earth that seals it up;
Release its lucent cup
From lips that with dull scents its wine imbrue.

Great Boreas! stay thy strong-winged blasts this morn;
For unto Joy is born
A child, a blossom frail:
The May-flower, timid, pale,
That, were it not for hope, would be forlorn.

I see thy palace shine, proud Winter! cold;
Ice-buttressed towers bold;—
But what a song is here
To soothe the waking year:
A stranger piping on a flute of gold.

Ho! to the forest's shade; thick cedar-trees,
Where never crept a breeze;
And where the Silence holds
Still Wonder in its folds;—
There falls the Rapture lowly on its knees.

Bough in the beating air; waves of the deep;
Conscience in past Sin's sleep;
Grief that laid down in night;
Wake! 'tis the vital light;
These are life's thrills that o'er your pulses creep.

*John Stuart Thomson.*

THEY were sisters, but strangely unlike, differing in appearance, in temperament, and in tastes. Ventris Perugini was "her mother's own daughter," as people frequently remarked; while Eugenie, the younger, had taken the features, the voice, the nature of her foreign-born father.

Mrs. Perugini was English to her very finger-tips; likewise Ventris, a fair-haired, sweet-mannered girl, engaged to Henry Masterman, a good-looking young engineer.

"No one would dream," he said, "that you had foreign blood in your veins, Ventris."

"I think," she answered smiling, "that the child has usurped my share."

Eugenie, though now a girl of fifteen, had never escaped from her early nickname of "the child," and the term did not displease her.

In appearance she looked younger than her years, and only Ventris, to whom she was passionately devoted, knew that beneath the infantile face, with its cloud of dark hair, lay a strangely matured and passionate nature.

To Ventris she confided her views on life, the power of self-control which she practised, and the almost madness that possessed her, when some incident, which appeared trifling to the older girl, raised in the younger a spirit of rebellion.

It was at such moments that Ventris trembled for the child. She feared that in the future this little sister would pay dearly for the hot blood in her.

Ventris would look at the firm chin and clear, determined eyes, the thin red lips, that but for the redeeming softness of youth might have been called cruel, and indicative of an almost tigerish brutality.

"It's—it's heavenly," she said.

* Published in Canada by special arrangement with the English publishers.

Then Ventris would talk gently to Eugenie, using her influence to tame.

"How does it feel to be in love?" asked the child one day.

Her sister smiled.

"It's—it's heavenly!" she said, the roses of sentiment blooming on her cheeks.

"And you do love Henry? You are quite—quite—quite sure!"

"Eugenie accepted the present gratefully."

"Why, of course, dear! What a question! I love him with all my heart and soul. He is my life, my all. If anything were to separate us now, I think I should die."

"You are sure, too, that he loves you, Ventris?" the child persisted.

"You little cynic! Are you going to pretend that there is any doubt?" replied Ventris, laughing from sheer lightness of heart and innocent contentment.

With a sudden, quick movement Eugenie flung her warm arms round her sister's neck, almost strangling her in a passionate embrace.

"Take care, you will throttle me," said Ventris, disengaging the child's arms, and kissing her lovingly. "You're a darling, but you're rather rough!"

"I want you not to love Henry quite so much, Ventris," she said. "I think men are like dogs. When I scold 'Glou-Glow,' and kick him, he will come and lick my face, and do anything for me. I wish you would sometimes be angry with Henry; he is the sort of man that would like you for it. I mean what I say."

"But why should I? Henry is so good, so generous! There is no reason why I should be angry with him!"

Eugenie twisted her fingers nervously; she could not speak the thoughts in her mind.

"Why!" continued Ventris, "only this afternoon he promised to bring a lot of curiosities that he had collected abroad, and we are to choose whatever we like. He says they are no good to him."

"Then," retorted the child, "there is no great merit in his offering them to us."

"Why are you so down on poor Henry? I don't understand."

"Oh! I'm not down on him," said the child. "But I love you, Ventris, and I don't think anyone is worthy of you; and if Henry doesn't make you happy, I'll—I'll——"

Eugenie checked her words; but Ventris noticed her cheek had suddenly paled, as if in rage.

"What will you do, child?"

"Oh! don't ask me! There is no use in anticipating!"

When Henry brought his curios, Eugenie was highly disdainful.

"I don't think there is anything worth having," she said—then, with suddenly brightening eyes: "except that dagger. Will you give it to me, Henry?"

She picked up the weapon, and gazed admiringly at its red velvet case.

"No," he replied. "It is not a safe thing for you to have. That is by no means a make-believe dagger. Feel how sharp the edge is; why, you could kill anyone with this." He felt the blade as he spoke.

"But I am not a baby. I should not hurt myself playing with a dagger. I want it as an ornament."

"No," he said again. "I brought this for Ventris."

He made a little sign to Ventris, who, seeing that he thought Eugenie too young for it, accepted the present gratefully, and whispered to the child:

"You don't mind, do you? It can be between us."

Later on Eugenie found herself alone with her sister's lover. She had followed him into the garden, where he was smoking a cigarette.

"What did you think I should do with the dagger that you would not give it me?" she asked. "Kill somebody?"

"As likely as not," he laughed; "you're such a little she-devil!"

"Yes," retorted the child, her dark eyes flashing; "you made me one last night. You had no right to kiss me; I didn't like it. I am older than I look, and you are engaged to Ventris."

"But she has often seen me kiss you."

"Yes, but in a different way. One was the kiss of a brother—the other felt abominable!"

"You look so pretty when you're cross; it makes a change in the monotony of things. You're such a little prude, I like to upset your principles!"

"You're hateful," she cried. "If Ventris knew——"

"She would laugh. Tell her, and see."

"Ah, you want me to hurt her."

"Little goose!" he said, seizing Eugenie by the wrist. "Why are you frightened of me?"

"Frightened!" she cried derisively. "What do you take me for? Let go of me at once."

But his fingers tightened, with tormenting pressure.

The child, maddened at his touch, bent quickly, and bit his hand with the ferocity of an animal. He drew away, muttering an oath, as the sharp even teeth made themselves felt.

"Spitfire!" he hissed. "By Jove! I'm not so sure that milk and water is not better after all."

Eugenie knew that by "milk and water" Henry Masterman was alluding to Ventris.

She turned away from him with a bitter loathing. As she ran towards the house she met her sister, looking like a pale lily in the moonshine of a summer night.

How happy she appeared, hastening to her lover, with a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders, and a strange, uncertain smile of love upon her lips!

"Bah," muttered the child. "When I am engaged I will have a man's whole heart, devotion, life! No half and half or shilly-shallying. Ventris is too sweet, too good an angel! What does she want with men?"

But the child could not answer this question: she felt there must be more in love than she could understand.

She watched the lovers closely after this, and Henry irritated her more and more. She felt instinctively that he was tiring of Ventris.

One evening he seemed strangely ill-humoured and morose—spoke little, and avoided the garden.

Eugenie noticed that when he said good-night he slipped a note into her sister's hand.

Ventris looked surprised, regarded the letter doubtfully, then put it into her pocket, and went quietly up to her chamber.

The child crept softly to her own room, avoiding Ventris. She had, in fact, avoided everyone throughout the day, for fear they might see in her the

traces of intense overpowering illness, which were making themselves felt. Her throat was very sore, head ached to distraction—she could hardly hold it up.

She remembered some years ago, when she had measles, that the doctor kept her in bed, and shut her away from Ventris. She hated the doctor, and the routine of illness, and her desire to avert discipline overcame her prudence.

"It's all nonsense—I shall be well in the morning—well," she told herself vehemently, clinging to her bedpost, as a sudden dizziness overcame her.

She undressed slowly, and, too weary to brush her hair, knelt down to pray. But that night she could not say her prayers—she was thinking of her painful throat, and wondering how soon it would be well.

"Perhaps I had better confide in Ventris," she thought, slipping her feet into her slippers again. "It is so dreadful to feel like this, and I am sure if I ask her she will not tell."

Frightened at the weakness that was stealing over her, Eugenie hastened to her sister's room, and pushed the door open without knocking.

To her surprise Ventris was still in her evening dress, lying across the bed with her hands upon her eyes and forehead, motionless as a woman dead.

"Ventris! Ventris!"

The child rushed forward, speaking the name excitedly, and tore her sister's hands back from the livid face and wide-open eyes which they covered.

"Ventris!" she cried again, "what is the matter?"

The girl sat up, and stared in a dazed sort of way at Eugenie.

"Oh! child, I was just wanting you so badly. Put your arms round me—hold me tight, or I shall go mad! I think I was mad just now before you came and spoke."

"You are in trouble, Ventris; tell me about it. Has Henry been nasty again? He made you cry last night by saying your dress was ugly; but you wore this pretty one to-night!"

Eugenie stroked the lace of the delicate bodice.

"Ventris!" she cried again.

"I cried, did I? And for so small a thing! Oh! if I could only cry to-night, but I can't; I'm too sore, too bitter, too wounded! Child—child—can't you guess? Must I say it? I am *jilted*, *jilted*, by Henry!"

She raised her arms as if to ward off a blow; the words came in strangled accents; then Ventris staggered to her feet and paced the room in a feverish frenzy of despair.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried; "I can't bear it, I can't! I loved him so, I love him still. I can't believe that he has ceased to care. Oh! it isn't true, Eugenie? Tell me it isn't true. Perhaps I'm dreaming. Look—this letter—read! What does it say?"

At the first glance Eugenie forgot her own suffering; she remembered only that Ventris, the sister she idolized, had been grossly insulted and cut to the quick—her life blighted, her love

discarded, her hopes killed! She could realize nothing but that her eyes were following the lines of a letter, brutally candid. Its every line filled Eugenie with abhorrence, and a terrible anger against Henry Masterman.

"I am leaving your house to-morrow—early," he wrote in conclusion. "You will not see me again, nor will any of your people. Please tell them the reason of my hasty departure; it will be easier for you to explain. Call me a brute—what you like—only try to forget me!"

"He has not the courage to face us," cried the child. "He wants to sneak away like a thief! He'll catch that five o'clock workmen's train to town, without a single reproach, without a scene of any sort. He escapes free, while you have to suffer the pain—the humiliation! Oh!" clenching her hands, "and that thing calls itself a man!"

"Yet I cared so much—so much, Eugenie, that even now I would give anything to see him again."

"You shan't see him; you don't know what you are saying," retorted the child, holding Ventris almost fiercely in her arms. "You must hate him now for always—hate with your whole heart—think of him as the meanest, lowest wretch that ever crawled!"

The passionate nature of the younger sister suffered intenser agonies than the elder. She it was who seemed to be maddened to desperation at the conduct of the faithless lover.

"Don't look like that, Eugenie; you frighten me!" said Ventris.

She gazed with sudden dread at the child.

"Are you ill?"

"No, Ventris; don't worry about me, I—I—"

She swayed as if she would have fallen.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You are in pain," seeing her signs of physical weakness.

Eugenie pressed her hand to her throat.

"I am hurt," she said, "because you are hurt. I am mad with Henry—let me go!"

She rushed to the door. Ventris stopped her.

"Your face, child, is scarlet."

"Scarlet with rage; feel how burning hot I am. That is for you, Ventris, I burn for your scars."

Then Eugenie disentangled herself from her sister's embrace, and left her with a strangled "Good-night."

Ventris felt almost too dazed to think. The night was hot and stifling, and she was too weary to undress. For a time she paced her room, watching the hands of the clock stealing from hour to hour with a dull, sleepless wonder.

"He must pass down the garden path under my window," she told herself. "Directly it is daylight I will watch and see him go, for the last time. Then I shall be able to rest, but not before."

With break of dawn she flung her cloak round her shoulders, and, still in the evening dress she had worn the night before, sat by her open window, waiting.

At last her head fell upon her arms, which were folded on the sill, and a merciful oblivion came with the singing of birds, in the sweetness of the summer morning.

In the meanwhile Eugenie lay tossing feverishly upon her bed, while strange phantoms rose at her side, whispering horrible possibilities. "Revenge your sister's wrongs," said one. "She is so weak," chimed in another, "it is for you to act!"

From a dream of Henry Masterman, Eugenie awoke with a start. Her head was whirling, and for the moment she could remember nothing. Gradually the facts of the previous evening returned; and, glancing at the clock, she saw the hands pointed to half-past four.

"What did I do in the dream?" she cried, "let me see—I—I—Ah! yes," springing up, with the energy of delirium, and drawing back the window blind. As she looked down into the garden below, her eyes fell on the figure of Henry Masterman.

He was walking down the gravel path, just as if nothing had happened, as if, in fact, it was the most natural thing in the world to be leaving without a farewell word at such an unconventional hour.

"He shan't go away—he shan't escape—like that!" vowed the child, beside herself with rage, her brain unsteady from illness.

Flinging a wrap about her, she ran quickly downstairs, and paused a moment outside Ventris's boudoir. The door was open, and her eyes fell upon the dagger in its red velvet case, lying upon a small table of nicknacks.

"I'll take that with me," she said, "for fear he should try to kiss me again."

Slipping the weapon under her cloak, she left the house by the one open exit unbarred by the man, and ran across the lawn—a short cut to the direction he had taken.

"Let me go," she cried frantically.

Little she guessed as she hurried on that Ventris was watching from her window, with the cruel candid letter lying against her heart. First she had seen her faithless lover depart, without so much as an upward glance at her window, then the slim figure of the child following at breathless speed.

Ventris started to her feet, and stood hesitating whether to pursue Eugenie or wait for her return.

The sound of running feet attracted Henry's attention. He turned with the quick flush on his face of a man whose conscience is ill at ease. A look of intense relief came over his features as he caught sight of the child, and a self-satisfied smile lurked round his lips.

"Stop!" she cried; "stop! You shall not go without a word to me."

Speech cost her an effort from the soreness of her throat; but Henry mistook the visible emotion for grief at his departure.

"You heard I was going? Ah! Ventris told you, I suppose. Well, you need not look so angry"—watching with admiration the feverishly flashing eyes—"it's partly your doing. I found myself thinking far too much of you. You have always treated me like the dust under your feet, though you are such a child; and I must say I've often considered that you had abominably bad manners. But manners couldn't alter your eyes, nor your face either, and now that you have shown that you are sorry—now that you have come to say good-bye——"

"Sorry!" she cried; "I came to tell you how I hate you—what a cur I

"With a cry she rushed forward."

think you—I—I would kill you, if I dared. You're not as good as a dog ——"

Her words choked her.

The man laughed. For the beauty of the child, with her hair dishevelled, and her cheeks aflame, appealed to him. He longed to tame her, to force her to a tender feeling for him, to make her repent this bold assurance.

He came close to her, with the lover's look on his face she had seen there in the past for Ventris. He flung his arms around her before she realized she was fettered, and tried to kiss her.

"Let me go," she cried frantically, her reason slipping away, the madness of anger, and the fire of fever in her blood turning her woman's nature to that of a wild brute in its fury.

But Henry, half amused, half vexed at her struggles, did not release his hold, little dreaming that in her one free hand, beneath her cloak, she held a weapon of defence.

The child thought nothing, knew nothing, of the vital parts of the body, but she struck at him wildly, a chance thrust, but a fatal one.

He fell heavily to the ground, while Eugenie turned in terror, and rushed away, back to the house, under cover of the trees, hardly knowing what she had done. There was a loud singing in her head, and the sound of voices in her ears.

She could see before her, as she ran, the pale face of the victim looking up from the damp grass. She trembled and stumbled, but terror gave her strength, and it was not till she regained the house, and crept noiselessly to her room, that weakness overcame her. Then she lay murmuring inarticulately upon her bed, and knew no more.

Ventris had meanwhile been watching uneasily for the child, expecting to see her return the way that she had gone—across the lawn. When, however, no sign of Eugenie was forthcoming, Ventris went, nervously and unwillingly, in search of the truant.

What if she should be seen by Henry? The thought turned her cold, and she laid her hand upon the letter she was carrying in her dress. On she walked, hesitatingly, conscious, in spite of her misery, of the balmy fragrance of the morning air. Suddenly

her eyes—could she believe them?—fell upon an object that kindled a great dread in her heart, a terror beyond all words. With a cry she rushed forward, and sank on her knees by the lifeless body of Henry Masterman.

Her cry had been heard, for one of the under-gardeners, who had come early, was passing near the spot. The cry did not reach him a second time, for Ventris, as the full horror of the scene broke upon her bewildered senses, fell prostrate but a few feet from the murdered man, in a dead faint.

It was thus she was found, with the evidence in writing of her lover's desertion upon her, while the dagger that he had given her was discovered draining his life blood.

In the midst of the general confusion, the child was for the time forgotten; and when at last her mother went to break the news, she found Eugenie in the height of delirium. The doctor, who was already in the house, affirmed that it was scarlet fever, and gave orders for prompt treatment and isolation.

* * * *

During that terrible time, when Eugenie hung between life and death, only the hospital nurses were with her, and she never once saw a single member of her family.

She remembered vaguely the incidents of that fatal morning, but was too ill to care whether Henry had lived or died—too dazed and perplexed to realize that perhaps she was a murderess. In all her wanderings of delirium she had never mentioned his name, but she asked perpetually for Ventris.

When she grew better, however, her fears heightened, and retarded her recovery.

"I want to see father—or mother—or Ventris," she said to the day nurse. "You have been very good to me, but it isn't the same, and I am so tired of only seeing strangers."

"You must not ask for them, dear, because of infection. You don't want them to be ill too?"

"How is Ventris? Is she well? Is she happy?"

The nurse turned her face away.

"I have not seen your sister lately."

"Is she so afraid of infection? Doesn't she come and ask after me?"

"She may not come, but she asks often."

"How soon shall I be able to see her?"

"I don't know."

Every day the nurse was obliged to parry similar questions.

"I have been ill a long time, much longer than most people who get the fever, haven't I?" Eugenie asked.

"Yes."

"And what have the others been doing all this time?"

Again the same unsatisfactory reply: "I don't know."

"You don't know anything," grumbled Eugenie. "If you were nice, you would find out. It isn't like Ventris not to write to me sometimes. Is she in the house?"

"No; they are staying in London, it is safer. Scarlet fever's so catching!"

One morning Eugenie woke early with a start. She was thinking of her crime, dreaming again that scene in the garden, which had left only the vaguest memory in her mind. She sat up in bed, her eyes opened widely, her hands clasped.

"Nurse!" she said. "Nurse!"

The woman watching her glanced at the clock, and seemed strangely moved—almost frightened.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Why did you wake?"

Eugenie began to shudder. "I—I think something awful has happened!" she gasped. "I felt it! I tried to scream in my sleep, but I couldn't."

The nurse soothed her as best she could, but was glad when her time came to escape from the sick-room, though the house bore a doleful air, every blind being drawn except that on the child's window.

At last Eugenie's strength was sufficiently returned to enable her to get up,

and look forward to a change of air and scene. It was then that the nurse told her very gently that Ventris, her beloved sister, was dead.

For long hours the child cried bitterly before she could bring herself to ask any questions. Then she looked up through her tears and said:

"Did she die suddenly?"

"Yes."

"What will father and mother do?"

"You must make up to them by being doubly dear and loving and good!" said the nurse piously. "You have been given back to them after a long and dangerous illness; they have that to be thankful for. Mr. Henry Masterman died first, before your sister. It has been a most terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Perugini; so great that no one dare mention this sorrow in their presence. They even dread meeting you, their own child, and beg most earnestly that you will ask them no questions."

"The nurse soothed her as best she could."

"They are afraid to tell me he was murdered," thought Eugenie. "It is natural—but he deserved to die, for he broke my sister's heart. She pined for him—she died—he was her murderer!"

Soon after the news of Ventris' death the child was taken to a quiet seaside place, where her parents joined her, utterly broken down, and crushed with grief.

She mourned with them silently, while they watched wonderingly and relieved.

"She suspects nothing," they told each other. "Thank God!"

"But some day she will learn the truth," said her father, "and then —"

"Not yet, not while she is so young," replied Mrs. Perugini, "wait till the memory of her sister is less green. She will be able to bear it better."

Eugenie had grown strangely silent and thoughtful since her illness; she was tenderness itself to her parents, yet she loved to be alone, to wander by the sea and think of Ventris. Sometimes she fancied she talked with her.

One day she was sitting alone under a breakwater, when an old woman with shell boxes came and asked her to buy. Eugenie chose one and paid for it. The woman wrapped the box in newspaper, and passed on. Mechanically, Eugenie found herself reading the headings of the paper, an old one by its date.

Suddenly the colour fled from her face, even her lips blanched to a deadly whiteness. She tried to move, to avert her eyes, like one that struggles in the throes of a nightmare. The well-known name, "Ventris Perugini," it was there—in print. Oh! horror of

cruellest horrors! "Ventris Perugini, an account of her execution for the murder of Henry Masterman!"

Yet the sea went on singing its monotonous song, and the sun shone just as brightly, mocking at the misery that petrified Eugenie's guilty soul.

Until that moment she had been unrepentant; now the fierce agony of retribution racked her being; the bitter truth had come to light!

No burning tears, but the stony grief of a deeper wound lay heavy at her heart.

What could she do to atone? Clear the stain from her dead sister's memory by a true confession, and put her parents to the awful anguish of a second wrench, or take the sacrifice Ventris had made, and live out her life of remorse?

She went home unsteadily, still clutching the paper, and still uncertain how to act.

Mrs. Perugini was alone in her room when the child entered, looking old and wan with misery. She had left her shell box on the beach.

"So they hanged Ventris," she said.

"Who told you that?"

Eugenie flung herself face downwards on the sofa, and dug her teeth into the cushion to prevent herself shrieking aloud her own condemnation.

"Mother, mother! You don't believe it! She didn't kill Henry!"

"No, dear, no."

Mrs. Perugini's tears were falling fast.

"What did Ventris say?"

"She hardly seemed to have the heart to deny it. I think she wanted to die. To the very end she spoke incessantly of her love for you. She asked you to take her place, to live a pure, unselfish life, to try to comfort me."

The words were each a fresh stab, and a sharper, to Eugenie.

"Mother, I want to be alone, quite alone, till to-morrow. The shock was so awful, so sudden, I must think it out quite by myself."

What those hours of solitude cost her only the child herself knew, but they left their traces upon the young face, and robbed it of youth's fresh flower.

In the morning, after a night of vigil, Eugenie watched the clock anxiously.

"Ventris," she whispered, "I know the hour you died—you came to me then—come now. Tell me what I ought to do. At that same hour I shall expect you!"

Her mind was overwrought. She was weak and excited. She fancied that her prayer was answered—that Ventris, white-robed as an angel, with a martyr's crown on her fair hair, came and stood beside her, with a look of infinite love and pity in her eyes.

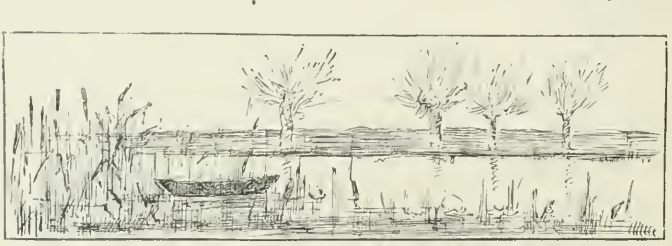
"Do not make my sacrifice worthless, Eugenie," pleaded the soft voice. "You have the harder part of living, the greater punishment. It is by your life, not by your death, that you must atone!"

The child stretched out her arms in silent wonder. Then a cry of joy broke from her lips:

"Ventris! Ventris! Let me come to you!"

But the dream form waved her back, whispering: "Not yet—not just yet!"

*Winifred Graham.*



# THE FENIANS ON THE ST. CROIX.*

IT is now more than thirty years since the Fenians added their borrowed name to the story of the river St. Croix; yet the older men among the dwellers on the New Brunswick shore, looking back over that time, must find it hard to realize that their memory covers the longest period of unbroken peace in the history of the province.

Four times since its Loyalist founders settled on its rocky coast have the people of New Brunswick been aroused by threats of armed invasion.

In the war of 1793, French privateers, or lawless New Englanders sailing under French letters of marque, appeared in the Bay of Fundy. Men and money were quickly raised to defend the seaport towns; and one vessel, *La Solide*, was captured by New Brunswick militiamen and carried into St. Andrews as a prize. Again, in the war of 1812, the bay was infested by New England privateers; and the people stood ready to defend their homes, until the British occupation of Eastport deprived the enemy of a port of refuge, and the boundary line, for the time being, was carried west to the Penobscot. Once more, in 1837, the Aroostook war brought a call to arms; and once more it found a ready response, as volunteers from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia hurried forward to repel invasion. And when, in 1866, the rumours of Fenian activity in the United States proved to have some foundation in fact, the people of New Brunswick answered to the call, and their province was the first to meet the threatened danger.

In the autumn of 1865, the movements of the Fenians in New York first aroused suspicions that they were planning a raid on some part of British America. Early in December of that year, Sir Arthur Hamilton-Gordon, at that time Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, visited the border towns to urge upon the inhabitants the wisdom of taking some precautions.

The question of the Confederation of the provinces of British North America was then before the people. Many were disposed to laugh at the "Fenian scare," as it was called; believing it to be a political move, planned and subsidized by the promoters of the Quebec Scheme for the purpose of influencing the electorate. Many who were willing to believe that the Fenian leaders would really attempt an invasion of British territory were still unwilling to see in the common danger an argument for union, and felt sure that Upper Canada was the province most exposed to their attack. So it happened that when the spring of 1866 brought the report of a Fenian plan of campaign to include the occupation of St. Andrews or Campobello, looking to the conquest of New Brunswick as a convenient base of operations against England, there was very much incredulity mingled with surprise and alarm.

The military authorities, however, had not been idle. Volunteers were already enrolled in all the border parishes; and the news from New York, Buffalo, and other centres of Fenian activity was awaited with eager interest.

The sudden appearance at Eastport of B. Doran Killian, with a few followers, at last convinced the people of the need of action. This was on the 6th of April, 1866. Four days later, another detachment of Fenians arrived by the steamer from Portland; and H.M.S. *Pylades*, from Halifax, anchored at Welshpool, Campobello, on the opposite side of the narrow strait which here forms the international boundary line. Business was immediately suspended at St. Andrews, where two companies of volunteers were on duty

* Previous articles relating to the Fenian Raids may be found in the November, December, January and February numbers. The articles in the first three numbers dealt with the raid into Upper Canada, and that in last month's issue with the raid into Quebec, or Lower Canada.

under Col. Anderson; and the volunteers at St. Stephen, St. George and Woodstock were called out for active service. The Fenian scare was now found to be a serious matter.

The *Pylades* was followed by the *Rosario*, which anchored off St. Andrews, nearly opposite the Maine town of Robbinston.

Fenians continued to arrive from the westward, and were quartered at hotels and private houses in Eastport, Lubec, Robbinston and Calais, or encamped in small parties along the Maine side of St. Croix. They were a rough-looking lot of men, but quiet and well disciplined; and as they seemed to have no commissariat, but depended upon the ordinary local sources of supply, it may be safely estimated that their number did not exceed 500 in all.

The officers, Gen. Killian, Major Sinnott, Capt. Gaynor, and others, paraded their titles and proclaimed their plans and motives, announcing to the world that they had come to prevent the British Government from dragooning the colonists into Confederation; but they were evidently disappointed at the lack of sympathy and support from the people on both sides of the line.

Strengthened by Killian's reference to the matter of Confederation at a public meeting in Calais, there was still a lingering doubt with some as to whether the threatened invasion was more than a sham; when, one night in April, a party of armed men, supposed to be Fenians, made a descent upon Indian Island, a little island in Passamaquoddy Bay, lying nearly opposite Eastport.

Campobello and St. Andrews were protected by the warships; volunteers were on guard at Deer Island, and at every important point along the shores of the river and bay; but Indian Island was unguarded.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 15th of April, a few men stepped ashore from a boat, went to the house of the collector of customs, demanded and received the custom-house flag, and rowed away with it. It was a bloodless foray, ridiculously trifling in itself; but it was the cause of intense excitement in the neighbouring towns. Capt. Hood, of the *Pylades*, reported to headquarters at St. Andrews. At St. Stephen the volunteers were at church on Sunday morning, when a despatch reached the commanding officer and was read aloud. The Fenians had landed on Indian Island, and carried off the British flag. The effect was magic. The men were no longer playing soldier. As they returned to barracks, others gathered at street corners, eager to be enrolled; and before an hour had passed there were all the volunteers required to form another company if needed.

More ships were sent from Halifax, including the flagship *Duncan*, which brought Admiral Sir James Hope and Major-General Sir Hastings Doyle, with 570 men of the 17th Foot, a company of Royal Engineers, and a battery of artillery. A Fredericton volunteer company, called the Victoria Rifles, was also sent to the front, and Governor Gordon followed them by special train to St. Andrews.

But Indian Island was still unguarded; and, a week after the affair of the flag, the bonded warehouse and three storehouses were burned by incendiaries. Then earthworks were thrown up by men detailed from the *Rosario*; and the *Niger*, the *Pylades*, the *Fawn*, and the *Cordelia* in turn furnished a guard until the arrival from St. Andrews of twenty men of the Gordon Rifles, under Ensign Chandler. These St. Andrews men, by the way, carried off the honours of the campaign for the only real encounter with the enemy; as, a few nights later, their sentries fired upon and drove off two boats from Eastport that were trying to effect a landing.

Gen. Meade now arrived with a force of United States regulars, making his headquarters at Eastport and stationing a guard at Calais. The Fenians at Eastport had been waiting all this time for arms and ammunition that had been shipped from Portland by sailing vessels, because the pas-

senger steamers had refused to bring them; but when at last the guns arrived, they were promptly seized by the United States authorities. Killian, boldly demanding to have the guns restored, was threatened with arrest; and so, deprived of his arms, and disappointed in the attitude of the provincialists, and in his hope of easily involving the United States in a war with Great Britain, he found himself obliged to give up his scheme of invasion. Finally he sent his followers back to Portland.

In May three companies of the 17th were sent to St. Stephen, to prevent a possible raid from Calais. Their services were not needed, as the last Fenians had left Calais before their arrival. Gen. Meade and his men, a few days later, were ordered to the Niagara frontier, where the Fenians were gathering in force; and the British troops and vessels along the border were gradually withdrawn. The 17th and the artillery were relieved by St. John volunteers of the 66th, and returned to Halifax by the troop ship *Simoon*; the St. John men were in turn relieved by two companies of the 15th Regiment; and by the middle of June they also were recalled and the local volunteers disbanded.

The presence of the Fenians on the St. Croix was a matter of much more consequence than was apparent at the time. It drew the people of New Brunswick closer to the mother country, and to their fellow-subjects in the upper provinces; it elicited a display of loyalty worthy of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists; and it undoubtedly influenced the pending election. The election went strongly in favour of Confederation. Killian's ambitious and absurd attempt to wreck the British Empire, so far as it had any permanent effect, only tended to strengthen that Empire at its weakest point, by its bearing upon the political movements of the day which led up to the formation of the Dominion of Canada.

*J. Vroom.*

## LIFE.

OUT of the dark, into the dark;
(God pity all when they embark!)
Darker ahead? 'Tis land!—or shoals.
Such the voyage of human souls.

The sea so wide, and lone, and drear,
No light to guide, nowhere to steer;—
Only the sea, and the bell that tolls,
Such the voyage of human souls.

Darker ahead! and yet more deep!
Is it waking, or, is it sleep,—
This calm, this sea that no longer rolls?
Such the voyage of human souls.

*Jesse Lamb.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## VIII.—THE SEVENTH CUSTOMER AND THE MANDARIN.

THERE was something very queer about that lacquer mandarin; and something still queerer about the man who pawned it. The toy itself was simply two balls placed together; the top ball, a small one, was the head, masked with a quaintly-painted face of porcelain, and surmounted by a pagoda-shaped hat jingling with tiny golden bells. The large ball below was the body, gaily tinted to imitate the official dress of a great Chinese lord; and therefrom two little arms terminating in porcelain hands, exquisitely finished even to the long nails, protruded in a most comical fashion. Weighted dexterously within, the mandarin would keel over this side and that, to a perilous angle, but he never went over altogether. When set in motion the big ball would roll, the arms would wag, and the head nod gravely, a little red tongue thrusting itself out at every bow. Then the golden bells would chime melodiously, and rolling, wagging, nodding, the mandarin made all who beheld him laugh with his innocent antics. He was worthy, in all his painted beauty, to be immortalised by Hans Anderson.

"A very pretty toy," said Hagar, as the quaint thing tipped itself right and left, front and back. "It comes from China, I suppose?"

She asked this question of the customer, who demanded two pounds on the figure; but in place of answering her, he burst out into a hoarse laugh, and leered unpleasantly at the girl.

"Comes from other side of Nowhere, I reckon, missus!" he said in a coarse voice; "and a bloomin' rum piece of goods 'tis, anyhow!"

Hagar did not like the man's looks at all, although she was by no means exacting on the score of personal beauty—especially with regard to the male sex. Still, there were was something brutal about this fellow which revolted her every sense. He had a bullet head, with a crop of closely-cut hair; a clean-shaven face of a blue-black dirty hue, where the beard had been removed; a low forehead, a snub nose, a large, ugly mouth, and two cunning grey eyes which never looked anyone straight in the face. This attractive gentleman wore a corduroy suit, a red linen handkerchief round his throat, and a fur cap with earflaps on his head. Also he carried a small black pipe between his teeth, and breathed therefrom an atmosphere of the vilest tobacco. Certainly the toy was queer; but the man queerer. Not at all the sort of person likely to be in possession of so delicate a work of Chinese art and fancy.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Hagar, drawing her black brows together and touching with one finger the swaying mandarin.

"It's all on the square, missus!" growled the man in an injured tone. "I didn't prig the blessed thing, if

that's yer lay. A pal o' mine as is a sailor brought it from Lord-knows-where an' guv' it me. I wants rhine, I do; so if you kin spring two quid—"

"I'll give you twenty shillings," said Hagar, cutting him short.

"Oh, my bloomin' eyes! if this ain't robbery an' blue murder!" whined the man; "twenty bob! why, the fun y' gits out of it's worth more!"

"That's my offer—take it or leave it. I don't believe you came honestly by it, and I'm running a risk in taking it."

"Sling us the blunt, then!" said the customer sullenly; "it's the likes of you as grinds down the likes of me! Yah! you an' yer preachin'."

"In whose name am I to make out the ticket?" asked Hagar coldly.

"In the name of Mister William Smith—Larky Bill they calls me; but t'aint h'etikit to put h'endearin' family names on pawn-tickets. I lives in Sawder Alley, Whitechapel."

"Why didn't you go to a nearer pawnshop, then?" said Hagar, taking down Mr. Smith's address, without smiling at his would-be wit.

"That's my biz?" retorted Bill, scowling. "'Ere, gimme the tin; an' don't you arsk no questions and y' won't be tol' no lies! D'ye see?"

Hagar stamped her foot. "Here's the money and the ticket. Take yourself and your insolence out of my shop. Quick!"

"I'm gitting!" growled the man, shuffling towards the door. "See 'ere, missus; I comes fur that doll in three months, or it may be four. If it ain't all right an' 'anded up to me proper, I'll break your neck!"

"What's that you say?" Hagar was over the counter, and close at hand by this time. Larky Bill stared open-mouthed at her spirit. "You say another word, my gaol-bird," said Hagar, seizing his ear, "and I'll put you in the gutter!"

"Lordy! what a donah!" muttered Bill, rubbing his ear and when he found himself outside. "She'll look arter the toy proper. Three months. Tck!" he rapped his thumb nail against his teeth. "I can't get less from the beak; but I've bested Monkey, anyhow!"

And with these enigmatic words, Mr. Smith turned on his heel and went to Whitechapel. There his forebodings were realized, for at the very door of his own house in Sawder Alley he was taken in charge by a grim policeman, and sent to prison for four months. He had stolen some fruit off a coster's barrow on the day previous to his arrest, and quite expected to be—as he phrased it—nabbed for the theft. Therefore he employed the small remnant of freedom still remaining to him to pawn the mandarin in the most distant pawnshop he could think of, which happened to be Hagar's. As Mr. Smith left the court to do his four months, a wizen-faced man slouched close to him.

"Bill," he growled, edging against the policeman, "where's thet doll?"

"That's all right, Monkey! I've put it where you won't git it!" grunted Smith.

When Black Maria rolled away with Bill inside, the man he had called Monkey stood on the edge of the pavement, and cursed freely, till a policeman moved him on. He had a particular desire to gain possession of that doll, as he called it; and it was on this account that Larky Bill had taken the trouble to hide it. Monkey never thought of a pawnshop. It was a case of diamond cut diamond; and one rogue had outwitted the other.

In the meantime Hagar, quite unaware of the value attached to the Chinese toy, placed it away among other pawned articles upon a high shelf. But it did not always remain there; for Bolker, a child in many ways, notwithstanding his precocious intelligence, found it out, and frequently took it down to play with. Hagar would not have permitted this had she known, as the toy was given into her charge for safe keeping, and she would have been afraid of Bolker spoiling the paint or rubbing off the gilding. Bolker knew this and was clever enough to play with the mandarin only when Hagar was absent. He placed it on the counter, and made it sway in its quaint

fashion. The waving arms, the nodding head, and the roseleaf of a tongue slipping in and out, enchanted the lad, and he would amuse himself for hours with it. It was strange that a gilded toy, contrived no doubt for the amusement of grave Chinese Emperors, should descend to afford pleasure to an arab of London City. But the Mandarin was an exile from the Flowery Land, and rocked as merrily in the dingy pawnshop as ever he had done in the porcelain palaces of Pekin.

A month or two after the mandarin had been pawned, Bolker announced in the most unexpected manner that he intended to better himself. He had been given, he said, the post of shopboy in a West-end bookseller's establishment; and as he was fond of literature, he intended to accept it. Hagar rather wondered that anyone should have placed sufficient confidence in this arab to give him a situation; but she kept her wonderment to herself, and gave him leave to go. She was sorry to lose the benefit of his acute intelligence, but personally she had no great love for this scampish hunchback; so she saw him depart without displaying much sorrow. Thus Bolker vanished from the pawnshop and from Carby's Crescent, and ascended into higher spheres.

Nothing new happened after his departure. The mandarin remained untouched on the shelf, and the dust collected over his motionless figure. Hagar quite forgot about the toy and its pawner; and it was only when Larky Bill was released from prison and came to claim his property that she recalled the incident. She took down the figure, dusted it carefully, and set it swaying on the counter before Mr. Smith. Neither Bill nor Hagar noticed that it did not roll so easily and gracefully as usual.

"Here's the quid and interest and ticket," said Bill, tendering all three. "I'm glad to get this 'ere back again. No one's touched it, 'ave they?"

"No. It has been on that shelf ever since you pawned it. Where have you been?"

Larky Bill grinned. "I've bin stayin' at a country 'ouse of mine for my 'ealth's sake," he said, tucking the mandarin under his arm. "Say, missus, a cove called Monkey didn't come smellin' round 'ere for this himage?"

"Not that I know of. Nobody asked for the toy."

"Guess it's all right," chuckled Bill gleefully. "Yah, to think as how I've done that bloke! Won't he cuss when he knows I've got 'em!"

What "them" were Mr. Smith did not condescend to explain at that particular moment. He nodded familiarly to Hagar, and went off, still chuckling with the mandarin in charge. Hagar put away the money, and thought that she had seen the last of Bill; but she reckoned wrongly. Two hours afterwards he was back in the shop, mandarin and all, with a pale face, a wild eye, and a mouth full of abuse. At first he swore at large without giving any explanation; so Hagar waited till the bad language was ended, and then asked him quietly what was the matter. For answer Bill plumped down the Chinese toy on the counter, and clutched his fur cap with both hands.

"Matter, cuss you!" he shrieked furiously—"as if ye didn't know! I've been robbed!"

"Robbed! What nonsense are you talking? And what have I to do with your being robbed?"

Bill gasped, and pointed to the mandarin, who was rolling complacently with a fat smile on his porcelain visage. "That—that doll!" he spluttered. "I've been robbed!"

"Of the doll?" asked Hagar, impatiently.

"Y' young Jezebel! Of the dimins, dimins!"

"Diamonds!" echoed the girl, starting back in astonishment.

"Yes! Y' know, hang you, y' know! Twenty thousan' poun' of dimins! They was in that doll—inside 'im. They ain't there now! Why not? 'Cause you've robbed me! Thief! Yah!"

"I did not know that there were any jewels concealed in the mandarin," said

Hagar calmly. "Had I known I should have informed the police."

"Blown the gaff, would ye? An' why?"

"Because a man in your position does not possess diamonds, unless he steals them. And now I think of it," added Hagar quickly, "about the time you pawned this toy Lady Deacey's jewels were stolen. You stole them!"

"P'raps I did, p'raps I didn't!" growled Bill, mentally cursing Hagar for the acuteness of her understanding. "'Tany rate, 'warnt your biz to prig 'em!"

"I tell you I never touched them! I did not know they were in there!"

"Then who did, cuss you? When I guv you the doll, the dimins were inside; now they ain't. Who took 'em?"

Hagar pondered. It was certainly odd that the diamonds should have been stolen. She had placed the mandarin on the shelf on the day of its pawning, and had not removed it again until she had returned it to its owner. Seeing her silent, Bill turned the toy upside down, and removed a square morsel of the lacquer, which fitted in so perfectly as to seem like one whole piece. Within was the dark hollow of the ball —empty.

"I put them dimins into 'ere with my own 'and," persisted Bill, pointing one grimy finger at the gap; "they were 'ere when I popped it; they ain't 'ere now. Where are they? Who's bin playing with my property?"

"Bolker!" cried Hagar without thinking. It had just flashed across her mind that one day she had found Bolker amusing himself with the mandarin. At the time she had thought nothing of it, but had replaced the toy on its shelf, and forbidden the lad to meddle with it. But now, recalling the episode, and connecting it with Bolker's sudden departure, she felt convinced that the imp had stolen the concealed jewels. But, she wondered, how had he become cognisant that twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds was hidden in the hollow body of the doll? The thing puzzled her.

"Bolker?" echoed Larky Bill wrathfully. "And who may that cuss be?"

"He was my shop boy; but he left three months ago to better himself."

"I dessay! With my dimins, I'll bet. Where is he, that I may cut his bloomin' throat!"

"I shan't tell you," said Hagar, alarmed at the brutal threat of the man, and already regretting that she had been so candid.

"I'll make you! I'll twist your neck!" raged Bill, mad with anger.

He placed his great hands on the counter to vault over; but the next moment he dropped back before the shining tube of a neat little revolver, which levelled itself in Hagar's hand. She snatched if up to protect herself.

"I keep this always by me," said she calmly, "to protect myself against such rogues as you!"

Bill stared at her blankly, then turned on his heel and left the shop. At the door he paused and shook his fist. "I'll find that Bolker and smash the life out of him!" he said hoarsely; "then, my fine madam, I'll come back to lay you out!" after which he vanished, leaving the mandarin still rocking on the counter with its eternal smile.

Hagar put away the pistol, and took up the figure. Now she knew about the diamonds, and had forced Bill to admit, as he had done indirectly, that they had been stolen from Lady Deacey, therefore she thought it possible that the Chinese toy might belong to the same owner. In spite of her fearlessness, Hagar was not altogether happy in her mind as regarded the burglar. If he did not find the diamonds he was quite capable of returning to murder her. On the whole, Hagar concluded that it would be just as well for society at large, and herself in particular, if Mr. Smith were restored to the prison whence he had lately emerged. After some consideration she resolved to see Vark, the lawyer, and tell him the episode of the mandarin, taking the image with he asr evidence. Vark, if anyone, would be able to deal with the intricacies of the affair.

In the meantime, Bill Smith had re-

paired to the public-house which guarded the narrow entrance to Carby's Crescent, and there was drowning his regrets in strong drink. As he drained his tankard of ale, he fell into conversation with the fat landlord—a brutal-looking prize-fighter, who looked as though he had been in gaol—quite a bird of Mr. Smith's feather. These two congenial spirits recognized each other, and became so friendly, indeed, that Bill thought it a good opportunity to extract information regarding the whereabouts of Bolker. He was too wise to explain his reason for making these inquiries.

"That's a fine gal in the pawnshop, hay!" said he with a leer.

"Wot—'Agar? She's a plum, ain't she?—but not for every man's pickin'; oh, no; not she! 'Agar kin look arter herself proper!" said the landlord.

"Does she mind that shorp all alone?"

"Jus' now she does," replied mine host. "She 'ad a boy, a wicked little 'unchback devil; Bolker's 'is name. But he's hoff; gitting a wage in West-end, as I do 'ear."

"West-end?" said Bill reflectively. "And where might 'e 'ang out there?"

"Ho, in a swell, slap-up bookshop. Jeppins, Son an' Juppins, Les'ser Square way. 'Is parients live down 'ere, but Bolker's that set up with 'is good luck as 'e looks down on 'em."

"Do 'e now!" said Bill amiably. "I'd twist 'is neck if 'e wos my kid. No more booze, thankee. I'm orf to see a pal o' mine."

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Smith repaired to Leicester Square, and loafed up and down the pavement before the bookshop. He saw Bolker several times during the day; for, having been told by the landlord that the lad was a hunchback, he had no difficulty in recognizing him. Up till the evening he kept a close watch, and when Bolker had put up the shutters, and was walking homeward, Bill followed him stealthily. All unknowing that he was followed by a black shadow of crime and danger, Bolker paused on Westminster Bridge to admire the red glories of the sunset; then plunged into the network of alleys which make up Lambeth. In a quiet lane by the river he was gripped from behind; a large hand was clapped over his mouth to prevent his crying out, and he was dragged down on to a ruined wharf which ran out through green slime into the turbid waters of the stream.

"Now, then, I've got ye!" said his captor in a savage tone—"an' I've got a knife, too, y' bloomin' thief!" Yes, y' answer me strite, or I'll cut yer 'ead orf!"

Bolker gasped with alarm; but, not recognizing the threatening face of the man before him, he recovered a little of his native impudence, and began to bluster.

"Here, now, what do you mean by this? What have I done?"

"Done, y' whelp! Opened that doll and prigged them dimins!"

"Larky Bill!" cried Bolker, at once recognizing his peril. "Here, let me go!"

"Not till y' give up my property—my dimins."

"What property? What diamonds?"

"Oh, y' know what 'm drivin' at, cuss you! Y're the 'unchback as wos in the shorp kep' by that foine gal 'Agar. I popped that doll, with dimins in 'is innards, an' you stole 'em."

"I did nothing of the sort. I——"

"'Ere! drop yer lies, y' imp! Y' knew moi name, y' did, so y' knows more! Jes' look et this knoif! S' elp me, but I'll slip it int' ye ef y' d'ont tell!"

He threw the terrified boy across his knee and placed the cold steel at his throat. The rose-red sky spun overhead in the eyes of Bolker, and he thought that his last hour had come. To save himself there was nothing for it but confession.

"Wait! wait! I'll tell you!" he gasped. "I did take the diamonds."

"Y' young cuss!" growled Bill, setting the lad on his feet again with a jerk. "An' 'ow did y'know they was inside that himage?"

"Monkey told me."

Bill started to his feet with an oath, but still kept his grip on Bolker's shoulder to prevent him getting away. "Monkey!" he said fiercely. "Wot did 'e tell y'?"

"Why, that Lady Deacey's diamonds were inside the mandarin."

"How did Monkey come to find that doll?"

"He got the office from a girl called Eliza, who saw you pawning the toy."

"Liz sold me!" muttered Bill. "I thought as I sawr 'er on that daiy. She mus' ha' twigged that doll under m' arm, and guessed as I popped it. Gord! I'll deal with 'er laiter, I will! Garn, y' dorg, and tell me th' rest!" he added, shaking the boy.

"There is no more to tell," whimpered Bolker, his teeth chattering. "Monkey couldn't get the mandarin, 'cause he had not the ticket. He made friends with me, and asked me to steal it. I wouldn't, until he told me why he wanted it. Then he said that you had stolen twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds from Lady Deacey's house in Curzon Street, and that you had hidden them in the mandarin. He said we'd go whacks if I'd steal them for him. I couldn't get the mandarin, as Hagar's so sharp she would have missed it, and put me in gaol for stealing it; so I opened the doll, and took out the diamonds which was in a leather bag."

"Moy bag, moy dimins!" said Bill savagely. "What did y' do with 'em?"

"I gave them to Monkey, and he cleared out with them. He never gave me a single one; and I don't know where to find him."

"I does!" growled Mr. Smith, releasing Bolker, "an' I'll fin' 'im and slit his bloomin' throat. 'Ere! I say, y' come back!" for, taking advantage of his release, Bolker was racing up the wharf.

Bill gave chase, as he wanted to obtain further information from the lad; but Bolker knew the neighbourhood better than the burglar, and soon eluded him in the winding alleys.

"It don' matter!" said Bill, giving up the chase and wiping his brow. "Monkey's got the swag. Might ha' guessed as he'd round on me. I'll jes' see 'im and Liz, and if I don't make 'em paiy fur this, maiy I—— !" Then he clinched his resolve with an oath, which it is unnecessary to repeat here. After relieving his feelings thus, he went in search of his perfidious friend, with murderous thoughts in his heart.

At first he thought that it would be difficult to find Monkey. No doubt the man, on obtaining the diamonds, had gone off to America, North or South, so as to escape the vengeance of his pal—Bill had always been Monkey's pal—and to live comfortably on the fruits of his villainy. Later on the burglar learnt, rather to his surprise, that Monkey was still in London, and still was haunting the thieves' quarter in Whitechapel. Bill wondered at this choice of a residence when the man had so much money in his possession; but he ascribed this longing to Monkey's love for his old haunts and associates. Nevertheless, knowing that Bill was out of prison, it was strange that the man did not look sharper after his skin.

"'E knows wot I am when I'm riz!" said Bill to himself, as he continued his search, "so he ought to git orf while 'is throat ain't cut! Blimme! but I'll 'ave a drop of 'is 'eart's blood fur every one of them bloomin' dimins!"

One evening he found Monkey in the parlour of a low public-house called the Three Kings, and kept by a Jew of ill-fame, who was rather a fence than a landlord.

His traitorous friend, more wizened and shrivelled up than ever, was seated in a dark corner, with an uplifted pipe in his mouth, a half-drained tankard of bitter before him, and his hands thrust moodily into his pockets. If Monkey had the diamonds his appearance belied their possession, for he looked anything but prosperous. There was no appearance of wealth in his looks or manner or choice of abode.

"Wot, Bill, ole pal!" he said, looking up when Mr. Smith hurled himself into the room. "Y've got hout of quod!"

"Yus! I've got hout to slit yer throat!"

"Lor! whined Monkey uncomfortably. "Wot's you accusin' me fur? I ain't done nuffin', s'elp me!"

Bill drew a chair before that of Monkey, and taking out his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now, look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill with grim deliberation, "I don't want none of yer bloomin' lip, ner lies eiather! D'y see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and——"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey with sudden ferocity. "Wish I'd 'im 'ere; I'd squeeze the 'eart out o' him!"

"Wot fur? Didn't 'e git y' the swag—moy swag—cuss y'?"

"No, I didn't; an' ef 'e ses I did, 'e's a liar. I tell you, Bill, 'e kep' them shiners to 'imself, cuss 'im!"

"That's a lie, I tell y'!"

"'Tain't! When I tole the kid about the dimins he stole 'em sure, an' lef' th' doll so es the pawnshop gal wouldn't fin' out. But I never saw 'im again, though I watched the shorp like a bloomin' tyke. The boy cleared out with them dimins. I wish I 'ad 'im 'ere! I'd choke the little d—l!"

Bill reflected, and slipped the knife into his pocket. Without doubt Monkey was speaking the truth; he was too savagely in earnest to be telling a falsehood. Moreover, if he really possessed the diamonds he would not remain hard up and miserable in the thieves' quarter of dingy Whitechapel. No; Bolker had kept the jewels, and had deceived Monkey; more than that, in the interview on the ruined wharf he had deceived Bill himself. Priding himself on his astuteness, Mr. Smith felt savage at having been sold by a mere boy.

"If I kin on'y git 'im agin," he thought when leaving the Three Kings, "I'll take the 'ead orf 'im."

But he found it difficult to lay hands on Bolker, although for more than a week he haunted the shop in Leicester Square. Warned by his one experience that Bill was a dangerous person to meddle with, Bolker had given notice to his employers, and at present was in hiding. Also, he was arranging a little scheme whereby to rid himself of Larky Bill's inopportunities. Vark was the man who undertook to carry out the details of the scheme; and Hagar was consulted also with regard to its completion. These three people, Vark, Hagar and Bolker, laid an ingenious trap for unsuspecting Bill, into which he walked without a thought of danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, by Bolker, by Liz; now he was going to be sold by Vark, the lawyer. Truly, the fates were against Bill at this juncture.

Vark was a thieves' lawyer, and had something in him of a latter-day Fagin; for he not only made use of criminals when he could do so with safety, but also he sold them to justice when they became dangerous. As he saw a chance of making money out of Bill Smith, he resolved to betray him, and sent for the man to come to him at once. As Vark had often done business with the burglar, Bill had no idea that it was in the lawyer's mind to sell him, and duly presented himself at the spider's office in Lambeth, like a silly fly. The first thing he saw on entering the room was the mandarin swaying on the table.

"You are astonished to see that," said Vark, noticing his surprise. "I daresay; but you see, Bill, I know all about your theft of the Deacey diamonds."

"Who tole you?" growled Bill, throwing himself into a chair.

"Hagar of the Pawnshop," replied Vark, slowly and with significance.

Bill's eyes lighted up fiercely, in precisely the way Vark wished. The lawyer had not forgiven Hagar for refusing to marry him, and for curtailing his

pickings in the Dix estate. For these reasons he wished her evil ; and if he could inoculate the burglar's heart with a spite towards her, he was bent on doing so. It appeared from Bill's next speech that he had succeeded.

"Oh, 'twas that gal, was it?" said Mr. Smith quietly. "I might ha' guessed it by seein' that himage. Well, I owe 'er one, I do, and I guess I'll owe 'er another. But that's my biz ; 'tain't yourn. Wot d'ye want?" he added, looking at the lean form of Vark in a surly manner.

"I want to see you about the Deacey diamonds. Why did you not bring them to me when you stole them?"

"Whoy? 'Cause I didn't b'lieve in ye!" retorted Bill. "I know'd I wos in fur toime when I prigged them apples, an' I wasn't going to trust my swag to y' or Monkey. Y'd ha' sold me."

"Well, Monkey did sell you."

"Yah! 'e didn't get much on th' deal!"

"No ; but Bolker did."

"Bolker!" echoed Bill, grinding his teeth.

"I suppose you wonder where the diamonds are?"

"Yus. I want 'em!"

"That's a pity," said Vark with irony—"because I am afraid you won't get them."

"Where is them dimins?" asked Bill, laying his open knife on the table.

Vark passed over the question. "I suppose you know that the police are after you for the Deacey robbery?" he said, slipping his hand idly across the table till it was within reach of the knife. "Oh, yes ; Lord Deacey offered a reward for the recovery of the jewels. That has been paid, but as you are still at large, the police want you, my friend!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid of y' givin' me up; I'm too useful t' y', I am, and I knows too much about y'. The peelers shawn't put me in quod this toime. Who got the reward?" he asked suddenly.

"Bolker got it."

"Bolker!"

"Yes. Monkey made a mistake when he trusted the lad. Bolker thought that he would make more out of honesty than by going shares with Monkey. When he found the jewels, he went off with them to Scotland Yard. Lady Deacey has them now ; and Bolker," added Vark, smiling, "has money in the bank."

"Cuss 'im ; whoy didn't I cut 's bloomin' throat down by the river?"

"That is best known to yourself," replied Vark, who was now playing with the knife. "Your are in a tight place, my friend, and may get some years for this robbery."

"Yah! No one knows I did it!"

"There is the evidence against you!" said Vark, pointing to the mandarin. "You stole that out of Lord Deacey's drawing-room along with the diamonds. You pawned it, and Hagar can swear that you did so. Bolker can swear that the stolen diamonds were inside. With these two witnesses, my poor Bill, I'm afraid you'd get six years or more!"

"Not me!" said Bill, rising. "Y' won't give me up; and I ain't feared of anyone else."

"Why not? There is a reward offered for your apprehension."

"What d' I care? Who'll git it?"

"I will!" replied Vark coolly, rising.

"You?" Bill recoiled for a moment, and sprang forward. "Cuss you! Y'd sell me, y' shark! Gimme my knife!"

"Not such a fool, Mr. Smith!"

Vark threw the knife into a distant corner of the room, and levelled a revolver at the bullet head of the advancing burglar. Bill fell back for the moment—fell into the arms of two policemen.

He gave a roar like a wild beast.

"Trapped, by ——!" he yelled, and struggled to get free.

The next moment Hagar and Bolker were in the room, and Bill glared at one and the other.

"Y' trapped me, d—n y'!" said he ; "wait till I git out!"

"You'll kill me, I suppose?" said Hagar scornfully.

"No; shawn't kill you. There's on'y one cove as I'd swing fur—that beastly thief of a lawyer!"

Vark recoiled before the glare in the man's eyes; and as Bill, foaming and cursing, was hurried out of the room, he looked at Hagar with a nervous smile.

"That's bluff," he said feebly.

"I don't think so," replied Hagar quietly. "Good-bye, Mr. Vark. I'm afraid you won't live more than seven years."

When she went out, Bolker grinned at the lawyer and, with frightful pantomime, he drew a stroke across his neck. Vark looked at the clasp-knife in the corner and shivered. The mandarin on the table rolled and smiled always.

(*To be Continued.*)

## ALONE.

HOW lone is day!
The rain-drops dripping through the leafless bough,
The stabled beast, the leaning plough;
The sheep-dog crouches 'gainst the battened door,
And whistling winds drive 'cross the moor.
How lone the day
And thee away!

How lone the day!
That waits not for the twilight hour,
The evening meal, the gathered flower;
No welcome at the half-swung, drunken gate,
No kisses 'neath the ivys wait.
And blue is grey,
With thee away.

How lone is day!
But lonelier when the fire-light's glare
Lone wanders 'bout the room so bare;
The stars are cold!—no warm "good night,"
The pillow's weary waste of white—
Lone night and day,
With thee away!

*Jesse Lamb.*

# THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.*

## CHAPTER I.

### AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. THE S.P.G. AND THEIR MISSIONARIES.

THE history of the Anglican Church in Canada, presenting as it does that body in several different phases, is a somewhat curious study, but one which will amply repay any one interested in ecclesiastical history. The knowledge to be gained will more than compensate any Canadian for any trouble that he may take.

In this year of grace 1898, the Anglican Church in Canada is one united body divided into twenty-one dioceses, which include the whole of the Dominion, besides the island of Newfoundland, in their jurisdiction. Each diocese is presided over by its bishop, and the whole church has for its Metropolitans the prelates who preside over the sees of Rupert's Land and Ontario. The title of Archbishop was given to these prelates in September, 1893, at the first General Synod which met in Toronto in that month. It must be borne in mind that the title of Archbishop is confined solely to the prelate bearing it for the time being. Neither the sees of Ontario nor Rupert's Land are archbishoprics *de jure;* on the decease or retirement of either of the present occupants of either diocese the bishop who succeeds to the see will not necessarily be Archbishop.

In was in 1713 that Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia, was ceded by the treaty of Utrecht to the Crown of Great Britain, and thirty-six years later, in 1749, the city of Halifax was founded by Colonel (afterwards Lord) Cornwallis. From 1713 to 1749 the seat of government had been at Annapolis, but in 1749 it was transferred to Halifax, though a few troops were kept at the former place and were continued there until about 1850.

Up to 1749 the colonists and settlers in Acadia were ministered to either by naval or military chaplains, or by missionaries sent from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. There were practically no resident clergymen supported by the people amongst whom they worked.

At the annual meeting of the S.P.G., held in London, England, on February 20th, 1713, a resolution was proposed and duly carried that General Francis Nicholson, who was then leaving England to assume his duties as Governor of Nova Scotia, "should be requested to take cognizance of and make enquiry concerning all the Society's missionaries, schoolmasters and catechists; as also of the churches, glebes, parsonage houses and libraries sent by the Society in the plantations within the verge of his commission (as a person who has deserved well of the Society, in his several stations, for his love to the ministry, and for his laying the foundations of churches); accordingly a deputation has been given him under the common seal of the Society, for the purposes mentioned, with a salvo to the Queen's prerogative, and the jurisdictions of the Lord Bishop of London."

When Nicholson was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia the S.P.G. had in the whole of America about a score of missionaries, and half-a-dozen schoolmasters who were laymen. On the foundation of Halifax a marked improvement had taken place. "In thirty years," says Eaton in his admirable history, "the list had so increased that in 1749, when the Cornwallis fleet sailed into Chebucto Bay, bringing two clergymen and one schoolmaster for Nova Scotia, there were already working in America no less than sixty-three clergymen, twelve schoolmasters and six catechists, of which number New

* To consist of six chapters, and to be completed in three issues of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

England had nineteen clergymen, New York two, South Carolina ten, Pennsylvania eight, New Jersey five, Georgia five, North Carolina two, Newfoundland two, and the Bahama Islands two."

There is no more discreditable page in the history of the Mother Church in Great Britain than her grievous, almost criminal, neglect of the spiritual interests of the North American colonists. The marvel is, not that Episcopacy as it is understood by Anglicans, is so weak in the United States and in Canada, but that it is so strong. If the prelates and laymen of the English Church at home had desired to prevent the growth of Anglicanism in the colonies, if they had wished to foster dissent, Romanism and infidelity, if they had sought to utterly estrange English emigrants to America from the church of their fathers, they could not have adopted better means to accomplish their purpose than those they pursued.

From the period of the Reformation until 1784, when the North American colonies had become the United States of America, every Anglican clergyman officiating in North America had to be ordained in England! Though from the Elizabethan period until that of George III.—more than two hundred years—there had been a constant and ever-increasing emigration from Great Britain and Ireland to America, not one effort, except a half-hearted one by Archbishop Laud, was made by the Archbishops of Canterbury to send missionary bishops to America. True it is that missionaries were badly needed during the greater portion of the period referred to in all or nearly all the English sees, to arouse the bishops and clergy to a sense of their duty and to the spiritual destitution which prevailed on all sides of them. This, though, makes their conduct all the more reprehensible; they were not content to neglect their own people, who could to a certain degree call them to account, but were also utterly disregardful of those of their faith beyond the sea who had no means of obtaining redress.

Governor Nicholson, who had been Governor of Maryland from 1694 to 1699, during his term of office wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury telling him plainly: "Unless bishops can be had the church will surely decline." Yet nearly a century elapsed before any bishops for America were consecrated, and even then it was the Scotch prelates who ordained them, and not the Archbishop of either Canterbury or York.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST CANADIAN BISHOP AND THE EARLY CLERGY.

As has been mentioned in the last chapter, the first bishop for America was consecrated in 1784. He was a native of Connecticut, named Samuel Seabury, who was chosen by a small company of clergymen who met secretly at Woodbury, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. To again quote Eaton, these clergy "were not even certain that whoever might be consecrated would be permitted to live in the United States; but they said, 'if he is not, then we can establish him across the border, in Nova Scotia, and send our candidates to him for ordination there, until better times shall dawn.'" Dr. Seabury accepted the nomination, and, "in Admiral Digby's returning flagship, sailed to England, where he vainly tried for a year to get consecration. At last, finding that further attempts in England would be useless, he went north to Scotland, and by these bishops of the 'obscure and broken,' non-juring Scottish Episcopal Church, Robert Kilgour, Arthur Petrie, and John Skinner, on the 14th November, 1784, he was consecrated the first bishop for the continent of America."

It has been necessary to deal thus fully with the history of Episcopacy in the United States, because it is indissolubly connected with that of the same institution in Canada. About the same time as the Connecticut clergymen met in Woodbury a number of clergymen, eighteen in all, met in

New York to discuss their plans for securing to America the historic Episcopate; but, as says the historian already quoted, their "scheme had not direct relation to either New England, the Middle States, or the South; but rather to the remote province of Nova Scotia, where already many of the church's warmest supporters in the now independent Colonies had taken refuge, and whither some of themselves contemplated soon removing." The names of these clergymen were: The Reverends Charles Inglis, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York; H. Addison, of St. John's, Maryland; Jonathan Odell, Missionary at Burlington and Mount Holly, New Jersey; Benjamin Moore, D.D., Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New York; Charles Mongan; Samuel Seabury, D.D., Missionary at Staten Island, New York; Jeremiah Leaming, Missionary, late at Norwalk, Connecticut; I. Waller; Moses Badger, S.P.G. Itinerant Missionary in New Hampshire; George Panton, Missionary at Trenton, New Jersey; John Beardsley, Missionary at Poughkeepsie, New York; Isaac Browne, Missionary at Newark, New Jersey; John Sayre, Missionary, late at Fairfield, Connecticut; John Hamilton Rowland, Missionary in Pennsylvania; Thomas Moore, of New York; George Bissett, Rector of Newport, Rhode Island; Joshua Bloomer, Missionary at Jamaica, Flushing, and Newtown, Long Island; and John Bowden, of Newburgh, New York.

Exactly one-half of these clergymen very soon after this meeting went to Nova Scotia, while three of them became bishops in the newly-organised church on this continent. These three were, Dr. Seabury, consecrated 1784; Dr. Inglis, consecrated 1787; and Dr. Moore, consecrated 1801.

The first result from this meeting of clergymen was a petition to Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General of Canada) dated New York, March 26th, 1783, asking that Dr. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, a clergyman doing duty in New Jersey, but at the time on a visit in England, should be consecrated the first bishop of Nova Scotia. The request of the clergy was complied with in so far as offering the office to Dr. Chandler was concerned, but he, being in very bad health, was obliged to decline the honour; but on being asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to name a suitable person, he at once named Dr. Charles Inglis, sometime rector of the historic Trinity Church, New York.

Dr. Inglis was at this time about fifty years of age and had had a most arduous and eventful career. He had been a schoolmaster in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in his early manhood, and when he had attained the canonical age was, in 1758, ordained in England by the Bishop of London, and licensed to the mission of Dover, Delaware. He entered on his duties in the summer of 1759 and for twelve years pursued them with unabated energy. About 1765 his health broke down and he accepted an invitation to become assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, of which parish on the death of Dr. Auchmuty, the rector, in 1777, he became the incumbent. Eaton relates the story of Dr. Inglis' induction thus:

"The church had been burned the year before in the terrible fire in which nearly one thousand buildings in the western part of New York City were destroyed, and Dr. Inglis was inducted into office by placing his hands on a portion of the ruined wall, in presence of the wardens, and taking the usual obligations. From letters of various missionaries to the S.P.G., we learn that when General Washington assumed command in New York, designing to attend Trinity Church, he sent word by one of his generals that he would be glad to have the rector omit the customary prayers for the king and the royal family. To this request Dr. Inglis paid no attention at the time, but when later he saw Washington, he remonstrated with him on its unreasonableness. Soon after, he was insulted and threatened with violence in the streets by Whig sympa-

thizers, who called him a traitor to his country, his great offence being his persisting to pray for the king. At last, one Sunday morning, during service, about one hundred and fifty men entered the church with bayonets fixed, drums beating, and fifes playing, and after standing for a few minutes in the aisle were given seats in the pews. The congregation were terrified, but Dr. Inglis went quietly on with the service and as usual offered the offensive prayers, the soldiers listening, however, without remonstrance." * *

"His letters during the progress of the Revolution show him to have been very pronounced in his sympathy with the Crown, and correspondingly bitter against the Whigs. 'The present rebellion,' he writes to the Society, in the autumn of 1776, 'is certainly one of the most causeless, unprovoked, and unnatural that ever disgraced any country. Not one of the clergy in these provinces (he says) and very few of the laity who were respectable, or men of property, have joined in the rebellion. I have no doubt but, with the blessing of Providence, His Majesty's arms will be successful, and finally crush this unnatural rebeliion.'"

In 1783, the year in which New York was evacuated by the British troops, Dr. Inglis, who, with his wife, had been included in the New York Confiscation Act, went to Nova Scotia, and about eighteen months later proceeded on a visit to England, where, on August 12th, 1787, he was consecrated at Lambeth the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, his diocese including Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda!

The names of the missionary clergy, with navy and military chaplains, whom Dr. Inglis found throughout the entire diocese, were as follows:

In Nova Scotia — Reverends Jacob Bailey, John Wiswell, J. Eagleson, Roger Viets, P. De la Roche, J. W. Weeks, Dr. Mather Byles, B. H. Howseal, R. Money, T. Shreve, William Walter, Rana Cossitt, W. Ellis, Isaac Brown.

In New Brunswick — Reverends S. Cooke, R. Clarke, J. Scovil, John Beardsley, S. Andrews, George Bissett.

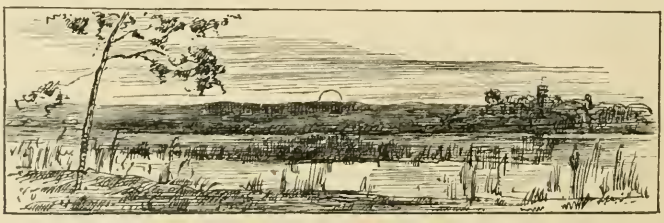
In Lower Canada (now Quebec)— Reverends David C. De Lisle, James Tunstall, David F. De Montmollin, Philip Toosey, John Doty, L. J. B. N. Veyssière.

In Upper Canada (now Ontario)— Reverends John Stuart, John Langhorne.

In Newfoundland—Reverends J. Balfour, John Harris, Walter Price, J. Clinch.

Among all these, it will be noticed that there were but two clergy in Upper Canada—Mr. Stuart at Kingston, who was father of the Rev. G. O'Kill Stuart, sometime "missionary at York," and who in 1812 succeeded his father as rector of St. George's, Kingston; and Mr. Langhorne on the Bay of Quinte.

*(To be Continued.)*



# A YUKON ROMANCE.

*With Three Illustrations by W. Goode.*

JARKINS was possessed of an idea. He always was possessed of one that stood out prominently over a large number of others that he sort of held in reserve. Jarkins never made anything that I ever heard of out of these ideas, which he would trot out successively as he got tired of the preceding one; but then Jarkins was not a practical man, and he was cursed by a species of ill-luck that dogged him. People who didn't know him well said that his ideas were fads; vulgar people said that, instead of ideas, he had "wheels in his head"; and a Scotchman referred to one of Jarkins' pet schemes as "a bee in his bonnet." Jarkins' ideas were all right, but they were generally born a little too soon. And by the time the world was ready for one and it was marketable, Jarkins was tired of it; and some commonplace practical being would take it up and make a few millions. If he did happen to strike an opportune time for promulgating the idea or putting it into working shape, some unforeseen streak of ill-luck, for which Jarkins was in no way responsible, would shatter the idea into fragments. And Jarkins would then throw it aside as useless and get another one from his ample store. And history would repeat itself.

Jarkins had gone up the Nile on the Gordon Relief Expedition with a great big idea about engaging in the ivory trade, the source of Central African wealth, as soon as Khartoum was captured and under British rule; but Gordon was killed the day before Wolseley's army appeared before the walls, and the British retired. Khartoum will fall before next winter and several people will get rich in the ivory trade, but Jarkins will not be one of them. He was a civil engineer and recommended the Crow's Nest Pass as the most feasible route for the Canadian Pacific Railway over the Mountains, both to the Government and the Company, as having the easiest grades, and also on account of the mineral wealth of the Kootenay country. And the Crow's Nest Pass Railway is now being built, and a long list could be made of the owners of gold and silver mines in the Kootenay, but the name of Jarkins would not be on it.

I knew Jarkins and believed in him and his ideas. He had been prospecting at the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan for the source of the fine gold which is borne down on every flood to the bars along the erratic river. No one knew whence it came, but a company had been formed on Jarkins' idea of it. He told me that he had almost solved the problem that had bothered mining men for generations, when the treasurer of the company skipped out and the company "bust." Jarkins was disgusted, and wanted to go to the Yukon. The idea paramount when he met me was to go by the all-Canadian route. He would go into the mountains by the Peace River Pass, he said, and then down the Pelly River to the Yukon. He had been over part of the route and knew several Indians that had made the Yukon that way before gold was thought of in the Arctic Circle.

The petty drudgery of a law practice in an isolated north-western town like Edmonton was growing irksome in the face of Klondike stories, and when he went over each step of the journey and enthusiastically spoke of the possibilities of rich finds on the numerous mountain streams en route and the vast opportunities offered if the trail was feasible, and then suggested that I should go with him, I said I would; for I knew Jarkins and thought I was practical enough to counteract his theorizing.

This was away back last June. Since then several hundred people have caught on to Jarkins' idea, or part of it, and are already in the Klondike or camped along the route; a mining and transportation company has been organized to construct a road this winter and put steamboats on the Pelly River next spring. Jarkins is not one of the hundreds camped on the route, neither is he a member of the transportation company. We came back.

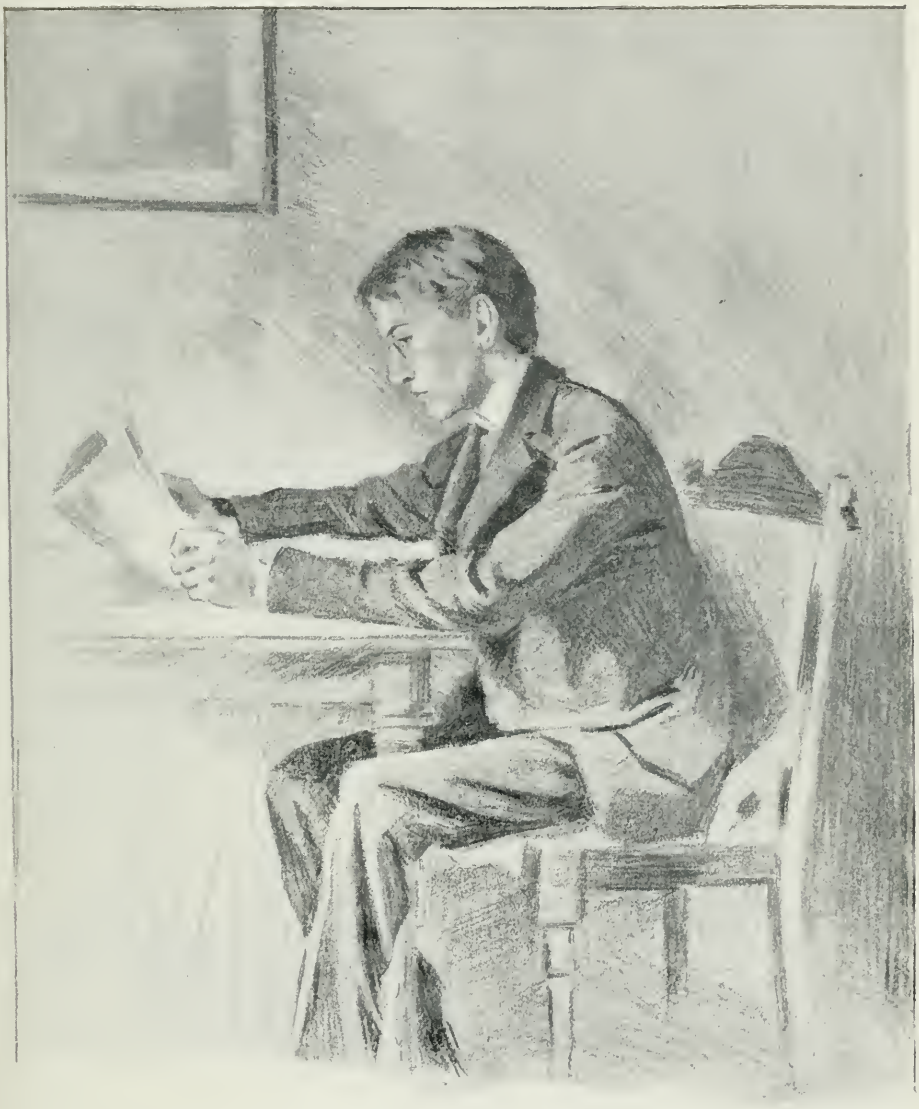
A woman caused all the trouble. If it had been an ordinary blue-eyed young lady with nut-brown hair and a boarding-school education, I could have faintly understood it and thought that it was merely a repetition of an old, old story. But it wasn't. That kind of young lady is not found on trails to the Yukon. She was a squaw, a married squaw, and a mother at that, and it naturally complicated matters. She was the wife of Pierre, our Indian guide, and was one of the cavalcade consisting of two Whites, Pierre, herself, the papoose and five pack horses that sallied out of the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Edmonton, bound for the Yukon.

We called her Ollie "for short." Her real name ran into five syllables, and meant the one who smiles and laughs. She was young and, for a squaw, good-looking, otherwise she seemed to be perfectly harmless. Pierre, her husband, was as ugly a specimen of the Cree nation as it had been my fortune to run across. The cayuses would shie when he turned up unexpectedly, and the usual smiling face of Ollie grew grave when he was near. The papoose even had a frightened look in its black, bead-like eyes when his father deigned to look at him. Jarkins and I tolerated him. He knew the trail.

Our journey of nearly four hundred miles to Fort St. John, on the Peace River, was no more eventful than North-west trips usually are. Jarkins cured the papoose of cramps, colic, convulsions, or some other infantile complaint, for he had a smattering knowledge of medicine as he had of most things, and he also had a medicine chest. And the mother didn't laugh so much at "Moonias" (Cree for greenhorn), but looked kindly upon him afterwards. Pierre and I attended to the horses and packs. Jarkins, who was a chivalrous sort of fellow, said that he didn't know much about horses and did chores around camp. Pierre grunted his Indian contempt of a man who would help a woman. "Poor creature," said Jarkins, "she has to lug that baby all day on her back, and then that beast expects her to chop the firewood, cook the meals, cut the teepee poles, put it up, and do a dozen other things." I told Jarkins that he ought to know the way they had. "That may be," said he, "but I caught him pounding her on the head the other morning because a wolverine stole half a side of bacon during the night. I knocked him down," he remarked quietly.

When we left St. John in the second week of July there wasn't any sign of trouble in our little party as far as I could see. Ollie grew much quieter than at the outset of the trip and we seldom heard the ring of her girlish laughter that brightened the day's journey, so long as Pierre was out of earshot. I noticed her several times sitting apart, and, what was a strange thing in an Indian woman, communing with herself; looking back now, I can remember that she spoke in a different tone to Jarkins than to the rest of us, and I can remember also that I saw tears in her eyes and a quivering of her lips as Jarkins tossed her baby in his arms one day and sang to the little heathen old-fashioned nursery rhymes he himself had heard in his cradle. I thought it was merely the emotion of motherly pride and love of her offspring. But I suspected nothing.

We were about ten days out from St. John, had crossed the Peace River and been making up the pass in the bed of the Half-Way River for the Cassiar Plains. The pass probably presents the least difficulties of any in the Rockies from Mexico to the Arctic, but what with fording the river with its mad rush



"The petty drudgery of a law practice was growing irksome in the face of Klondike stories."

of waters a dozen times a day, and picking our way among the rocks along the river-bed, we had begun to realize that the trip had begun in earnest. We had crossed the Half-Way at a place where the current was so powerful that the Indian ponies could hardly keep their legs. Jarkins had lingered behind as he generally did, and also as he generally did, selected the worst part of the ford, and his cayuse had been borne down stream a considerable distance. When he had almost reached shore, with his usual ill-luck he struck a bed of quick-sand. 'Midst the roar of the river his call for help could not be heard. Ollie, who seemed to understand Jarkins and his mooning, dreaming ways, always kept a sort of watch or guard over Jarkins. And as

we were jogging along a level stretch of hard sand, I heard her give a half scream. I turned in my saddle and saw her quickly galloping towards Jarkins, whose horse by this time had sunk to the hips. He couldn't dismount, for one of his huge Mexican spurs—which he persisted in wearing, no one knew why, for he never used them—had caught in the bridle bit. The situation would have been ludicrous if it were not so serious, but before Pierre and I came up she had dismounted, placed her child in the moss-bag against a boulder, and after a quick look at the nature of the sand gave a spring and seized the sinking pony by the bridle. In a moment she had unloosened the spur and Jarkins slipped out of the saddle and swam in the shallow water of the sort of miniature bay to a safe landing place a few yards below. As we arrived he had hauled Ollie ashore with his belt, and the horse sank with a gurgling that was horrible to hear. Ollie's clothing was thoroughly soaked with the ice-cold water of the mountain torrent and she had received a severe blow from the horse's head as she was unfastening Jarkins' spur, but she didn't seem to be aware of anything except Jarkins. She looked at him and there was something in her eyes that I believe could only come to a woman who has saved the life of the man she loves. Its intensity startled me for a moment. I turned away and saw the face of Pierre, his gaze fixed on his wife and the mother of his child, and I knew that he also had seen that look and understood.

When a woman loves one of those big-hearted, kind', simple men, the "muffs" of the ball-room and the tennis-court, he is generally loved as few men have the good fortune to be. Add to this the fierce love of a savage for one who has treated her as a human being. Years of life in the West had taught me that when a White man

"The cayuses would shie when he turned up unexpectedly."

"Jarkins tossed her baby in his arms one day."

woos an Indian woman, or an Indian woman feels tenderly towards a White man, it cannot be called love—it is madness. And I knew there was going to be trouble.

I spoke to Jarkins about it that night. He blushed like a big school boy and said "nonsense." I told him there would be trouble. He asked "How? I only pity the poor thing, even if it is true what you think." Jarkins was as pure-minded as a nun. Next morning Ollie was ill. She made no complaint, but that she was very ill we could see by the way she reeled in the saddle in the glare of the July sun. At noon she was in a burning fever. We pitched camp on the top of the bank in the fringe of dwarf poplars and spruce. For nearly two weeks the fever raged, until the round face of the Indian girl was pinched and thin. Jarkins thought it was typhoid brought on by the drenching her clothing had got in the

cold water when saving him, and on that account, probably, was attentive even beyond what kind-heartedness prompted. We took night about, Jarkins, Pierre and myself, in watching by her couch. And often I wondered what were Pierre's thoughts when he listened to Ollie's delirious ravings about Jarkins.

But the crisis of the fever was approaching and Jarkins grew doubly anxious. As we were turning into our joint bed in the open—Ollie and Pierre with their child occupied the teepee—he told me he had to give some medicine during the night and asked me to call him if he didn't wake. It was Pierre's watch, "But I'm afraid to trust the lazy brute to give it to her," said Jarkins.

I wakened up at one o'clock, as I could see by lighting a match, for the night was so dark that I could not distinguish the watch in my hand otherwise, and I roused Jarkins quietly. As I did so the curtain across the entrance of the teepee thirty feet away was thrown back and by the light of the fire within we could see Pierre look out in the direction we were quietly lying. There was a devilish look in the man's face, half-frightened, half-murderous. I could hear the voice of Ollie in the unconsciousness of delirium raving on about Jarkins. Pierre paused and listened to the wailings of the woman's heart; there were a few words expressive of her loathing of him, and his face became distorted with fury, and without swinging back the curtain he moved towards his sick wife. At the same moment Jarkins bounded from my side. He wasn't a moment too soon. The fiendish murderer had grasped the fever-stricken girl by the throat and the film of death was gathering in her eyes. There was a struggle, and as Jarkins released one hand to get his revolver, the Indian wrenched himself free and glided like a snake under the teepee.

Ollie was dying. One look was sufficient to tell us that. With the approach of death came the return of reason. And as the morning sun tipped with silvery light the snow-capped peaks that rose like vast cathedrals around us, Ollie asked for her child, and after one soft caress she said, "Moonias," and with a dying strength placed her child in Jarkins' arms.

We began the return trip next day. Without a guide and with a year old baby on our hands, the Yukon was impossible. And all that remains of Jarkins' idea is a rude cross far up in the Peace River Pass on which is carved one word: "Ollie." But it was Jarkins' luck.

*Charles Lewis Shaw.*

IT was all true enough. Dr. Monroe was implicated—to what extent nobody knew for a certainty. The beginning was made one evening when Allan Gillis, of Deercreek farm, consented to wait over a train in Montreal, and take dinner with his old college chum, the doctor.

They were very unlike each other; the doctor slight, dark, and quick as a flash; Allan Gillis a big blonde giant, slow of movement, and slow of speech. The latter's suit of rough tweed seemed to add to his size. As he sat opposite the doctor, he looked the farmer out and out. His hands were big and brown, his face sunburned to redness. He liked to be called Farmer Gillis by his neighbours—it was the name his father had borne. His only brother's death had brought him back to the old homestead from the University. He was well content. His love for a country life was strong, the fields, the woods, the hills, the meadows, all these appealed to him. But he liked to talk of the old days.

They drew their chairs closer together. They told over stories, and raking ancient jokes out of the ashes of the past found a goodly flavour of fun still about them. It does a man good to talk of his boyhood.

And when Allan Gillis was thoroughly mellowed, the doctor leaned forward and said in deprecatory tones: "Allan, I'd like to ask a favour of you."

"Ask away. If it's in my power to grant, why, it's yours, John; you know that well. Is it money? I've got plenty to spare. Come, out with it," and Allan gave the doctor a punch in the ribs which made him wince.

"No, it's not money." The doctor took out a cheque-book and tapped it expressively. "I'm doing well now; hard-up times is past for me. It's something else. I've a patient I'd like to send out to Deercreek for the summer. To ask a man to take a stranger into his home to oblige you is what I call——"

"What the deuce are you claverin' about, man?" cried the other. "You know Deercreek. It's big enough and broad enough for you to turn all your patients loose on it if you wish. The best thing for them, too, I daresay. I've no faith in your drugs, John. And so this is your big favour, eh? I'm ashamed of you, 'pon my word I am, old boy! Send your patient along. If he isn't a corpse when he gets there, I'll agree to have him so fat you won't know him in a month's time." Allan laughed loudly, but the doctor seemed still a trifle nervous.

"I'm afraid you won't like—" he began, but his friend would not let him go on.

"No more about it, no more about it. You send your patient along. He will be a godsend to Janet; she is always wanting to nurse and coddle folks. She'd make an invalid of me if I'd let her. If he'll only take kindly to her herb tea sweetened with honey, she'll be ready to be a mother to the lad."

"I didn't say the patient was a lad," somewhat testily.

"Neither you did. But what matter? Old or young, he'd be made welcome at Deercreek for your sake. I'm not sorry he's got age on him. He'll be all the better company for me."

"Allan Gillis," cried the doctor, in a great burst of candour, "My patient isn't a 'he' at all."

The giant stared.

"No, the person I want to send to your farm for the summer is a woman—a young woman, a handsome woman, and as proud as Lucifer. There, it's out, and you can grant my favour, or do the other thing, as you see fit. I'm used to refusals," with a half sigh.

"Not from me, John," said the big fellow in tones which were almost tender.

See page 441.

PEN AND INK SKETCH BY H. W. MURCHISON.

"Naomi stood still and looked at him."

"No, not from you. You're one in a thousand, boy." The old title slipped out as though by accident. Allan had always been "boy" to the elder man in the early days. Perhaps no argument could have moved him as did the half-forgotten word. But a woman—a *young* woman—dash it all!

"You're not going to have her at Deercreek," broke in the doctor; "I can see it in your face."

"Can you? Then you see what isn't true, for the place is free to any patient of yours. Make a sanitarium of it if you care to."

The doctor beamed. "It won't be much of a trial, Allan. She's only a girl of twenty-three; not old enough to interfere with you in any way."

"Interfere with me!" Allan stretched himself and laughed good-humouredly. "If she were twice as old she couldn't do that."

"No, no, of course not." There was a queer little twist to the doctor's mouth. He looked at the other and smiled. "Do you ever get tired of it—the drudgery and loneliness of farm life?" he queried.

"Never, and I've got my old friends and new friends well housed now. You haven't been over since I built the library. Janet calls it Bluebeard's chamber, because I've made a law that nobody shall go in it but myself. Had to do it in self-defence; Janet and the girl used to take turns at keeping it in good order, and the way they had of hiding things out of sight was too much for me."

"You will be a lover of books as long as you live. You're too fond of them. They take the place of people with you."

"I am getting to be something of a biblomaniac," said Allan Gillis. "The price of four fat cattle went into a couple of ragged, musty volumes the other day."

"Extravagance, extravagance!" You'll come to want yet, unless you turn from the error of your way. You need some sensible woman to look after you. You might take a wife, Allan."

The other laughed at this; he always laughed at the doctor's jokes, old and new.

"There was a time when the lasses were quite a bit in my thought," he said, "but that was a long time ago. Did you ever notice, John, that when a man's still single at forty-two, he's apt to stay single to the end? Women are nice enough, I've no fault to find with them; but, I've no notion of giving one a chance to worry the life out of me with her whims. I'll stick to the books, John." He got up to go.

"You don't know how relieved I feel that my little patient is going to Deercreek," were the doctor's last words, "and I hope she won't interfere with you, old friend."

It was the second time he had expressed the hope.

Allan Gillis, going with long strides down the street, fell a-thinking. He did not relish the idea of a new comer in the pleasant old home. Janet was a dear old soul—they were happy, and busy, and needed no change. A sense of vexation was on him. It did not leave him when he got aboard his train. "Young and handsome, and proud as Lucifer;" the doctor's description of the summer boarder rang in his ear. He felt cross and out of sorts. But when he got off at the little country station, and walked down the quiet road bordered with maples, his old complacency came back. The midnight stillness was on the world. They say that the farmer, when he is a good man, lives nearer to God than other men do. 'Tis no wonder. The heaven above was radiant with stars, a soft wind stirred the daisies at his feet till the pearls of dew broke in their bosoms, the breath of the lilacs growing in the big, old-fashioned garden met him at the gate, and Allan Gillis looked about him at the soft beauty of the spring night, and above him at the luminous sky, and dimly wondered how any man could be an infidel.

The thought of having a delicate girl on her hands was anything but distasteful to the kindly Janet. She was in a fever of pleasant excitement

for a full week before the arrival of Dr. Monroe's patient.

"Recovering from a fever, poor child, and nearly poisoned with doctor's stuff, I'll be bound. Drugs are bad things," she confided to her trusty Ann, who listened open-mouthed, "but doctors will use them. I'll make her a tonic that will do her a world of good. Go bring me the bag of roots from the garret."

"Oh, don't make her take that stuff," urged Ann. "It's all a well person can stand, let alone a poor invalid. I tell you, Miss Gillis, it's right down cruel and—"

"Bring the bag," commanded Janet sternly, and Ann was fain to bring it.

The last of May brought her. Allan, coming home from the sheep-shearing about sundown met a slim, dark-eyed girl at the foot of the garden, and stopped to speak to her.

"So you are the little girl Dr. Monroe has sent to us."

Her dark eyes scanned him slowly. He looked very big, very red, and very dirty, if the truth must be told.

"Yes," she answered stiffly, and passed on. A few minutes later he saw her leaning on the gate in conversation with the chore boy, who seemed nothing loth to linger for awhile. He could hear the two voices plainly—the girl's soft and languid, the boy's shrill and eager.

"What is your name?" she was saying. "Jim! It's a good enough name. It suits you." A pause, and then, "And the elderly man whom I met in the path is one of the farm labourers, I presume?"

"Did he have on blue overalls, an' a slouch hat, an' was there lots of mire on his boots?" This from Jim. Allan made up his mind to cuff the chore boy.

"I didn't notice his clothes" (she was evidently amused), "but he stands about six foot two, and has red hair."

There was a smothered titter from Jim. "It was Farmer Gillis himself, I guess. He's big, an' red-headed, an' oldish." This was pleasant for the listener. "He's strong as a horse. When we're picking up stones on the lower place he takes the big ones the rest of us can't budge an' tosses 'em into the cart as easy as anything; and once when we drove cattle to the fat stock show, he rastled with a bang-up rastler an' threw him so hard he broke his leg. Another time—"

"Jim, open the gate and turn the cattle in the yard." It was high time the boy should be sent about his business.

The next day Allan Gillis, busily whetting a scythe to cut the young briars hedging the pasture fence, saw Naomi coming up from the wood. She had her bamboo easel under her arm, her palette and her paint-box in her hand. She stopped still when she came near him.

"I want to paint you, Mr. Gillis," she said airily. "For a long time I've been looking for a model for a picture I am ambitious of doing. Last night, after I had gone to bed, the thought came to me that you would do finely. You have the figure," looking at him with the same indifference she might have bestowed on his prize ox, "and the face is not bad."

"Silence gives consent," she went on; "to-morow, then, be here at this big elm at eleven o'clock; and don't forget the—the cutting instrument you have in your hand, please."

He looked after her retreating figure, and laughed so immoderately that a nesting grey-bird close beside flew off in a panic of fear.

"So I'm to be useful as well as ornamental. 'Pon my soul this is too much!" he cried.

But at half-past eleven the next day the grey-bird peeping over the edge of her nest saw a girl working away on a canvas; and, a little away from her, a great figure leaned against a tree, a scythe at his feet.

"Do you know," she said at last, "it's dreadful to be ambitious, to long to accomplish great things, and never get past the little things. Oh, you simple country folk, you know nothing of the strife and the worry! I want to

be an artist—not a commonplace one, mind you, but an artist that will live; and it takes so long—so very long."

"I haven't a doubt of it," he assented.

"Think of the men and the women to whom success came too late to be of service," she went on as much to herself as to him. "There seems so much unfairness. Take the history of Dupre and Rosseau. They exhibited together in the French Salon. Both were men of genius, but only one was acknowledged such at first. The Duke of Orleans cried, 'This Dupre is a master!' and set his royal seal to it. Dupre became the fashion. Poor Rosseau! there was no great man to launch him, so he had to endure years of poverty and disappointment. The world is very unjust."

"He and Millet must have had good times together in picturesque Barbizon. The poor devils were like brothers, you know, sharing the last dime, sticking to one another through thick and thin. They tell of Millet that he used to take turns in caring for Rosseau's crazy wife," said Allan Gillis.

Naomi was not a little astonished. "Where did you learn so much about these men?" her face asked, and he, understanding her look, answered drily.

"Oh, I read a little—occasionally. There's an encyclopedia up to the house which tells me a little about everything. They're useful things, those encyclopedias."

This was a nice kind of a country clown; she rather liked his make-up.

"And you'll not forget the sitting this evening?" she queried, as she picked up her belongings. "Wouldn't it be fun if this dreadful summer really made me famous? They made me come. I didn't want to. Who would want to leave civilization and bury one's self down here?"

She came in late for the midday meal, her hands full of pale pink blossoms, her dark eyes shining.

"I've been talking with your brother," she announced to Janet, "and I think him such a jolly man—for his years."

"Allan is a good man," returned the astonished Janet, "but he is not what I term a jolly man. If I sit down to gossip with him awhile he'll often fall a-thinking, and pay no more heed to me than if I weren't within a mile of him. But I'm not complaining. He might have a worse fault—every male creature has some unlawfulness about it, I've been told."

Naomi had been something more than a week at Deercreek when she sat down to write a promised letter. It was to her friend and medical adviser, Dr. Monroe, and gave an account of her daily improvement in health.

"But do not ascribe my swift recovery from those awful alternate fits of restlessness and lassitude to your medicine," she wrote. "I'm a living witness of the merits of Miss Gillis' herb-tonic, and good cooking.

"I'll soon be back at my work. And, doctor, you won't be cross, will you, if I tell you something—I'm painting a picture, just one. I had to do something. Then, such a model as I have! Imagine a long-limbed, square-shouldered fellow, with a strong, ugly face, and a lot of hair that would be yellow if it weren't red—you know the kind. But he has fine eyes, deep grey eyes, and is wonderfully gentle in his speech and manner for such an uncouth giant. He interests me, partly because he is so strong, and partly because he has such vivid streaks of intellectuality about him. One cannot help thinking what he might have been, had his lot been cast in another sphere. I found him star-gazing the other night. 'How grand and wonderful that great dome is!' I said. 'Wouldn't you like to have a knowledge of it?' He looked down on me, a trifle sadly I thought. 'No man rests satisfied with the knowledge he has,' he answered. Something emboldened me to offer to teach him astronomy—I'm afraid you'll think I'm working too hard—and he was too overcome to reply for a minute, then what do you think he said? 'You're a good little girl, I'll be your pupil with pleasure.' I do want to be of some use—sometimes I wish I were religious enough to be a missionary, but I'm not."

"Teach him astronomy!" The doctor laughed till the tears ran down his face. "Give him lessons out of the book he wrote himself, I daresay. Teach Allan Gillis astronomy! Bless my soul, this is too much! I'm getting more fun out of it than I bargained for. Haven't laughed so hard since I was a boy. The astronomy business caps everything!" breaking out afresh.

Between the painting of that picture and the study of the stars, Naomi and Allan got to be very good friends indeed. Why not? The June mornings were delicious. The wild birds twittered in the elms, the scarlet poppies show among the green, the noisy creek called out to every stone it touched in passing. But the June nights were incomparable when the stars looked down in all their glory or merely pretended to veil themselves with the fleecy clouds wandering over, and

Each breeze that came seemed a heavy breath
From the lungs of the earth, o'ergrown
With the sweetest things, and the fairest things,
That ever were seen or known.

"A young woman, a handsome woman, and proud as Lucifer." The doctor's description suited her well, Allan was fain to confess. They had arguments sometimes, but no quarrels. She made a confidant of him, and told him her ambitions. He stretched himself on the grass and watched her dark eyes kindle, and her face light up. It gave him pleasure. She was such a young thing! "You'll marry a gay gallant some fine day, and good-bye to that 'career' you're always talking of," he said once; but she shook her head solemnly.

"No, marriage is all right, but I'm not the sort of woman that makes a good wife. I have peculiar ideas on the subject. I believe that to one God gives the talent for painting pictures, to another the talent for making poetry, to another the talent for composing music, to another the talent for being a wife and mother. He rarely gives the power to do two great things to one woman. They tell us the poet is born, not made. It is just so with the good wife—if she isn't born with a talent for managing her house, her husband and her family, no amount of study will make her a success at homemaking."

He laughed.

"What about practice making perfect?" he asked.

She smiled at him brightly. "But think of the misery of the poor people practised upon. No, if we could live long enough, practice might help matters. But you see in this line a woman seldom has but one opportunity—she marries, rears her family, and wakes up some morning to find herself an old woman. Experience isn't of much benefit, you see. It isn't as though she were going right on marrying, and training little folks. Her work is done by the time she's learned how to do it well. Now I am going to be an artist. I'll not be a great one if I go dabbling in literature, politics, music, or—"

"Or matrimony," he suggested, and then they laughed together. A funny, whimsical thing this girl with the firm red lips and night black hair! A certain feeling of irritation he had been cherishing toward Dr. Monroe faded out entirely. Some women would be a great bother about the place, but this one was not. And with all her learning she was such a child!

The pallor of her face was supplanted by a healthy glow as the weeks sped on.

Allan called her Naomi for the first time one morning when he came upon her watching the sunrise from the crest of the hill. She turned to greet him, her lips quivering, her eyes filled with tears.

"What is it? Why are you crying, Naomi?" he asked gently, and came quite close to her.

She pointed to the valley below where the mist was clinging to shrub and tree, to the hills farther on lifting up their heads to greet the soft light flooding all the earth, then to the sky bathed in a glory of red and purple and gold. "Oh, the beauty of it!" she said with a sob, "if I could but paint it! But, ah! no artist could."

"Claude Lorrain gave things to the world almost as perfect as this sunrise, but he was one in a thousand." She was listening intently. "Then there was Corot. His 'Twilight' is grand; you like it better than any other painting until you see his 'Dawn.' He could put the air, the exquisite atmosphere of morning, on his canvas."

"Where did he learn all that?" was

what she thought. What she said was, "Browning says poetry should be read on the hill-top ; did you come up here to read a sonnet, Mr. Gillis?"

"No," he returned, "no such noble purpose was mine. I came in search of some stray sheep. Farming leaves little time for poetry or romance, Miss Dacre."

"You called me Naomi awhile ago," she said softly.

"I know I did," he answered. "It was because you were crying here by yourself. I don't like to see you sorrowful."

"And you're not used to having such foolish people about you. A sunrise would never bring tears to the eyes of the pretty red-cheeked girls who come visiting your sister." She spoke crossly. "You like quiet, self-possessed people. Janet told me something about you."

"What did she tell you? 'Tis scarcely fair for you two to talk about a chap when he's not there to deny things or to defend himself."

"She said your ideal woman was tall and fair, with golden-brown hair, a soft voice, and—oh! a stupid woman generally."

He looked down at her. A rose colour flamed up in her face—her eyes fell. She was ashamed of her words. For the first time she felt shy with this big, patient old fellow.

"So you thought a stupid woman would be more to my taste than a bright one?" Something seemed to amuse him.

"I didn't think anything about it." Plainly she was offended. "You needn't walk down with me. You can search for your sheep." She turned about and marched off stiffly.

Then, because she held her pretty head so high that she could not see the loose stone lying in her path, she got a nasty fall. It was most humiliating, and when she tried to spring up, her ankle gave such a twinge that she nearly fainted.

"Poor little girl!" Allan began unlacing her boot. "There, don't be frightened, it's only a twist. Janet's liniment will make it well in a jiffy." Not a word about it being her own fault, you see. As tenderly, and as easily, as he might have gathered up one of his own stray lambs he gathered her up, held her in one arm while he smoothed out her gown and straightened her hat, then started down the path at a pace approaching a trot.

"What a giant you are!" she whispered ; "but won't I tire you out?"

For once Allan Gillis was proud of his size and his strength.

"You're not afraid I'll drop you?" he whispered back.

"Not a bit. You take too firm a hold of anything to let it drop. I'm quite heavy, though, am I not?"

"No there isn't much of you. If mind weighed, I'd have a burden on my hands, Miss Dacre."

"You mean in your arms. And you needn't call me anything but Naomi. I don't care for the name. I might like it better if my aunt didn't think there was something virtuous in calling me something out of the Bible. Naomi is so old-fashioned and homely."

"My mother's name was Naomi Gillis. I love the name Naomi," he said. They were at the house by this time.

Janet was outwardly concerned, but inwardly in her glory. She drove Allan forth with little ado ; she brewed stuff, and mixed stuff, and kept the house filled with unsavoury odours. In the stairway you smelled camphor ; in the dining-room, hartshorn ; in the kitchen, carbolic acid ; and all the way from the back door to the barn you smelled asafœtida.

Ann's nose grew more tip-tilted than ever with being so constantly turned up, but little her mistress cared.

Naomi tried to be grateful, but was glad enough when she could put her foot to the floor again, and make her way out into the sunshine where Jim was lying in wait, with his cap full of the first ripe peaches of the year.

"Where's Mr. Gillis?" she asked after awhile. "You seem to be doing nothing this afternoon. Isn't it unusual?"

Jim grinned. "I'm having a holiday," he explained. "Miss Gillis was so busy tending to you she couldn't watch me, an' the boss never takes no account of nothing when he shuts hisself in his Bluebeard place. What! you haint heard of his Bluebeard place—the room where nobody dare set foot but his own blessed self? I don't know nothing 'bout what's stored there," Jim's voice sank to a whisper, "but he carries the key of it 'round his neck, an' stamps his feet if he finds anybody looking next or near it, so Ann says."

"Ann is a foolish girl, and you musn't repeat such nonsense," said Naomi, with spirit. "What could he have concealed there?"

"Don't know. The picture of the girl he was intendin' gettin' married to, only she up an' died." Jim tried to look sorry, but the day was against pathos. With the sun shining, the wind rustling the wheat heads, and the early peaches getting red-cheeked and mellow, you could not expect a boy to show grief for anything less than a personal calamity. "It's down the back stairway, the new wing with the shutters on."

She thought of Jim's communication the next day as she worked at the picture. So this big man in the rough coat knew what loss and sorrow meant. Had he forgotten? Naomi was a shrewd reader of faces, and looking at his strong, ruddy one, she told herself that he was a man who would remember forever.

"Do you know, I go back to the city week after next. The summer has gone very quickly." She tied her big hat under her chin and turned a saucy little face to Allan. "I wonder if you'll be glad to be rid of me."

"Indeed no, I'll miss you Naomi. We'll all miss you," returned Allan. "Janet has grown very fond of you."

"But I haven't done all I might have done. I meant to make you—to—to put you in the way of being better and happier, but somehow I've idled the time away." Her dark eyes grew big and pathetic. "I dream too much. If I'm going to have a successful career I must quit the foolish habit."

"Dream away child," he said brusquely, "don't put all your sweetness in that career. When you've gotten as high as you can get you'll look back and think it wasn't worth the effort. Don't put away one little joy for the sake of the career. I'm a rough old fellow, but I've got a soft heart, Naomi, and if ever I hear that you're anything but happy it's going to hurt. You see we've been chums, comrades. We've told each other secrets and—"

She interrupted him. "I've told you things, but you haven't trusted me? You never whispered to me that you loved a woman, and that she died. You thought I was too young to be taken into your confidence in such a matter. Mind you, I don't care, only—only it isn't fair."

"Naomi," said the astonished Allan, "you are talking nonsense. Look at me. No, don't turn your head away. Now, tell me all about it."

What had she said? For the second time an uncontrollable shyness seized her. What a fool she was getting to be! "My head aches," she said lamely, "the sun has been too much for me. I'm going to the house." She was angry with herself, angry with that great stupid fellow, angry with dear old Janet who exclaimed at her white face, and insisted on her lying down in a cool room. Naomi did something that afternoon she had not done in years—she cried herself to sleep.

When she awoke it was late. Janet had a dainty supper for her, and as she sat at the table Jim came to the door enquiring for Allan. He had gone away in the cart, so Janet told the boy, and would not be back before bed-time.

Naomi was sorry. She wanted to explain to him that she did not mean to be rude, and she wanted to give him a lesson in astronomy. She went into the garden and picked a great bunch of pinks, she wandered down the lane and gathered some sweet-briar to add to it. Coming back she passed the

new wing. It was a spooky-looking place with its narrow shuttered windows. Bluebeard's chamber! She wished she could see inside it. Was Jim's surmise correct, and did he keep the dead woman's—the dear dead woman's picture there? She would like to look at the picture of the woman whom this great good-natured farmer had loved and lost. Here was the stairway—but, of course, she wouldn't put a foot on it. She did though. A little ashamed, a little scared, but fully determined, she came at length to the door of Bluebeard's chamber. No, it was not locked. She looked behind her in a guilty fashion, then turned the knob and entered.

For a moment she could not distinguish things plainly; but bye-and-bye, with a gasp of astonishment, she realized that the walls were lined with books, that there were exquisite paintings, and cabinets of curios. This, then, was his secret. And she had tried to teach him astronomy! She felt tricked and fooled.

"I wish," she whispered softly to herself in the gloom, "I wish I had never come to Deercreek. I'll—I'll never trust a man again—never." And yet a certain exaltation welled up within her at the thought that he was a scholar. Ah, well, he had doubtless taken a great deal of amusement out of it all.

She came over toward the window, but stopped with a little cry of dismay. Somebody, a very big somebody indeed, was sitting in the high-backed leather chair, sound asleep. Naomi stood still and looked at him. What a strong fellow he was. His long ruddy hair fell across his forehead. She gently pushed it back. She was a girl with a career awaiting her, but she wanted to stand close to him for awhile, and, yes, she would just touch that great hand of his resting on the arm of the chair.

"Naomi!" the little hand was prisoner, and two deep grey eyes were compelling her to return their gaze.

"Naomi, do you want to devote your life to art? Because if you do, you had best go away from me—immediately."

"And what if I don't?" seating herself on the arm of his chair.

"Then I shall make a try for happiness. There is the door, go and be famous—or stop and be loved."

He spoke quietly, but she noticed that his face had turned as pale as a healthy sunburned face could turn. There was a tumult of gladness in Naomi's breast, she bent over and touched his cheek caressingly with her slim fingers.

"I—I think I'll stay," she whispered.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, and this time there was passion in his tones. I don't know how to woo a maiden, but—ah! Naomi!"

She was in his arms, held close to his heart, and he was kissing her in a way that proved his youth was not so far behind after all.

Presently Naomi, a radiant Naomi, lifted her head from its comfortable resting-place long enough to say, "And have you really got her picture here, Allan?"

"Don't ask me what I've got. I feel so rich it seems to me I've got everything good the world holds."

"But have you the picture of your first sweetheart here? Jim said she died and—well, I don't like the idea of your having first loves, and dead women's pictures. No girl would like it."

"No, of course she wouldn't. When she gives a man that big gift, her heart, and gets his in return, she doesn't like to think that this exchange business is not new to him. Jim is a born liar," he laughed. "Look around, there's no such picture here. But I'll tell you what is here, darling, the original of my first, last, and only love."

A middle-aged man generally grows eloquent when he finds out that he has won what many a younger man has striven for in vain.

"But you're sure you'll never regret it, never be sorry that you came to Deercreek farm and made of its master the proudest and happiest man on all

God's earth?" He held her off from him, and studied the warm dark eyes till her face flamed red at the thought of all he was reading there.

"You sweet young thing!" he cried, and drew her close and kissed her. She had whims, he didn't care. She would make him change his way of living some—what of it? She was a little thing, but she would be monarch of all she surveyed—of course she would—God bless her!

"Allan," breaking in with some anxiety on his blissful reflections, "if you've never made love before, how is it you know so well how to do it now? One would think you'd be awkward at first."

"Let me tell you something, little girl: I've been making love to you for a whole month—in my mind."

*Jean Blewett.*

## THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

TEN thousand harps of gold
Rang o'er the glassy sea;
Ten thousand voices roll'd
In blissful harmony;

Ten thousand summer birds
Thrill'd the celestial air;
Ten thousand song-wing'd words
Storm'd Heaven's starry sphere;

But, bending from above,
Forgetting harp and song,
The Father, in His love,
Lean'd low and listen'd long;

While from His glorious Face
Soft benedictions smil'd
Down o'er a dismal place
Where pray'd a little child.

*Ernest E. Leigh.*

# McCARTHY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

*A Review.*

ONE can easily understand why Justin McCarthy should feel that he would be justified in writing "The Story of Gladstone's Life."* He has sat in several parliaments with Gladstone, and has been a close observer of political action during the most important period of Gladstone's life. Moreover, he has made a special study of British political history of the nineteenth century, and has written much upon its leading events and chief personages and actors.

Mr. Gladstone has been for many years the greatest figure in British politics, though not the most successful British politician. His life has been a remarkable one, and the story of it possesses considerable charm.

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool on December 29th, 1809. His father, John Gladstone, was born in Scotland, but had come to Liverpool as a young man, had acquired riches, a seat in parliament and a baronetcy. His mother was a Highland Scotchwoman, of whom Mr. McCarthy says nothing. His brother, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, "was a man of singular energy and force of character, of genuine ability both in politics and finance, a powerful and impressive speaker, a sort of rough-hewn model for his younger and much greater brother." It is thought, by Liverpool people, that he assisted his brother William in the preparation of some of his budget speeches.

One incident of Gladstone's father is worth reproducing:

"One of his friends has told us that nothing was ever taken for granted between Sir John Gladstone and his sons. He started and kept alive a constant succession of arguments on small topics and on large. His family circle appears to have been what the King of Navarre in Shakespeare's play says his court shall be—'a little academe.' Every lad was put on his mettle to defend his own case or to damage the case of another. It was all done in the most perfect good-humour and with the full and unflagging enjoyment of those who took part in it. It must have been capital preparation for the Oxford Union and for the debates in the House of Commons."

This is all the more worthy of being chronicled now that the fashion among fathers, in Canada at least, is to relegate children to the nursery until they are old enough to go to school and then let them grow up as their fancy dictates. The rush for money and fame seems to have destroyed home-life in this country to a great extent, and home conversation and home reading of a serious kind are almost unknown. A sympathetic and thoughtful father is as great a blessing to a boy as a loving and watchful mother is to a girl.

At the age of eleven, William Ewart Gladstone went to Eton, where he was noted for his serious attitude toward his work, and where he had for his closest friend that Arthur Hallam whom Tennyson has made us love. He was fond of sculling and a "tremendous walker. He walked very fast, and he walked great distances. His delight was to wander about through all the lovely places surrounding Windsor, in company with a few boys of his own age and of his own tastes." Here he distinguished himself as a debater and as editor of the college paper.

In October, 1828, he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, a college which has given during the century seven Prime Ministers, not including Gladstone himself, to English government. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were both educated at Christ College. It was the most aristocratic of the Oxford colleges in its members and in its tastes, and it perhaps taught Mr. Gladstone his early disregard for and prejudice against popular Liberalism.

*The Story of Gladstone's Life, by Justin McCarthy, author of "A History of Our Own Times," etc. London: A. & C. Black; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 44 Illustrations; 390 pp; $2.50.

"He was studying hard for classical honours and for divinity. He studied Hebrew as well. He worked for four hours in the early day and then went out for exercise, chiefly walking and boating, and also a certain amount of what we now call athleticism—more, at least, than he had done in his Eton days. Then he attended classes and lectures and resumed his solitary readings for many later hours. . . . . Gladstone also studied hard in mathematics, but these studies seem to have left less impression on his style of thought than any other of his readings and his trainings. . . . . He always read for two or three hours before bedtime. Nothing whatever was allowed to interfere with the course of his reading and his studies."

In 1831 Gladstone took his double first-class, and in 1832 he left Oxford.

If one might express a wish about such a book as this, it is that Gladstone's earlier life might have been described at greater length. Some of his compositions in the various college journals to which he contributed would have been entertaining, and would have enabled the reader of this story to have judged of the early trend of his mind. Gladstone's opinions changed greatly, we know, and to study the influences which surrounded his early life and formed his first opinions would have been decidedly instructive. The character of his mother and the part she played in moulding his character are untouched.

We do see, however, that he was a great student of the bible and of patristic literature—an ardent religionist—which he has always remained. He desired to be a clergyman, but gave it up at his father's request. But even yet we find him dealing with church history and disputed points in theology. And we all know how he made Mrs. Ward's literary work a success by criticising the religious principles set forth by that talented lady writer in "Robert Elsmere."

We also see that in early life Gladstone was Tory in principle. As the author says:

Those who have watched with ever-increasing interest the later years of his public life must know, of course, through what changes of opinion he struggled on to be a great political reformer. But there may be many to whom it would be a surprise to hear that the invitation which Mr. Gladstone first received [to enter politics] was given because it was understood that he was one of the rising influences that made against reform; that he was determined to keep back if he could the onward movement of the popular cause, and that he was, as Macaulay afterwards described him, the hope of the stern and unbending Tories of that day. . . . . The invitation came from the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke represented the old-fashioned principle which set up the landlord's absolute right over the votes of a constituency in which he possessed most of the land. . . . . The Duke was naturally greatly alarmed by the movements of the epoch. The Reform Bill of 1832 introduced for the first time the great middle-classes and the great middle-class cities and towns of England to the right of representation in Parliament and the right of the suffrage. It abolished many of the old "rotten boroughs," as they were called, and the "pocket boroughs," and, therefore, struck sharply at the privileges of the territorial magnates."

Thus, Mr. Gladstone was summoned home from Italy at the invitation of the Duke of Newcastle, and was elected in 1832, the first general election after the Reform Act, to represent the Tory interests of the borough of Newark. On January 20th, 1833, though only twenty-two years of age, he took his first seat in Parliament. At that time the Duke of Wellington was the most conspicuous figure in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel and Daniel O'Connell were the most remarkable men in the House of Commons. Peel and Gladstone soon became friends, the older man admiring and expecting much of the younger, and the younger taking the older as a model in debate and statesmanship. O'Connell also attracted Gladstone, and the latter has often acknowledged O'Connell's kindness to him when a young parliamentarian.

The circumstances of his entering Parliament, and of his early entrance into favour with the leading men in the House, point conclusively to the fact that in his entrance into public life he was greatly assisted by family reputation and wealth, and by the acquaintances and name he had made for himself at college. He was not, therefore, "a self-made man," as we understand that expression on this continent. He had family and other special influence behind him. This was no fault of

Gladstone himself, but it is a condition which must be considered in estimating the greatness of any public man.

There is not space in such an article as this to view Mr. Gladstone's career as a statesman or what he accomplished as a scholar and a writer. Mr. McCarthy has covered the ground admirably in a book which is much less tedious than the average biography; yet there is one more quotation which cannot well be omitted. After referring to the shooting accident by which Mr. Gladstone lost the first finger of his left hand, Mr. McCarthy adds:

"His passion for the hewing down of trees came at a later date, and it probably did more than any other exercise could have done to strengthen his frame and enable him to withstand the wearying effects of a life so much of which was strictly sedentary. For it has to be impressed upon the mind of the reader that, during all his life, Mr. Gladstone was a man of prodigious study. He was always studying some author, or some series of authors. He wrote criticisms on Homer, criticisms by the enraptured admirer rather than by the dry-as-dust scholiast. He grappled with whole libraries of patristic authors. He seemed to want to read everything and understand everything, and all the time his parliamentary work was going on in full swing. Now, the regular work of the House of Commons is occupation enough for most men. If they are inclined to stick to it, they find that they have plenty to do, and the more they do the more they have yet to do. But Mr. Gladstone stuck to all the details of his life in the House of Commons, while at the same time he was an indefatigable student of literature, of history, and theology. No subject that could be of interest to humanity failed to have an absorbing interest for him. All the time, too, he was getting the very most he could in the way of out-door exercise. No doubt this was the secret of his splendid and prolonged physical health—that he never allowed himself to become the mere member of Parliament, or the mere student, but that he always remembered that he had fibres and limbs to keep in healthy, vigorous action, and that whenever there was a chance of out-door exercise he was a man to get it and to enjoy it."

*John A. Cooper.*

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# A MODERN PERSEUS.

THEY were three young ladies who, in accordance with the prevailing fashion of giving girls poetical names, were Salamandra from the South-west, Evangeline from Boston, and Eda Vanvert, whom no one could fail to discern, was of the New York swim. The locality was the summer coast of the United States. Tempted by the surpassing beauty of the day they put on their plainest sailor suits and strolled to a little bay, the beach of which lay a crescent of golden yellow sand, that stretched for a mile or two between two headlands, and being some distance from the hotel on the Cliff was not visible from it. As they made their promenade the skies overhead were clear, the ocean, seemingly too lazy to heave, was delicately blue, and the thin streak of foam that defined the margin was not much more pronounced than the cream of champagne. Not a living being was visible, nor was there any object to attract attention, excepting a boat with nobody in it drawn up on the beach in the distance, and secured to a grapnel. The seagulls poised gracefully, and sometimes one, diverging from its course, would shoot down into the water and emerge with a fish in its bill. No sail was on the blue. The whole scene was one of idyllic solitude.

A thought struck Salamandra. "Here are we miles from the haunts of men. How delightful it would be to pull off our boots and paddle in the water as we did when children under the tyranny of a nurse, and when we dug pits in the sand with wooden spades!" The suggestion met with unanimous acceptance. Sitting on a solitary boulder that had no doubt lain there since the glacial period, they doffed their *chaussure* and ranged their tiny *bottines* with their silken socks stuffed into them on the gaunt grey stone. Then tripping to the water's edge they tucked up their skirts and went in.

The tide being at full flood had come far up on the sands, making it shallow for forty or fifty yards out with a depth more than ankle deep, and not above the knee. The water was milkwarm and pleasant to plash about in. For a time they paddled merrily, throwing up splashes with their white feet, and comporting themselves like oceanides at play, until suddenly Eda, who was farthest out, uttered three piercing shrieks! At the sound her companions fled to the shore and, safely from the beach looking seaward, saw their friend swaying from side to side in a manner that emphasized the fine curves of her figure, but that she seemed to be pulling from one side as if held in a trap.

"Oh! what is it? what is it?" cried they.

The reply came in agonized accents, "Something has got me!"

At this terrible announcement the other girls joined in the shrieks, all three sending a volume of shrill distress across the brine. Almost immediately the sound of heavy feet running on the sand became audible, and a man in a yellow tarpaulin shovel-hat and yellow oilskin from throat to knee, with great fishermen's boots projecting beneath, presented himself with the curt enquiry "What's up?"

Receiving no reply he splashed his way out to Miss Vanvert, and taking her by the arm, ranged himself close by her side and began stamping the water with his huge boots.

"I see how it is," he said to the frightened girl, "you can't get your foot up, hey?" Here he kneeled down on one knee in the water and continued, "What you have to do is to clasp both your arms around my neck or across my shoulder, if you like it better."

Noticing that she hesitated at this free-and-easy order, he added rather testily, "Well, if you want to pose as another Andromeda devoured by a sea monster, you can please yourself."

Hesitating no longer, she clasped both her hands across his shoulder, whereon he went on more genially, but still unsympathetically: "I am going to plunge my arm down and grasp the aggressor, whoever he is, by the tail. Put out all your strength and when I say 'Lift!' raise your foot and place it on my knee."

"Lift."

Assisted by the man's hand she raised her foot and placed it on his knee, but nearly fainted with horror to see that a horrible live thing, seemingly all claws and nippers, and of a dirty olive green colour, had seized her delicate flesh, and was hanging on with its diabolical-looking pincers!

"Oh! what is it?" she gasped.

"It is what is called a crustacean, and not a large one either," he replied.

"Is it venomous?" she asked. The man laughed.

"I should say not, seeing how you like to eat him in a salad."

While he spoke he drew from beneath his oilskin a long, cruel-looking sheath knife, and the distracted girl did not know whether he intended to fight the monster or to cut off her foot. With one sweep of the knife he sheared off the other large claw that was blindly groping about to fasten on her, then, holding the blade as a surgeon does a lancet, he with the point severed the cartilage which formed the hinge of the nipper-thumb, and that pincer being disabled, was easily plucked off, and the rest of the creature fell into the sea.

"Now," said the modern Perseus, rising, "I notice a boulder on the sand with a row of boots atop, which is, of course, your dressing place. Catch hold of my arm. Don't be afraid to hold on tight. I am steady enough on my pins."

"Are you a boatman?" asked Eda.

"Yes, I am a boatman," was the reply. "I had hauled up my skiff, and was lying flat in her reading the paper when your storm of shrieks aroused me. I had often heard of the American yell (the college yell, the Southern yell, and so forth), but had no idea it was such a perfect thing till I heard yours. Ear-splitting! A thousand volts or thereabouts."

Miss Vanvert felt embarrassed. She

had no acquaintance with boatmen and thought perhaps this was the way they talked.

Having escorted her to the boulder and politely seated her he addressed her in masterful tones, "Remember, you are my patient, and I strictly forbid you to put on boot or stocking on that leg."

His language shocked Evangeline, the girl from Boston, who murmured audibly, "Coarse sea-brute!" a remark which he overheard and understood.

"Quite so," said he, "and so I will make the best use of my own legs and bring the young lady a lotion that will do her good." So saying, he set off on a run in the direction of his boat.

Said Eda reproachfully, "You need not speak so unfeelingly, Evangeline, for I am convinced he saved me from a horrible death."

The man reached his boat, and laying one hand on the gunwale vaulted in, but soon reappeared and came with swift steps to the ladies. Producing a wicker-covered pocket-flask he poured into its silver cup a modicum of fluid of a pale amber hue, and having presented it to his patient said imperiously, "You are faint. I insist on your drinking this, even at the risk of choking."

The girl obeyed and only managed to sputter between her chokes, "It—is—brandy!"

"Not a bad guess for *you*," said he. "I will leave it with you. You two young women keep dabbing the hurt until all sting and numbness is gone." Then turning his eyes on his patient he added, "There is not much harm done. Within two or three days all marks of the bruise will have faded. Lucky the creature did not nip that faint blue vein I noticed which harmonizes so delightfully with the parian. Now I'm off and will send a coach." So saying the eccentric boatman, with a careless nod, walked away with long strides towards the path which led to the hotel.

As soon as he was out of sight the damsels examined the dainty flask to find a name on it, but found only a small shield representing a deer's head and antlers engraved on the cup. It was a singular article for a boatman to possess, but Salamandra settled the matter by saying he had no doubt stolen it from some passenger he had had in his boat.

For a few days Miss Vanvert indulged in the little affectation of having been the heroine of an adventure. There were many speculations as to what kind of monster had attacked her, till at length the consensus of opinion decided on a ground shark. Just then the hotel gave a grand reception, at which the lady, still playing the part of wallflower on account of her reputed injury, observed Senator Smalltoes, the great gun of the period, approaching in close conversation with another gentleman. The other gentleman was the boatman, in evening dress. Opposite the young lady the Senator stopped, and after congratulating her on her escape asked permission to introduce Sir Ivan Lerox, an English tourist of distinction. The lady blushed to the brow, while an almost imperceptible smile on the face of the gentleman alone betrayed that they had met before. He sat down beside her and enjoyed a long and interesting conversation, Eda taking sharp notice that his language and manner were totally void of the brusqueness he had shown on the sands. So well did they get on together that taking his arm the young lady led him to her chaperone, who invited him to call at Mr. Vanvert's place on the Hudson. He did call, and again and again. Readers have less prescience than the writer gives them credit for if they do not foresee that when springtime came the boatman of the sands took Eda Vanvert as his wife to England, where she reigned with much acceptance as the Lady of Lerox Court. Sometimes when, in accordance with the custom of the country, a lobster *au naturel* boiled scarlet was placed on the board at supper, Sir Ivan, with a sly glance at his wife, and tapping the shell of the crustacean with a fork, would remark, "A narrow escape, Eddy, from a horrible sea monster."

*Hunter Duvar.*

# DREYFUS, ZOLA, AND FRANCE.

FROM the time of the French Revolution to the days of the Panama Canal scandals, the Jew had an opportunity in France equal to that of any other citizen, the same political and civil rights as other French people. But in these scandals some Jews were entangled, and ever since there has been a lurking anti-semitism in France. It was not rabid nor dangerous, but it was liable to be aroused by any event which called the fiery patriotism of the French people into action, if at the same time a Jew should be involved. It was manifested when, about October, 1894, a captain of engineers, Alfred Dreyfus, was arrested on a charge of having furnished a foreign government with plans and documents relating to the national defence of France. He was tried by a court-martial consisting of seven French officers, one of whom like himself was a Jew. He was found guilty, and in March, 1895, he was transported to the Isle du Diable, on the coast of French Guiana.

But the supposed traitor had powerful relations and friends. He had, of course, the whole Jewish influence behind him, but the sequel has shown that his sympathizers are not limited to the members of his own race. Two attempts were made to break into his prison and take him away. He and his guards live alone on this small rock-island, which is to be his life-prison, and it would not seem difficult to kidnap him. He lived in a little cabin, and was allowed to take walks out into the open air and to have views of the open sea. After these kidnapping attempts, however, he has been more closely guarded. A high enclosure has been built about the cabin, the view of the ocean has been shut out, chains are placed upon the prisoner on his retirement each night, and the number of guards has been doubled. It seems important that Dreyfus should not escape.

During this time, Dreyfus' friends in Paris have been endeavouring to secure a new trial. The first was secret, and the French Government never told the French people what proof of guilt there existed. It is said that the document would compromise a foreign government, and would perhaps be the cause or pretext of war if given to the public. This is the official announcement. Some of the people say it is a letter written by the Kaiser and stolen from a foreign embassy; others declare it to be a Russian document discovered before the recent Franco-Russian Alliance. At any rate, the document has not yet been made public, nor has Dreyfus obtained a new trial.

But all France is torn into two factions. The patriots, or chauvins, are indignant that the honour of the army should be called in question by doubting the correctness of the judgment rendered by seven of its officers on one of their comrades. The socialists and anarchists take the side of the Jews, influenced no doubt by their hatred of authority and of the army. Opinions have become so divergent as to cause the breaking up of friendships, the importing of dissensions into family circles, the bringing about of numerous duels between deputies, journalists, and others. Paris is a branch of Bedlam.

But to return a little; a few months ago Mathew Dreyfus, a brother of the exile, openly accused Major Esterhazy, a prominent French officer, of being the guilty party. Public opinion so backed up this charge that the Government was forced to go through the farce of trying and acquitting the Major.

Then another champion, not a relation of the unfortunate man, nor even a member of the same race, appeared in the person of Emile Zola, the novelist. Why he should adopt the role of pleader for the condemned man does not seem clear. The *Handelsblad* of Amsterdam expresses this view, which may also have been Zola's :

"The case is not, as the *Figaro* asserts, one which concerns France alone. It is one which concerns the whole civilized world, for it must touch every man's sense of justice when he asks himself, is it possible that at this end of the nineteenth century and in a free country a man may be sentenced and tortured to death upon grounds which would have been considered insufficient for a *lettre de cachet* during the last century, and would not even be thought grave enough in a despotic state to send the prisoner to Siberia? The evidence, so far as it has been made public, is so slight that it could not procure the conviction of anyone."

On the other hand, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives this view:

"For those who know Zola's pride, these words may be the explanation—a partial explanation—of the affair. He fears nothing so much as silence, and the defence of Callas by Voltaire, and the pleading of Victor Hugo for John Brown, inspired him with the idea of defending Dreyfus. He has wished to be before everyone, to have something to do with everything, and not being able to realize all the ambitions which his prodigious will power for working seemed to warrant, having refused to become a deputy be ause he was not an orator, having abandoned the idea of being received by the Pope, who refused him the entrance of the Vatican, and also of entering the French academy, which seemed not disposed to open its doors, he considered that a pedestal had been placed before him in such a possible enterprise, an enterprise which interested him and invited his sincere convictions, an enterprise which attracted him as a novelist, accustomed as he is to follow the thread of darksome intrigue. He believed, I say, in this role. If he could expose himself to mortification and attacks, he would also receive a unique rank and universal fame.

"From the point of view of the notoriety of the affair, added to his name, he made no mistake, but perhaps he has discounted a sudden changing of public opinion in France, which has not yet been brought about."

Whatever his motive, his open letter to the President of France, as published in Clemenceau's *Aurore*, was a very strong document, and at the time of writing, Zola is being tried before a French court, while all the world listens intensely. A few extracts from this famous article may be quoted:

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT: Will you permit me, in gratitude for the kind welcome which you once gave me, to have a care for your just glory, and to say to you that your star, so lucky until now, is threatened with the most shameful, the most ineffaceable of stains? You have come forth safe and sound from low calumnies, you have won all hearts. You appear radiant in the apotheosis of that patriotic joy which the Russian alliance has given to France, and you are preparing to preside over the solemn triumph of our universal exposition, which is to crown our grand century of work and truth and liberty. But what a mud-stain on your name—I had almost said on your reign—is this abominable Dreyfus affair! A council of war, under orders, has just dared to acquit an Esterhazy—a final blow to all truth and justice. And it is finished. France has this stain upon her cheek, history is to write down that under your presidency such a social crime could be committed. Since they have dared, I too will dare, even I. The truth—I will say it, for I have promised to say it in case that justice, in its regular course, should not disclose it whole and entire. My duty is to speak. I will not be an accomplice. My nights would be haunted by the spectre of the innocent man who far away is expiating, in the most frightful of tortures, a crime which he has not committed.

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We are told that a most horrible act of treason has been committed. I do not believe it. The whole thing is the outcome of the hysterical hallucinations of Lieut.-Col. Paty du Clam. I ask all honest men to look at the evidence produced against Dreyfus. He knows several languages; that tells against him. Not a single compromising document has been found in his possession; that stamps him as a criminal. He sometimes visits Alsace, the land of his birth; another crime. He is energetic, he wants to learn everything; crime! He is calm in the presence of his accusers; another crime. He becomes restless at last; more proof of his guilt. We are told the judges first acquitted him. Then the "secret document," that overwhelming proof of his guilt which no one is allowed to see, which renders the whole proceeding lawful, before which all must bow their heads, this divine invisible, mysterious document is brought forward and he is declared guilty.

I deny that there is such a document. I deny it most emphatically.

We are told we must respect the army. Why, certainly. So we will. But we will not kiss the hilt of the sword with which we are, perhaps, to be enslaved. We will not allow the jesuitical intrigues in the War Office to smother justice for "reasons of state."

What I call a crime is for the army to trust to the defense of an immoral press, handled by the dregs of Paris; to accuse of disturbing the country those who wish to see their country at the head of noble-minded nations; to lead public opinion astray. It is a crime to use our patriotism to enslave us.

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I accuse Lieut.-Col. Paty du Clam of being the hellish cause of vile actions, though he may have done wrong without knowing it.

I accuse General Mercier of weakness in becoming a party to the greatest act of injustice of the century.

I accuse General Billot, the Minister of War, *of being in possession of proofs that Dreyfus was innocent; but he kept these proofs secret* and committed the crime of perversion of justice in order to save the deeply compromised general staff.

I accuse General Boisdeffre and General Grouse of being parties to this crime, the one from clericalism, the other from a mistaken sense of *esprit de corps*, which makes him think the Ministry of War is a veritable sanctum.

General Pellieux and Major Rovary I accuse of *monstrous partiality*.

I accuse the War Office of having started a shameful campaign in the daily papers in order to *lead astray public opinion*.

The court-martial I accuse of violation of justice and law by having convicted the accused *upon evidence contained in a secret document*. . . . . .

I do not know personally the men whom I accuse. I have never seen them, am not vengeful against them, do not hate them. To me they are only representatives of a social evil. I only wish for light—in the name of humanity which has suffered so much and has so much right to be happy. My fiery protest is only the outcry of my heart.

Bring me before the Court of Assizes and let my examination be in the glare of day!

I am waiting for it.

The outcome of the trial is awaited with great interest. If Zola be convicted, new champions will appear and the struggle will go on. If Zola be acquitted, the honour of the army is dragged in the dust and the good name of France is injured in the eyes of the world. In either case, the result will be disastrous.

*Pierre Marot.*

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## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IF the relations between Canada and the United States are to be permanently satisfactory, the presence of some one in Washington attached to the British Embassy and thoroughly conversant with Canadian questions seems indispensable. The difficulties that accumulate from time to time, until a Minister departs from Ottawa to discuss them with the British Ambassador and the Secretary of State, point to a day when a regularly accredited agent of Canada, acting under and with the Imperial representative at Washington, must be selected. Sir Richard Cartwright, in endeavouring to establish a modus vivendi on matters connected with the bonding arrangements on the northern frontier, was met by the fact that during the past ten years negotiations relative to the Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, and other highly irritating issues, have never been brought to a successful conclusion. The rights and wishes of Canada seem to be brought forward only when international relations reach an acute stage. It is no reflection upon the British Ministers to say that as they possessed no definite knowledge of Canada, they have, during a hundred years, been frequently overreached.

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It is contended in England by wise persons, whose diplomacy is chiefly remarkable for sentimental after-dinner speeches, that the duty of Canada is to keep the peace between the British Empire and the republic. This is sometimes said in Canada also, but those who say it here are well aware that the maintenance of good relations becomes extremely doubtful when the Washington politicians are allowed to entertain and propagate extravagant notions of the Republic's rights, and when the claims of Canada to her own territories and resources are inadequately and fitfully put forward. The *National Review*, an English periodical devoted to the silver currency mania, refers to a small but "rather noisy school of British journalists—who think to display their Imperialism by perpetually stirring up the Canadian-American people with a long pole." This cheap sarcasm is supplemented by a paper, in the same periodical, entitled, "The Month in America," the paragraphs in

which ignore Canadian and Mexican affairs, and deal exclusively with the politics of the United States. The assumption that the United States republic is America involves something more than a mere phrase, because it embodies the very idea which led Shelburne and Oswald to frame the Treaty of 1783 conceding valuable territories and fishing rights, to the bungling articles of the Treaties in 1814 and 1818, to the extraordinary performances of Lord Ashburton, and the no less pliable dispositions of English negotiatiors in 1871. Partly in consequence of the voluble inanity of well-meaning but uninformed persons, strenous efforts have to be made to maintain the rights of the British Crown on this continent. Any Government which is called upon, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's is now, to defend Canadian rights may be embarrassed by the senseless optimism of English writers, who think they do Canada a service by sneering at jingoism. It was complacent dogmatism of this kind which forced from the late Sir John Macdonald in 1871 the despairing declaration, made to Lord Ripon, a peace-at-any-price man, that Canada "must be either English or American, and if protection was denied us by England, we might as well go while we had some property left us, with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." To such a length did the passion of English diplomacy for peace on any terms drive a statesman of unwavering Imperialist sympathies and strength of character.

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The state of public opinion in the United States is not encouraging. Trade has not greatly improved, and the apparent inability of Congress and the Executive to solve the currency question is disgusting. The unrest which always accompanies disturbed commercial conditions is marked by the evidences of that belligerent spirit that prompts military and novel expenditures and a forward policy. The Cuban question is not rendered easier of treatment by the episode of the Spanish Minister's private letter and his resignation in consequence. It seems as if the stability and secrecy necessary to a strong foreign policy were impossible under the constitutional arrangements of the United States, thus cutting off from the republic the opportunity of playing a beneficial and powerful part in international affairs. Under ordinary circumstances, the republic is is no danger of a foreign war, is happily equipped with extraordinary resources, an enormous population, and great productive capacity. Such a nation might prove a valuable factor in preserving the world's peace, in protecting the weak, and checking the ambitions of the strong. No civilized Government should dream of taking offence at even a small community's determination to claim and defend every national possession and treaty right. But where political popularity is won by appeals to the demagogues, Washington diplomacy is tempted and at times forced to be aggressive, and Canada's rights in her own Yukon territory are overlooked or deliberately denied.

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An object lesson upon the spoils system at Washington is presented by the publication of a table of logarithms in the report of one of the Government scientific bureaus. The report cost thousands of dollars and is practically valueless. The inference drawn by critics is that political appointments to scientific bureaus result in the preparation of costly and useless reports. The evil is not confined to the States, but flourishes, *mutatis mutandis*, in Canada and in England, where the frills of Government often cost many thousands which might be saved. In all three countries the Democracy rules. A great circus manager based his success on the belief that the people liked to be fooled, and the politicians are not to be if they give the people a medicine suited to their palates.

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In the Congressional elections next Autumn silver will probably be the main issue, and, unless something un-

foreseen occurs, the old bone of contention will occupy the chief place in the Presidential contest of 1900. The Senate passed the Teller resolution declaring that the bonds of the United States were payable in gold or silver, as the Government might determine, and rejected by a decisive majority an amendment in favour of the gold standard. The House of Representatives rejected the Teller resolution, but on a strict party division, the Republican preponderance alone saving the President from the necessity of having to reject a proposal for the coinage of silver by his veto. The political prophets who long ago asserted that silver was not dead but would revive again in renewed vigour are vindicated by recent events, nor is there reason to doubt, as far as future indications reveal themselves, that the United States will decide to pay in silver what was borrowed in gold. The economists predict dreadful results from the violation of sound theory, but the democracy is never scared by warnings of that kind, and until the money question can be expressed in terms understanded of the people, the currency system of the United States is likely to be determined by experience. To force an international agreement upon the relative values of gold and silver coins is what the free silver men are after, and a radical policy is apparently the only means of doing this.

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What imparts stability to the policy of the British Government, and tides over the crises that occur in the history of all Ministries, is the great authority and influence exercised by the present leaders upon the rank and file of their party. This has been shown in Parliament several times, and the present session will call for a fresh display, particularly on the Irish education bill. The Birmingham bye-election afforded a striking illustration of this authority in the local political organizations, proverbially the place of all others in the party system where difficulties easily arise and are hardest to quell. The return, without opposition, of Mr. Lowe, a Conservative, to fill a seat made vacant by the death of Mr. Dixon, a Liberal-Unionist, was in accordance with a compact that when opportunity offered the Conservative representation from Birmingham should be increased. Mr. Chamberlain loyally enforced the compact and soothed the restiveness of his Liberal constituents who may be at one with their old antagonists on Imperial questions, but are radically opposed on the disestablishment, education and other domestic issues. Only a strong man could have done this, and Mr. Chamberlain's inconsistencies in policy are sufficiently obvious to make one certain that by personal gifts alone he maintains his extraordinary ascendancy in the Midlands.

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By an embarrassing parliamentary manœuvre, Mr. Redmond forced the front bench Liberals to vote against an independent legislature for Ireland, and the Nonconformists of that party, which are in a measure the backbone of it, will feel freer in resisting the Government proposal to create a Catholic University in Dublin by State aid. The question is an old one, and Mr. Lecky, the historian, who is a staunch son of Trinity and a Protestant, contends that such a measure is simply put to Irish Catholics. But we shall hear again of the hand of Rome, and someone will chalk "No Popery" on the wall and then run away. As for the other Irish measure, conceding county government, much depends upon the spirit in which it is received by the Irish masses and by the wisest friends of Ireland, who are not always laymen and not always clericals.

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Fascinating as great problems of foreign policy are to the educated classes which rule England, there are also questions of social order and progress of the highest importance as determining factors in elections. If the present Ministers can give domestic reforms their attention, as well as guard the interests of the State abroad, the hold of the Government upon the masses will continue strong for some

years to come. There is, for example, the municipal administration of London, a city which is almost an empire in itself. Lord Salisbury has explained that there is no intention of abolishing the county council; but the aim is to impose duties upon several municipal bodies which no single body could adequately perform. So vast is the constituency now, and so multifarious the powers and obligations of the county council, that some vital affairs are neglected and half the electorate stay away from the polls. An undue share of energy and time are, therefore, devoted to the larger projects and questions, and the temptation to ape Parliament is almost irresistible. These are not the Prime Minister's words, but they express, in some measure, the views which will actuate the Government in framing the London bill about to be introduced by the Duke of Devonshire. Of the social problems involved in London administration, persons on this continent can hardly get a fair grasp. Take the housing of the people: in London now 37,000 persons are living five in one room; 17,000 people are living six in one room; 6,000 people are living seven in one room; 1,800 people live eight in one room; 32,000 people are living eight in two rooms; 14,000 are living nine in two rooms. And, as one writer asks, what is the cost to the community in lunacy, immorality, and deficient vitality from persons growing up under such conditions? To social reformers, the Concert of the Powers and the East Asian crisis are as nothing compared to such things.

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The peculiar and exceptional dangers which met the British forces during the operations upon the Indian frontier are becoming known through private letters from soldiers who served through the campaign. The nature of the country, the skill of tribes like the Afridis as marksmen, their possession of the latest and most improved rifles, and their knowledge of the most effective tactics, rendered the fighting almost unique in military experience. A story of one day's operations with a single detachment merely detailed to guard the transport of supplies will be full enough of adventure and tragedy to provide material for half-a-dozen novels. If the work of the army is not actually accomplished, Sir William Lockhart thinks that when the campaign re-opens in the spring the advance of the troops will soon be followed by the punishment and submission of the tribes that still remain refractory. Allowing for military criticism of the conduct of the whole campaign, it is probable that, politically, the ultimate result will justify the policy that planned the attack.

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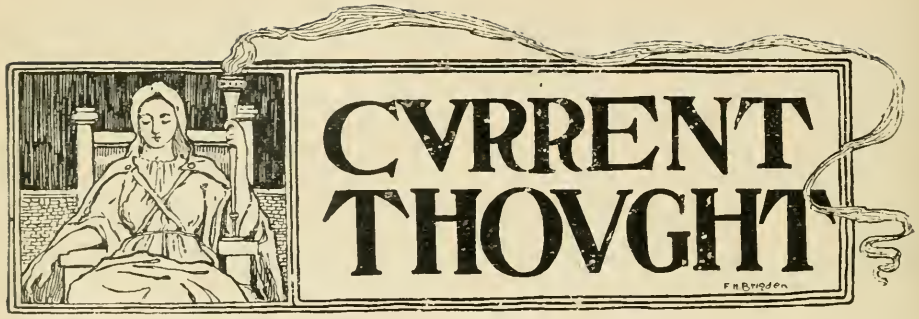
Curiously enough, the strength of British policy in the attempted settlement of the China question—a demand for free ports and free trade for all nations equally—is being used to prove that the project of an Imperial preferential trading arrangement is thereby knocked on the head. Those who study the whole matter with an open mind do not so argue. A small all-round Imperial preference between British communities does not involve any change in Britain's policy relative to the neutral markets of the world. The regulation of the markets of Great Britain is regarded by advocates of a few Imperial preferences as quite distinct from a total reversal of free trade as the world-policy of the Imperial Government. The scheme is, of course, complex, but its issue will be determined in the end neither by enthusiastic Imperialists nor schools of theory. The British people themselves are the sole arbiters.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*




## ALL ABOUT BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE most complete book on British Columbia—the most complete provincial handbook ever published in Canada—is "The Year Book of British Columbia," just issued by R. E. Gosnell, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly and Secretary of the Bureau of Statistics of that province. It opens with a valuable history of that district, detailing the early voyages, the overland journeys, the fur trading system, the early settlement, the story of Confederation, and also gives a resume of subsequent history. Accompanying this sketch are many valuable illustrations, including photographs of Cook, Meares, Vancouver and Mackenzie, of the early legislators and parliamentarians, of the pioneer missionaries, of the Governors, Lieut.-Governors and Premiers. Then follows an account of British Columbia's parliamentary and judicial institutions. These two departments occupy 138 pages of a 500-page book. In the remaining pages there is an endless array of statistics and information concerning the municipal and educational systems, the forest wealth, the fisheries, agriculture, mining and trade. A chapter on the Yukon adds much to the present interest.

The mines of British Columbia will yet make that province one of the most important in Confederation, but development is still in its earliest stages. The following table shows the production in the last eight years:

| Year. | Amount. |
|---|---|
| 1890 | $2,608,608 |
| 1891 | 3,546,702 |
| 1892 | 3,017,971 |
| 1893 | 3,588,413 |
| 1894 | 4,225,717 |
| 1895 | 5,655,302 |
| 1896 | 7,146,425 |
| 1897 (probably) | 10,000,000 |

But British Columbia "may now be said to possess the greatest compact area of merchantable timber on the North American Continent. . . As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, the forest line following the indents and river valleys, and fringing the mountain sides." The Douglas Fir, named after David Douglas, a noted botanist, who explored "New Caledonia" in the early twenties, is found from the coast to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and as far east as Calgary, and as far north as Fort McLeod.

"On the coast it attains immense proportions, it is very high and clear of imperfections, sometimes towering three hundred feet into the air, and having a base circumference of from thirty to fifty feet. The best averages, however, are one hundred and fifty feet clear of limbs, and five to six feet in diameter. This is the staple timber of commerce, often classed by the trade as Oregon pine. It has about the same specific gravity as oak, with great strength, and has a wide range of usefulness, being especially adapted for construction work. It is scientifically described as standing midway between the spruce and the

balsam, and in the opinion of Prof. Macoun, the Dominion naturalist, is a valuable pulp-making tree."

The whole book is valuable and interesting, the information in it easily accessible, and the illustrations telling many things that words and figures cannot convey. Mr. Gosnell is to be congratulated upon the success of what must have been a most arduous undertaking.

## A PROFITABLE MONOPOLY.

The City of Toronto has an excellent street railway service operated by a private company which pays about $80,000 per year to the corporation. The City makes money out of this municipal monopoly, but in the purchase of the road, the issuing of stock and bonds, the company, which has a thirty years lease of the monopoly, made much more. One of the best explanations of this situation is given in the February *Outlook*, by W. D. Gregory, in a very thoughtful article entitled, "Municipal Toronto." He says:

"The amount paid by the company to the city for the tracks, plant, and equipment was $1,453,788, being practically the amount paid by the city to the old company at the time of the expiration of its charter. The capital stock of the company is $6,000,000, and bonds to the amount of $2,999,953.33 have been issued to date. The stock is quoted at over eighty cents on the dollar. Computing the stock at this price and the bonds as selling at par, the total amount received from the sale of stock and issue of bonds aggregates $7,799,953.33, as against the total of $1,453,788 paid the city. The amount paid the city does not, of course, include the cost of changing the road from a horse to an electric railway, which was doubtless large. What this amount was is known only to the company, and the figures are not obtainable. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the net profit to the purchasers was very great.

"One result of the change to the electric system has been the proportionate decrease of the operating expenses, which shrank from 71.9 per cent. in 1892, to 50.9 in 1896. The total amount received by the city as its percentage on the receipts from September 1st, 1891, to September 30th, 1897, is $457,478.22 and its receipts from mileage charges amount to $352,778.94, or a total income from the company of $810,257.16. The gain to the citizens is no doubt much greater than appears from these figures. The city treasurer makes the moderate estimate that the gain from the transfer system alone is equal to $100,000 per annum. The gain from reduced rates for certain classes of tickets is perhaps greater. As the result of a vote of the citizens taken in May last, the railway is now operated on Sunday. By a special agreement with the city, tickets which may be used at all hours on Sunday are sold at the rate of seven for a quarter. The running of Sunday cars will considerably increase the city's share of receipts. The amount received by the city has so far been devoted to meeting the cost incurred in constructing permanent roadways at the time the electric system was adopted, but it is anticipated that when in a few years the roadways are paid for, there will be a large surplus to apply to the reduction of general taxation."

## LAURIER AT WASHINGTON.

In the February *National Review*—a publication which gives much attention to colonial affairs—the Hon. J. W. Longley writes of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Washington." He makes some remarks about the relations between Canada and the United States with which all Canadians are not likely to agree, and some which are pleasing in their hopefulness. The two following paragraphs gives an index to the two main thoughts in the article:

"Nearly all the events which have led to misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States have arisen from questions in which the people of the British Islands are not directly interested, but which chiefly concern the people of Canada. Canada is the next door neighbour to the United States, and none of us can be insensible to the important incidents which attach to the mere fact of neighbourhood alone. Canada has important fishing privileges. It is most natural that American fishermen, while seeking for profit-

able cargoes, should sometimes come within three marine miles of the Canadian coast when fishing is found to be abundant. Here at once is a fruitful cause of difficulty, misunderstanding and irritation. Canada has a Pacific coast situate very near the sealing grounds adjoining Alaska. The Americans have, for some reason or other, absorbed the idea that these fishing-grounds and all that was therein belonged to them, an assumption which could not be recognized by any nation, but which was a matter that did not concern any other nation except Canada, whose sealing vessels were wont to frequent the Behring Sea. Here was another fruitful cause for misunderstanding. Boundary questions are constantly looming up. Rights upon the great lakes which constitute the boundary line between the two countries are apt to occasion difficulties. A line of customs houses extending for three thousand miles along the boundary offers another avenue for difficulty. The bonding privilege as it applies to great railway lines belonging to one country and yet having extensions and connections in the territory of the other is also a source of complication. The alien labour law enacted by the United States, while scarcely affecting other parts of the world, is bound to cause constant irritation to a considerable number of people who live in the immediate vicinity of the boundary line.'

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"It is impossible, of course, to speak of the results of this conference. International courtesy makes it indelicate and improper for the negotiators to take the public into their confidence in regard to what was said or done, but enough is already known to justify the pleasant conviction that the conference can only result in lasting good between the two countries. Whatever foolish Jingos may think or say, the true policy of Canada is to live on terms of the utmost friendship with the United States. All neighbours enhance their mutual pleasure by being on friendly terms, and there is hardly a limit to the capacity which neighbours, actuated by a wrong spirit, have to make each other's lives unhappy. It is equally desirable in every way, as has been already hinted, that the United States and Great Britain should be on terms of the greatest cordiality. However much nations of other race and blood may quarrel—and this is altogether undesirable and ought to be avoided—every possible reason exists for amity and friendly alliance between all the members of the great English-speaking world. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier, acting for and on behalf of the Dominion of Canada, can assist to bring about a termination of the causes of misunderstanding and irritation, between Canada and the United States, he has gone a long way to remove all causes which militate against friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. No higher mission could present itself to a Colonial statesman, and no incident now happening within the purview of the Empire should engage the more sympathetic interest of the British people."

## THE PACIFIC CABLE.

The London *Times* reviews the history of the movement to establish a Pacific cable. The early part of that history is well known to readers of this Magazine; but the later developments and the *Times*' opinions are worth perusal.

"In the summer of last year the question again formed a subject of discussion at the conference of Premiers held at the Colonial Office, and again no formal information was given to the public as to the result of the discussion. An informal statement was, however, made, and although unauthorized has been since confirmed from colonial sources in a way which leaves little doubt of its authenticity, that the position as to the construction of the cable was entirely changed by the proposal of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company to lay an all-British line from Western Australia across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, thence connecting with the Cape and St. Helena and Ascension. The proposal appears to have been submitted to the consideration of the colonial Premiers as a substitute for the Pacific cable.

"As between a Pacific cable, for which they will be asked to pay, and an all-British Eastern Extension line connecting Africa with Australia, for which they will only be asked to make indirect concessions, governments with the fear of the Treasury before their eyes hesitate to commit themselves to the support of the Pacific cable scheme.

"The conditions of the alternative laid be-

ore the Premiers are not known in detail to the public. The position does not, therefore, offer matter for judgment on general grounds. But from the points of view of Canada and of the development of British interests and influence in the Pacific it is evident that the proposal of the Eastern Extension Company is not an alternative; it is simply a negation of the hopes which have been raised. The Canadian public is watching with much interest the development of events in China and Japan, the advance of Russia towards the shores of the Northern Pacific, and the expansion of the United States upon the same plane of activity as expressed in the movement for the annexation of Hawaii. It happens that simultaneously with these movements a very remarkable development promises to take place on the Canadian shore of the same sea. The discoveries of gold in the Yukon district and of vast mineral wealth in British Columbia may have no less an effect than that produced by discoveries of a similar nature in California, Australia, and the Transvaal. A rich industrial population having wide commercial relations will in such an event settle in Western Canada, and the natural outlet for its energy will be by the ports of the Pacific. Vancouver and Victoria should become emporiums of Eastern trade, and the mere alternation of the seasons as between the northern and the southern hemisphere should secure the creation of a large trade in food-stuffs between Australasia and British Columbia. Australasia, on the high road to recovery from the depression which followed the financial crisis of five years ago, is preparing to take advantage of the markets which circumstances are opening to its produce. English influences in Japan and China tend to improve the opportunities of the commercial situation. British interests in the Pacific are all of a similar nature. They all demand for their favourable development the same conditions, namely, an undisputed command of the waterways and a system of easy communications. It is not surprising that the Canadian public, more closely concerned than any other, should desire to urge upon the British communities of the Pacific Ocean the wisdom of the well-known maxim 'Unite and rule.'

"There exists at present no system of rapid communication across the Pacific. Under modern conditions the business sufficient to sustain lines of ships cannot be built up without the facilities afforded by the telegraph. Were a cable laid under British auspices from British Columbia to Australia there would be little difficulty in tapping it to establish a branch line to China and Japan. If, as is the general desire of this country, the opening of China should prove to be rather a commercial than a military or political operation, the existence at Chinese ports of converging lines of telegraphic communication with every centre of British industrial activity in the Pacific must almost of necessity have an effect in the establishment of peaceful British influence which takes the question beyond the limits of purely local concern. Not only Canada but the whole Empire is interested in assuring to British interests a fair field for that policy of equal opportunity which has so far constituted the most definite pronouncement of our views with regard to European rights in Eastern Asia. Every sign would seem to indicate that the coming twentieth century will be celebrated in the history of the world by the development of a new civilization on the Pacific. To affirm the legitimate position of Great Britain in that civilization must be the object of British policy, and for this purpose cheap and rapid means of communication between the local British centres is one of the first of necessary conditions. This aspect of the question is not dealt with by any proposals for cable construction that exclude the Pacific Ocean from their scope.

"It is, perhaps, unfair to Canada to lay upon her the burden of initiative in the matter which involves a general Imperial interest; but the immediate benefit of the Pacific cable will be felt very specially by Canada, and as a Dominion she has shown herself so well able to deal with questions of wider than provincial range that we look with some confidence to her action. The estimated cost of the cable is not great, and it is difficult to comprehend that the construction can have been so long delayed."

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Easter number of The Canadian Magazine will be a special one, with a three-colour cover, two Easter stories, and an illustrated article entitled "Holy Week in Rome." The series on "The Anglican Church in Canada," by Thomas E. Champion, will be continued, and the various other regular features of the Magazine will he found interesting. This Easter number will close the Tenth Volume.

**Shop Talk.**

During the summer months The Canadian Magazine will be filled with a lighter class of articles, and an increased number of short stories and sketches. By the way, we are anxious to secure a few more MSS. of this character, stories from 2,000 to 3,000 words in length, and sketches containing 1,000 to 2,000 words. A fair price will be paid for meritorious work of this character. The writer must, however, be a resident of Canada.

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Mr. Bourinot's article in this issue is perhaps the best piece of work ever done by this well-known historian, and deserves special attention. The story of the settling of Nova Scotia is a most interesting one, and has never been better told than in this article. Dr. Bourinot's sixth paper, which will appear in April, deals with "The United Empire Loyalists," and contains much information never before published. The Doctor spent most of last year in looking up new material relating to this portion of "The Makers of the Dominion." No series of articles ever published in Canada has such educative value, or equal interest.

**The Loyalists.**

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Every century, every civilization, every race has its heroes. Cæsar found the Roman people a mob and used it to serve his own purposes; to satisfy first his thirst for military glory, and secondly his greed for power. He destroyed the Roman Commonwealth and laid the foundations of the Roman Empire, of which his illustrious nephew was the real builder. There were many other Cæsars, but none so great. Charles the Great, the first Frankish king to become Emperor of Western Rome, was a greedy monarch. At first he ruled over Central Germany and Northern Gaul. He conquered the Germans to the south, the Saxons to the north, and the people of Southern Gaul. He also added Northern Italy to the German Empire. While a great conqueror, he forgot not learning, religion and the making of laws. From this time forward there were still other Cæsars, but none conquered the world. England had her Cæsars in such men as William the Conqueror and Henry I. France had her own despots, and so had Germany. Charles, the fifth Emperor, was one of the most noted of the Cæsars of the middle ages; he united Spain, Germany and the Netherlands, and, in 1530, added Italy and Sicily to his Empire. There were no other very notable Cæsars, until Napoleon Bonaparte came upon the European stage, although many kings and princes worked out large schemes for self-aggrandisement. Napoleon was the last of the great military Cæsars, and he came very near to being master of all Europe, nearer than any man will ever come again. He was a conqueror pure and simple, a man who recognized no principles of popular freedom nor rights of national life. As with the first Cæsar, he was actuated only by a thirst for military glory, and a greed for power.

**The New Cæsar.**

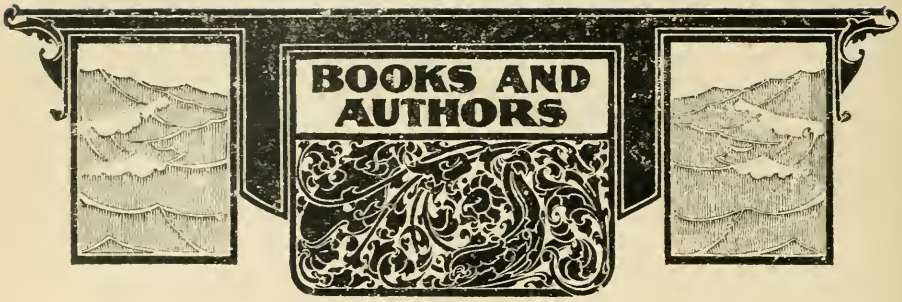
Our modern civilization is different. In Europe the small Cæsars still have fancy swords dangling at their sides, still have golden braids and golden orders on their breasts. They have the ambitions of the old Cæsars, but not the opportunities. Two great twin forces have arisen which effectually hold them in check. These are commerce and finance. In the affairs of Eastern Asia, to-day, these two forces may be seen, limiting the efforts of all the disputants, and preventing one of the European Cæsars from taking more than anything but ambition and greed could justify. It is commerce and finance that hold the balance of power among the nations of Europe, and prevent a horrible war to prove which Cæsar is the greatest. These forces are, in this way, guarding the interests of the people, speeding the civilization of mankind, and extending general progress.

But this new civilization in which commerce and finance are supreme, seems likely to produce a new kind of Cæsar, a man who may not wear a suit of armour nor have a sword in his strong right hand; yet who commands armies, possesses large numbers of slaves, and affects the direction and nature of progress. This new Cæsar may be found at the head of a great railway system, a landed corporation, a trust or some other large financial organization. Money rules through commerce and finance, and hence the new Cæsar desires money, money, money. The old Cæsars did not require new countries to give them land on which to live or which they might cultivate in order to obtain subsistence; they conquered to satisfy a greed for conquest, acquired to feel the pleasure of possession. So with the new Cæsars; they do not require millions to supply them with the bread of life, or even the luxuries of modern existence; they desire millions simply to satisfy ambition and the pleasure of possession.

The three score years and ten allotted to the new Cæsars, as to the old, are too short to gain millions by the sweat of the brow, so to other means resort is made. Democracy has organized the people under Governments composed of representatives, and through these new governing bodies the new Cæsars do their work. They control these national legislatures and national legislators, and thus acquire whole nations of slaves. They organize industries of new kinds, or new forms of old industries; and in order that they may not be impeded in their making of great profits, they secure monopolies or special privileges through the aforementioned legislatures. Some of the more common forms of these new industries from which millions are made by the new Cæsars are: 1. the building of cities and the creation of land values; 2. the creation of industrial trusts; 3. the building of railroads under Government subsidy; 4. the controlling of railway and canal traffic under special legislation; 5. the manipulation of national revenues, contracts and offices; 6. the chartering of banks with special privileges; and 7. the control of small legislatures and municipalities with their smaller franchises, contracts and emoluments.

When the old Cæsars passed among their subjects and their slaves, the latter bowed the head and bended the knee. To-day, the same customs prevail. The new Cæsars are looked up to with reverence and respect. The new slaves crowd around their tables to catch some of the crumbs that may fall. There is the same absence of unhappiness and discontent. One-half of the world is still satisfied, even pleased, to be poor so that the other half may be rich. The slaves are content with bread and water, if they may but enjoy the pleasure of seeing their masters wear silk and satin, decorated with glory and titles. Indeed, Cæsars seem to be just as essential to the happiness of our present civilization as they were to the glory of the ancient and middle ages.

*John A. Cooper.*




## JUDITH MOORE.

PERHAPS when the history of Canadian literature is written, the credit of being the truest Canadian novelist of the latter part of the nineteenth century will not be given to any one person. We have three leading novelists today: Gilbert Parker, who finds his greatest inspiration in French Canada; Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been steeped in the romance of Acadia; and Joanna E. Wood, who has just published her second novel, dealing more particularly with phases of what, for convenience, may be called English Canada. E. W. Thomson may be left out of view, for he is pre-eminently a story writer. The same may be said of J. Macdonald Oxley. Miss Dougall is a general novelist; so are Grant Allen and Sara Jeanette Duncan. Are there any other Canadian novelists to be mentioned in the same breath with these eight?

Of the three great novelists, then, Parker occupies one field, Roberts another, and Miss Wood a third. Consequently it is difficult to say which is the greatest. Parker has done most work and his novels are best known. Miss Wood's work is least familiar.

Miss Wood's new novel, "Judith Moore,"* will probably define more clearly her place in our literary class. Her previous Canadian novel, "The Untempered Wind," was published in New York, and never attained any great sale in Canada. It did, however, find its way to many tables, and was much admired by all who read it. It was very highly praised by the critics and won for its talented young author a very fair reputation in New York, Toronto, and Montreal.

"Judith Moore" is the tale of a young singer who had been delighting European lovers of music for two seasons. She came to America to prepare for her debut in her native continent. Being somewhat worn out by the heavy demands upon her energy, she is brought to a Canadian village to recuperate. In a little farm cottage she spends a summer while her manager is in New York preparing plans for her opening season. In the little community in which she has secreted herself she meets a well-to-do young farmer named Andrew Cutler. He has considerable education, is a great hunter, rather attractive in person, and occupies a prominent position in village society. He does not know that Miss Moore is a great singer, but it is her voice which first attracts him. She finds him a pleasure because of his strength of mind, his naturalness and his goodness. They fall in love. She writes to her manager that she wants to give up her future to this man "who loves me for myself, not for my voice." The manager

*Judith Moore, or Fashioning a Pipe, by Joanna E. Wood, author of The Untempered Wind, etc. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co. Cloth, $1.00.

appears on the scene and hurries Judith back to New York. She commences her season and a successful one it is. But she breaks down under the intense strain and becomes very ill. Andrew believes himself jilted, but finally he discovers through a letter which had gone to the dead-letter office and then back to her old boarding-house, that he had lost his love because of inexorable circumstances. He starts out to find her and succeeds. Such is the plot.

The great merit of the book lies, however, in the charm of Miss Wood's descriptions, her faultless prose, her keen insight into motive, and her power of humorous characterization. She describes rural Ontario life with a charm never before found in any book. She sees the narrowness and meanness of village life, its pathos, its humour, and its possibilities. Hiram Green and his four anxious daughters; Bill Aikins and Kate the scolding wife who kept him straight; Old Sam Symmons with his reminiscences and his ill luck; Mrs. Morris who kept the boarding-house and who was always gossiping; mischievous Tommy Slick and his dog Nip; Miss Meyers with the grim face and the kind heart—all these are characters whom any Canadian can appreciate. "Judith Moore" is a book which may be read more than once.

It is said that the publishers of this work have paid for the publication rights the highest price ever paid for a Canadian novel.

## ANOTHER AMATEUR PRODUCTION.

Every profession has its amateurs. They are to be found among our doctors, our lawyers, our musicians, our artists and our authors. Among the latter class there are very few, if any, who can be classed otherwise. We have few masters in the art of writing, and what few we have are to be found mainly among our leading journalists and educationists.

Of course, amateurs are necessary as the class from which experts and masters are drawn. But while they are to be countenanced and encouraged, they must be prepared always for thorough criticisms of the work which they do for the public. If an amateur painter produces a picture—and many of them have a habit of this—he must be prepared for combined criticism and appreciation. So with the amateur writer; he must be willing to have his essays and articles and books dissected and criticized, in order that he and other amateurs may profit by such dissection and such criticism. He may not be willing to accept every suggestion and every remark made by the critics, but he must compare their views with his own and, after a reference to authorities, decide for himself whether or not the weaknesses pointed out are real blemishes and as such require remedying. If the amateur writer will adopt this attitude—which up to the present he has refused to assume—there will be some hope that Canada may ultimately produce experts and masters in the art of making literature.

Up to the present, as intimated, the unskilled litterateur has refused to allow his work to be criticized, and he has been backed up in such refusal by a small body of admirers who have been too ready to believe that a certain number of printed pages, sewed together and bound in cloth, make a book, and that all books have a great value. And further, these admirers have maintained that every person who has been so fortunate as to have enough money to pay the printer for publishing a book of which this moneyed individual is the writer, is a great author and as such to be worshipped. The result of this has been that Canada has developed no critics. There has been no tolerance of the man who has dared to point out a defect here and there. And because Canada has produced no persons who have studied standards and are prepared to compare, in an expert way, all productions with such standards, there has been little progress in the art of writing.

There are many books issued each year from Canadian presses that are

open to criticism. Take, for instance, "The Dear Old Farm,"* by Malcolm, the pen-name of a Mr. Sinclair, who resides at Bridgeburg, Ontario. It is a story rather than a novel, although it combines features of both. There is a plot, a set of characters whose lives the reader is expected to follow, and a large amount of historical narrative. In fact, sometimes the reader feels that he is reading a novel, and sometimes that he is reading history. Chapter V., "The Home Defending," is almost pure history, with Tecumseh and his contemporaries as the characters. So are chapters XX. and XXI., dealing with the Fenian Raid. If the author intended to produce an historical novel, he has failed, because he has not blended the two features. His work is like a mixture of green and black tea ; one can easily pick out the green leaves or the black.

As a picture of early settler life in Ontario, the book is worth reading, even though the grouping on the canvas does not conform to the acknowledged rules of art. The difficulties, the experiences, the pleasures, the sorrows of the early settlers are set down with a directness and a cleverness which was so lacking in the "Humors of '37," a somewhat similar volume. Malcolm has recognized that it was not the governors, legislative councillors, and grasping government officials who laid the foundations of this country's greatness, but those who chopped down the forest, built the roads, shouldered the musket and swung the sword—the men who cleared the farms and built the towns, erected the first mills, and bore a part in the creation of the first municipalities. He has recognized that our histories have overlooked this work, and has aimed to pourtray and idealize it. For this he deserves considerable praise.

But when one comes to consider the book as a literary production, little praise can be given. The style is very poor, and the sentence construction amateurish even to incorrectness. Malcolm has not yet mastered the first principles of that part of English rhetoric known as esthetics, and hence his book will fail to attract the better class of readers who insist upon good form as well as valuable matter. Moreover, the book is too long, the pages too large, the binding too sombre, and the printing as amateurish as the technique of the author. The illustrations, however, are very fair.

## A MILITARY TEXT-BOOK.

A casual observer of the militia force of Canada would say that it did not amount to much ; that the men understood little of a soldier's part, and were decidedly lacking in the bearing which marks the trained soldier ; that the officers were decent fellows who regarded their rank and uniform as a valuable aid to their progress in "society," but who knew little drill and less tactics ; and that the system under which all worked was not a system at all, but a haphazard arrangement made and controlled by politicians.

It is much the same in the United States, although there are certainly many officers—at least a few officers—who have attempted to master the principles of drill. Captain Charles Albert Smylie, of the Twelfth Infantry, New York, would seem to be one of these few. His "Points in Minor Tactics," just issued, is a thoughtful, concise, and well-written manual which should prove of great value to infantry officers.

He takes up Discipline, Advance-Guards, Rear-Guards, Outposts, Patrols and Reconnoitring, Marches, Firing, Fortifications, Entrenchments, and similar points in tactics, and treats them brightly and thoroughly. The best British and other foreign text-books are quoted from and referred to, while many battle and campaign lessons from recent wars are pointed out—and this but proves that a willingness to learn from anybody and everybody is a characteristic of the United Stateser, however much he may try to conceal the fact.

*St. Thomas : The Journal Publishing Co. Cloth, 198 pp.

The book will be found as useful to a Canadian militia officer as it can possibly be to an officer of the National Guard.

The Copp, Clark Co. have issued the second volume of their uniform edition of Gilbert Parker's works. "Pierre and His People" is a collection of tales which must ever hold a leading place among our native books of fiction, not only because some of Gilbert Parker's best work is found in them, but because they preserve many of the legends and tales of the Indians, the half-breeds, the Mounted Police and other early settlers of the North-West. Pretty Pierre, Jen, Little Hammer, Sergeant Gellatly and the others—they are all characters whom to know is to love and admire. Even Moray and Doltaire are not so quaint, so daring, so loveable as these wild inhabitants of wilder plains.

The New Brunswick Historical Society has just issued Part 3 of its First Volume of Collections, and through the kindness of Mr. Jonas Howe, Corresponding Secretary, St. John, we are in receipt of the complete volume. Part 1 contained articles on "The King's New Brunswick Regiment;" "The Maugerville Settlement;" Documents relating to Sunbury County; Judge Perley's Court Documents, etc. Part 2 contains, among other things, Letters written at St. John by James Simonds, A.D. 1764-1785, and an article on "The Old Meductia Fort on the River St. John." Part 3 contains an article on "The Medical Men of St. John in Its First Half Century," by Joseph W. Lawrence; "Selections from the Papers and Correspondence of James White, A.D. 1762-1783," by Rev. W. O. Raymond—letters which throw much light on the development and history of the colony at that time; and "Letters and Documents relating to the History and Settlement of the Island of Manan," by Jonas Howe. Manan is an island in the Passamaquoddy Bay, nine miles from the State of Maine, and commanding the entrance to the Bay of Funday. It was settled in 1783 by some refugee loyalists. During the war of 1812-14 it was a favourite resort of the United States privateers, and until 1817 it was doubtful whether or not the island was British territory. In that year, however, the British claim to it was acknowledged.

The index to this volume, which is inserted at the end of Part 3, wil be found very useful, especially to future students of New Brunswick history.

"Alphabet of First Things in Canada," is the title of a valuable ready reference book of Canadian events, compiled by George Johnson, the Dominion statistician. Here is a sample paragraph:

> **Magazine.**—Among early magazines published in Canada are (1) "The Quebec Magazine, or useful and entertaining repository of science, morals, history, politics, etc., particularly adapted for the use of British America, by a society of gentlemen in Quebec." The first number appeared on 1st August, 1792, published by Samuel Neilson; (2) In the Halifax *Gazette*, 1806, there is an advertisement of a periodical published in Halifax and called the "Nova Scotia and new Brunswick Magazine, or Historical Library." The literary shores of Canada are strewed with the wrecks of hundreds of periodicals.

Information concerning the first anything may be found here—the first coal mine, the first apples, the first assembly, the first bank, the first baronet, railway, census, card money, etc., etc. Into the two hundred odd pages of this little reference book the able author has crowded a wonderful amount of information. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, as are the words in a dictionary or the subjects in an encyclopædia, and reference is thus remarkably easy. Some of the articles occupy but a few lines, while some occupy several pages. The book is already in its third edition.

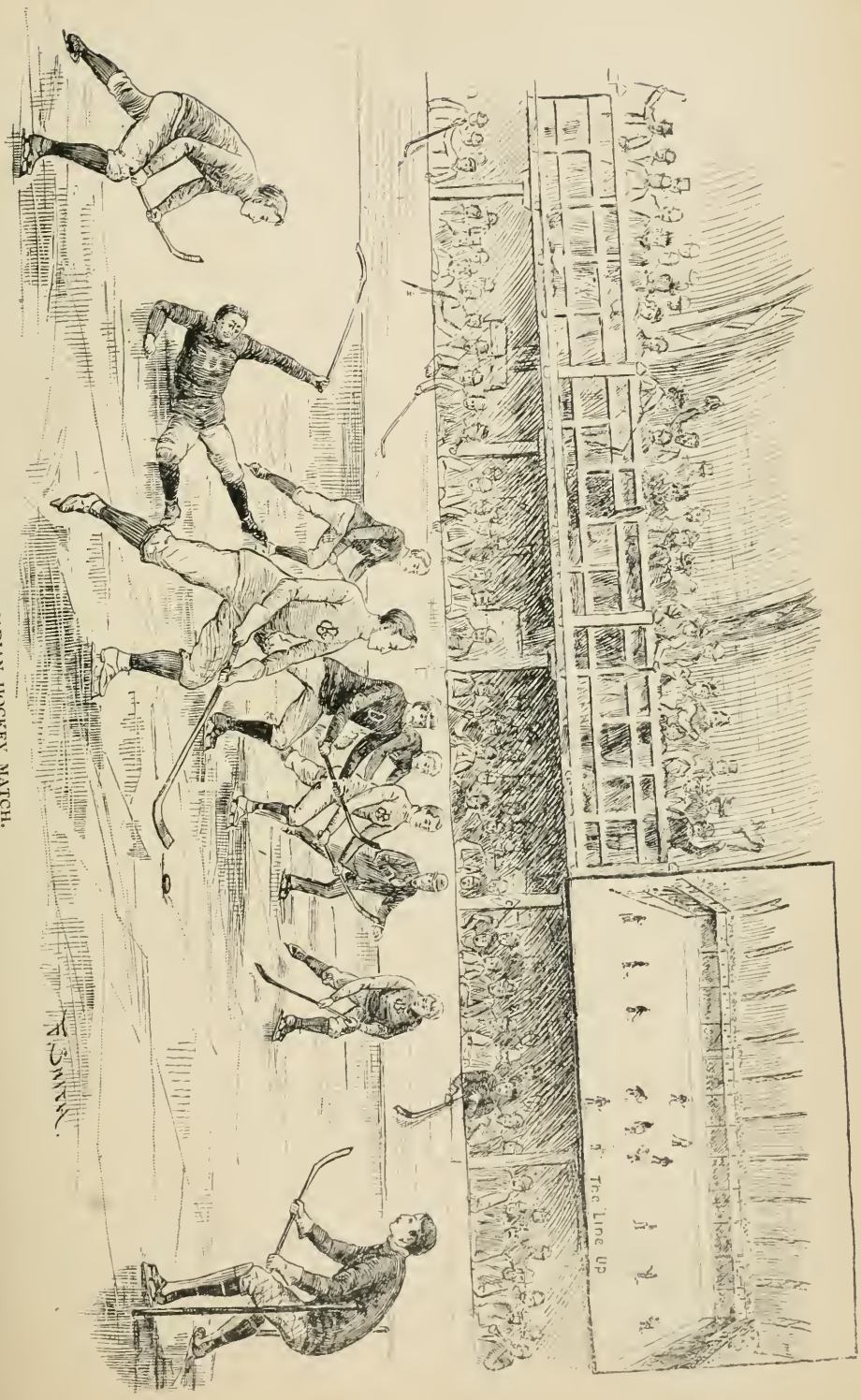
# NATIONAL SPORT.

PASTIMES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WE take our pleasures gladly here in British Columbia, if the paronomasia upon the famous snapshot judgment of the European traveller through "These States" may be pardoned. Probably the chief contributory cause is the perennial salubrity of our climate, enabling us to enjoy the pleasures of sports of all kinds from January to December in the open air. And I should remark that nearly all our pastimes here are those which call us into the fresh, invigorating air which blows in from the Pacific or down from the woody mountains. Then, again, the people here are mainly of that robust stock which has made the name British synonymous with vigour of body and mind. They have all the well-known British proclivities towards the bold and manly games and pastimes which have always distinguished the race, and which in Canada find an even finer field for their exercise than the English meadows, the Scottish dales, the Irish moors, or the Welsh Llans afforded. If there is any branch of manly sport that is not followed by the youth of British Columbia I shall be much surprised to learn the fact. From the most complex of the pastimes enjoyed by the strongest and most skilful down to those that the feeblest and youngest find pleasure in, every game has its devotees; nay, more, its clubs. We are a most clubbable folk; not only are there the inevitable cricket, lacrosse, football, tennis, golf and athletic clubs, but clubs for hockey as affected by the ladies, as well as the roaring game played by the inferior sex; handball, croquet, bowls, hare-and-hounds—in short, there is not a sport or pastime indulged in by healthy young men and women that has not its votaries among our people. We are great believers in the Baconian aphorisms on the subject of exercise, and the most popular of all the mottoes would appear to be Juvenal's terse maxim: "A sound mind in a sound body." Even for those quiet beings who live up to the quaint conceit of Walt Whitman: "I loaf and invite my soul," there is a club at the gatherings of which they can meet and commune with perpetually-tired kindred souls in country walks or in whatsoever other manner may to their placid, Addisonian view seem meet. Our winter pastimes are not much different from those pursued in the other seasons, for the reason that we have, especially near the coast where the majority of the population are settled, no winter to speak of. We can cycle very nearly all the year round; for no sooner does the heavy winter rain cease for a couple of hours than the cyclists come forth in legions and skim the streets and roads like swallows after a storm, so quickly is the moisture absorbed by the light, porous soil. Not often is one here tempted to quote Milton's November quatrain:

"When fields are dank and ways are mire;
Where shall we sometimes meet,
And by the fire
Help waste a sullen day?"

Neither the dun fogs of the Atlantic seaboard nor the piercing cold of the Eastern Provinces interfere with our pursuit of the sports of the field or even of the water; for the worst that befalls in the way of weather in this favoured region is a day of drenching rain, and that, as I have said, leaves very little trace two hours after the clouds pass away. It is no uncommon thing to see the oarsmen clad in the airiest of raiment flitting about Victoria Harbour and Arm, or on Vancouver Harbour and up Burrard Inlet in the middle of winter, enjoying the bright sunshine and the soft breath of the chinook wind that comes up out of the spicy southwest often during the very months whose names in other regions of the temperate zone stands for all




A CANADIAN HOCKEY MATCH.

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

that is dreary and comfortless. Athletic clubs abound in every city of the Province; and it is seldom that one hears of one of these associations closing its doors for lack of support. Businesses may "A' gang tapsalteerie O," but never the athletic club.

Very often of an evening as one is wending one's way homeward, "'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," swift footfalls, quick and heavy breathing reach the ear, and before the startled pedestrian can turn to see what is the matter, a form arrayed in classically scant apparel darts past and vanishes in the gathering gloom like a sheeted ghost at the clarion voice of morn's shrill herald. It is only a harrier training for the coming struggles across field and fell. As the "Good Gray Poet" puts it:

"On a flat road runs the well-trained runner,
He is lean and sinewy with muscular legs,
He is thinly clothed, he leans forward as he runs
With lightly closed fists and arms partially raised."

Like Shakespeare's description of a thoroughbred horse, that description of a runner as we see him here nearly all the year round, is perfect.

Victoria and Vancouver have the sea, and so has Nanaimo, while New Westminster, Kamloops, and the cities of the Kootenays and Okanagon have rivers and lakes whereon to practice the aquatic sports; and very fully do they take advantage of their opportunities. We have some rowing crews and single-scull oarsmen who would be no mean opponents for the best in the east. Then Victoria has a flourishing yacht club which is able to give a good account of itself against the American visitors who come over in the season to sail at the regattas; and the Yankees have always been noted for their trim craft and winning ways.

We have also a strong polo club in Victoria; the members can ride their mounts like centaurs and play a game worthy of the "crack" teams of the Indian army. At least, so say visitors from India who pass through on their way home to England. As might be expected in such a country as British Columbia, there are gun clubs galore. Our forests abound with game of all kinds, from the giant caribou and cinnamon bear to the common or garden "mush rat." The luxuriant undergrowth of the forest here affords shelter for myriads of game birds. Few things are more exhilarating than to traverse the British Columbian woods on a clear frosty morning with the gun on shoulder and the dogs at heel and see the whirring grouse and partridges rise on every hand; or to skirt the margin of lake or river where the ducks are feeding in thousands, as one may find them in the season in the broad lagoons of the Fraser or at Okanagon Lake. He is a poor gunner who cannot get a good bag in this Province. This, I believe, is the only part of Canada where one may still see a "rattling good mill with the mittens," as the ultra-sporting gentlemen phrase it. I was invited to witness such a match the other evening in a public hall in Victoria, and I must confess that for those who care for that sort of thing it was worth going ten miles to see. Up at Rossland the other evening, two gentlemen "put them on" for a purse of several hundreds of dollars; and the sincere nature of the gentlemen may be judged from the opening sentence of the local paper's report of the soiree: "At the call of time the men mixed up like the ingredients of a sausage machine, and the fur and the Burgundy (blood) started for all parts of the compass." It is perhaps as well to relate that one of the contestants was knocked insensible in the third round, to the enormous disgust of the refined assemblage. Those facts may serve to show that there is a breezy freedom about life here that is denied the effete east. I might descant upon the ecstatic delights of summer canoeing on our lovely fiords, lakes and streams, but perhaps I have said enough to prove British Columbia's claim to be a paradise for those who have the leisure to indulge in sports and pastimes.

*Thomas L. Grahame.*

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

PALM SUNDAY IN ROME.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. APRIL, 1898. No. 6.

## ROME DURING HOLY WEEK.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

*Omar Khayyam.*

THE balmy air of spring is touching all nature with its caressing breath, as it roams to and fro above the infinite melancholy and majesty of the wide-stretching Campagna; making murmurous music amongst the reeds and grasses, whispering in mystic monotone in the lonely hollows and undulations. A faint purple mist softens the outline of the distant hills, and wraps the horizon in a slumberous haze; the moss-grown ruins are radiant with young and tender greens, trailing their delicate tendrils over the gaping wounds, and concealing the humiliation of once stately piles. Over all the vast meadows and treeless slopes lie, in prodigal confusion, tender wide-eyed anemones of many hues, the winsome, pink fringed daisy, and a gracious myraid of wild flowers bathed in the golden light of an Italian April.

Like a ribbon of silver—winding in and out between low-lying desolate banks—old Father Tiber moves sluggishly. He shakes his hoary head and drones over the memories of twice ten hundred years, as he travels on towards the ocean in turns and twists of tawny gleam, across the illusive distance of "the drear and lifeless sea" to the ancient port of Ostia.

The grass-grown plain, enveloped in an impenetrable shroud of mystery, broods silently like a great lonely soul that has suffered, stern, hopeless, and apart, with the hand of fate heavily upon it, exhausted by its burden of pain and holding in its lifeless breast the secrets of a buried past.

Far down the lengthening way of the Via Appia, like a jewel flashing in the hollow of its hand, lies the "Eternal City" in the midst of the Roman Campagna.

Glowing with opaline tints beneath the brilliance of an Italian sky, the great dome—head and centre of Rome—stands out strongly against a background of ethereal blue, drawing all eyes to itself—the nucleus of the world.

Palaces, churches, statues and minarets, rise from the midst of a conglomerate mass of irregular roofs of all conceivable forms. The majestic ruins of the Palatine Hill, which once sheltered the proud heads of the Cæsars; the site of the Golden House of Nero; the splendid sweep of the mighty Colosseum; the baths of Caracalla and many lesser

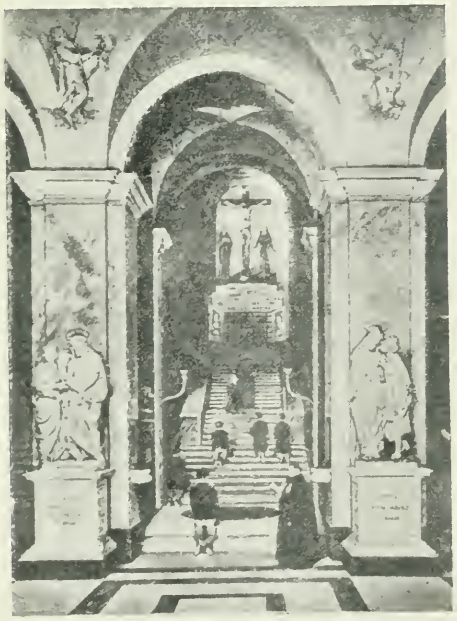
ruins, royal, magnificent, tragic, in decay, are encroached upon and dwarfed by the erection of barrack-like buildings which spread their ever-increasing proportions in all directions.

The Rome of a new epoch is making war upon the lingering dignity of a passionate past.

In no place can the mutability of life be more closely observed and pondered than in Rome, and once more the Eternal City is standing on the brink of a revolution ; if she has not already been engulfed. There is war between past and future ; utilitarianism and the impracticability of the picturesque ; tradition—remembrance and the matter-of-fact needs of modern necessity, between the goddess of beauty and the worshipper of the golden calf.

The glory of Rome has departed. The glory of its kings and emperors ; of its republics ; of its marvellous ruins ; of its popes, of whom only a picturesque "Prisoner of the Vatican" remains.

Faiths come and go with their pathetic history of frenzied devotion, blind martyrdom, and hopeless longing after ideals which crumble in the dust by the weight of their own illusions ; each faith leaving its impress upon the life of the child which repudiates its parentage. Superstitions and customs cling about the rites and beliefs of a living Church which have their roots buried deep in the rich imagination of the early ages, and speak of the ceaseless striving of the spirit which has ever breathed over the troublous waters of human life.

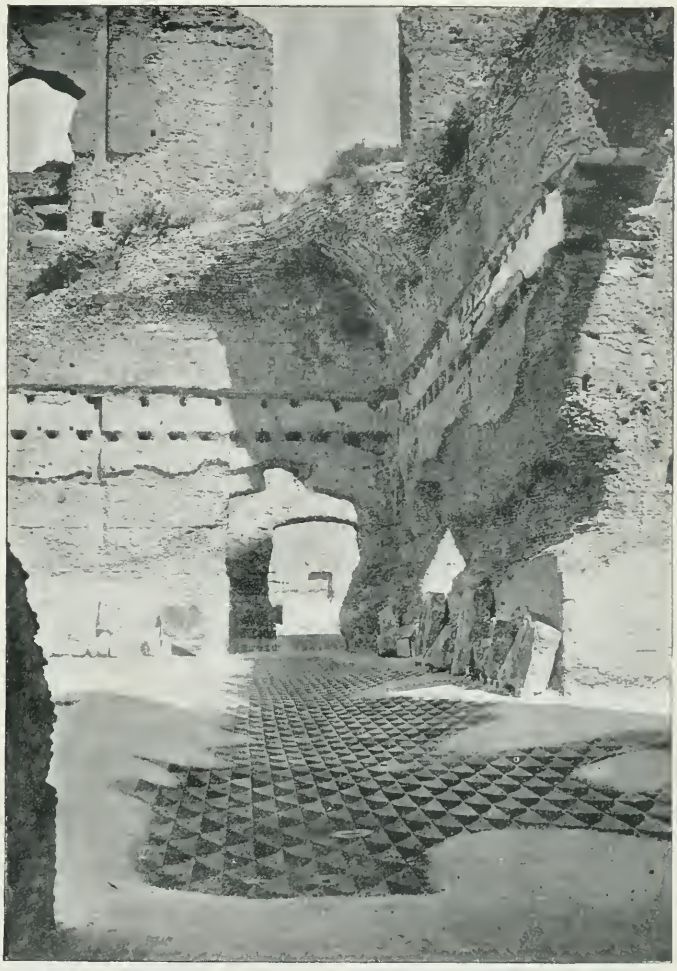


THE SCALA SANTA.

It is Easter-tide and the "Queen of Nations" is wearing her deepest garb of woe and penance. The fasting and mourning of Lent are culminating in numerous services, and a great concourse of people from all parts of the world is gathered in anticipation of the Church's most solemn hour and highest festival—now but a feeble reflection of the pomp and circumstance of Roman spiritual power in the heyday of its splendour.

In the already languorous heat of a mid-day sun the Piazza di Spagna is filled with the idle of many nations, gathered at the foot of the noble steps which lead up to the Trinita di Monti, and about the Barcaccia fountain casting its sparkling waters in a thousand sheddings of diamond sprays. High about its brink, banked in careless profusion, a mass of exquisite spring flowers lie with their sun-kissed petals gleaming in the cool mist of the fountain, tempting the unwary to lavish expenditure of centimes.

Many types and many personalities move to and fro in the colour, gaiety and brilliance of the Piazza. An odd collection of individuals, animated by the same desires, the result of many diverse influences. The bookworm, who has dreamed and worshipped from afar ; the butterflies of fashion, relentlessly driven by the desire to emulate their neighbours in the race for pleasure ; the heart-weary, for whom the good times of life are over ; the artist, seeking to slack his insatiable thirst for the beautiful—all meet on common ground, each eager to gain through mental and physical turmoil his own especial object.

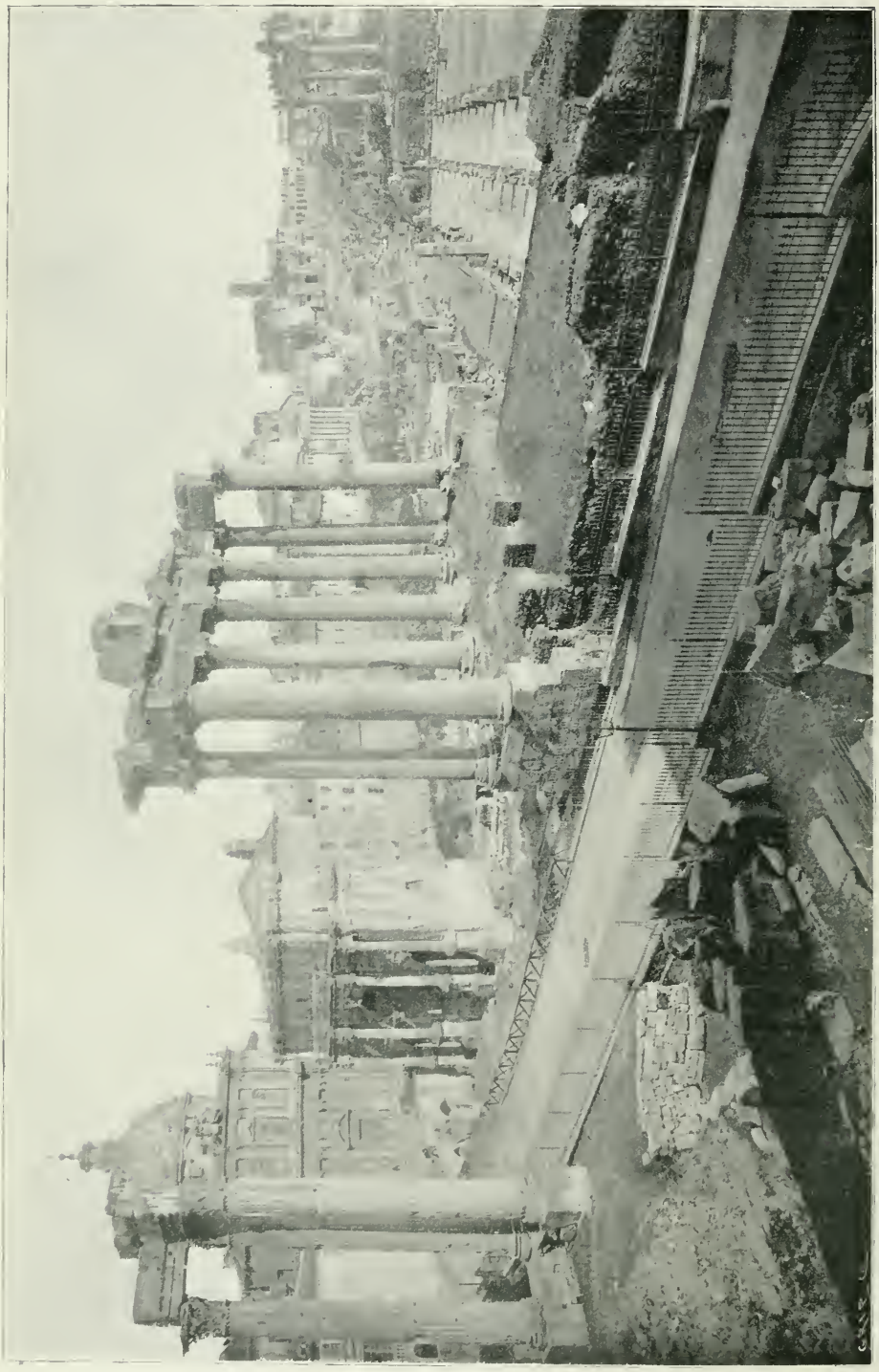


THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

With feverish excitement they enter the treadmill of Holy Week, and rush hither and thither from early morning until sundown, and even far into the dark hours of the night, on a mad hunt after services. It requires an astonishing amount of vitality and endurance. The spoilt darling of fashion pushes, struggles and pants shoulder to shoulder with contadini, Roman beggars or converted Jew. Prince and beggar, devotee and irreverent globe-trotter stand side by side yearning for excitement. The strangers, without sympathy or understanding, thrust themselves as near as possible to the sanctuary, to see what is to them nothing more or less than a show. They press even upon the space reserved for the officiating priests. They comment upon the ritual in audible whispers, with little respect for the services of a foreign country's National Church.

It would be somewhat wearisome to give in detail the many ceremonies which follow each other in rapid succession through the long hours of Holy Week, and which are disappointing after the descriptions of Roman ceremonials thirty or forty years ago. Leo XIII., self-named "The Prisoner of the Vatican," having retired absolutely from all public functions within the last few years, is probably the *raison d'être* for an absence of the extreme impressiveness, which one is led to expect, under the shadow of the supreme head of the Church.

At San Pietro, San Giovanni Laterano, Santa Maria Maggiore and all the principal churches temporary balconies are erected (it is almost unnecessary to mention the well-known fact that churches on the Continent have no stationary seats) containing a limited number of seats reserved by ticket, thereby considerably increasing the



SOME OF THE RUINS AT ROME.

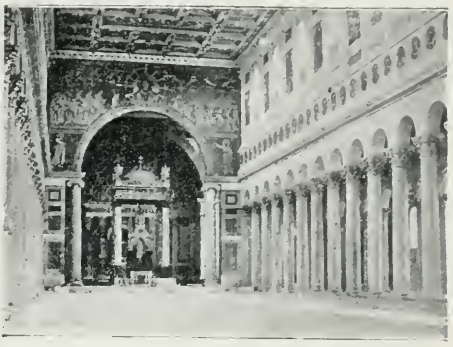
labour of ceremonial hunting, because of the red-tape surrounding the much-desired permits.

Palm Sunday is the first of the series, when, at a very early hour in the morning, the historic palms are blessed and distributed by the Cardinal Chief Penitentiary, who, also, amongst other things, with a long, white wand touches the heads of the prelates, assistants, and all the people who have the good fortune to be within his reach and obtain the "indulgences" thus dispensed. All classes during that day carry these precious little bits of palm, which by some especial process in the growing are bleached white, and resemble small bits of curled shavings tied in the shape of tiny trees. In many cases these holy palms have been sold at exorbitant prices by smart little boys on the piazza of St. Peter's, swearing lustily that they have all been blessed by the Pope.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Tenebrae (of which the literal meaning is darkness) is sung at Vespers, without organ accompaniment, followed by the Miserere ; after which the congregation receives the blessing of the sacred relics, shown from balconies at such a height above the people that it is impossible to distinguish one precious article from the other.

Tenebrae, though long, is a solemn and beautiful service to those who have informed themselves as to its meaning. Fifteen Psalms are chanted antiphonally, and at the end of each chant one candle from a group on the altar is put out, typifying the falling away of the disciples at the last hour ; the thirteenth and fourteenth candles are symbolical of the two Marys, and the fifteenth is carried away behind the altar, and brought back at the end of the service as typical of the resurrection.

Holy Thursday is one of the most solemn of the seven days. At the morning service the Holy oils are consecrated. The bells are rung for the last time, after which even public and private clocks are silenced till Saturday at noon. In some of the churches the washing of the feet of beggars is performed, an act of devotion formerly universal amongst the noble classes and dignitaries of the Church, headed by the Holy Father himself, in imitation of Christ's humiliation. The Holy Sepulchre, laden with exquisite flowers, and lighted by wax candles, is exhibited in many churches as an exact copy of the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour in Jerusalem, from Thursday till Friday night, and throngs of the faithful pass through the streets to visit them until the churches close at 10 p.m.



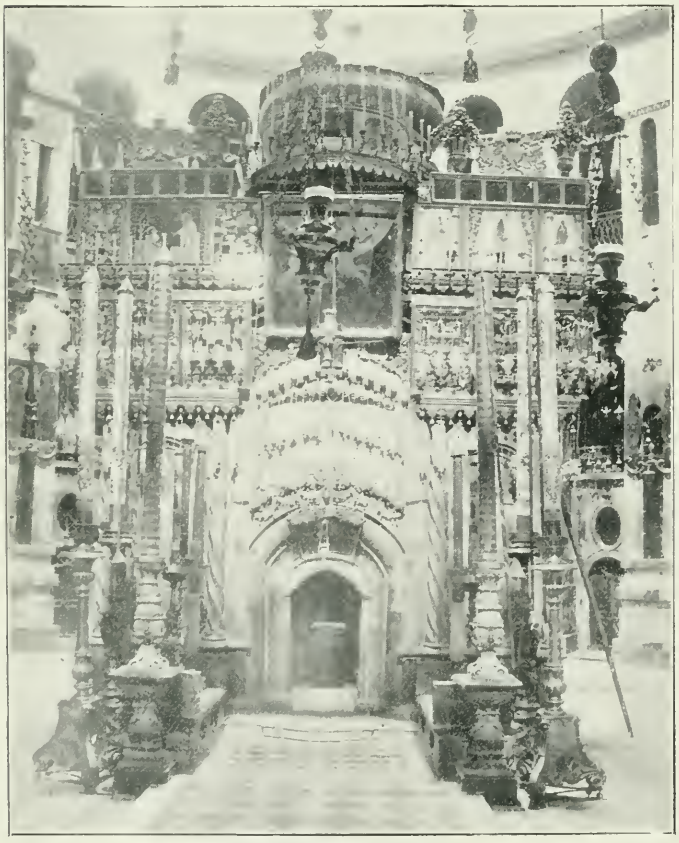
S. PAOLO FUORI.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday streams of people turn from the Piazza di Spagna down the Via Condotti and across the narrow and far-famed Corso, through an interminable intricacy of narrow streets, across the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, past the great castle of that name and on to the Piazza of St. Peter's, surrounded by the magnificent semi-circle of its forest-like colonnades. The crowd thickens as it surges up the steps before the portico and passes under the heavy leathern hanging which divides the interior of St. Peter's from the outer world.

A subdued roar, swelling and then subsiding like the muffled moan of the sea, bursts upon the ear of the spectator as he stands a moment bewildered in the great nave. A vast concourse of people, tens of thousands, is gathered from the ends of the earth under the distant dome and beneath the shadowing arches of *the* cathedral of the world. The multitude sways back and

forth, carelessly idle, as though gathered in the pleasure spaces of some great arcade. The tongues of every nation mingle on all sides, and every curious, twisted assortment of man made in the image of God leans in idle converse against massive pillars supporting mighty statues swathed in wild draperies and towsled hair. One moves easily up the great spaces that are still left, despite the immense crowds, to where, in the distant gloaming, can be heard faint echoes of music. About the High Altar, canopied by the great Baldichino placed under the central dome, the people are packed closer, and one stands awhile in wonderment at the surging throng listening to the vespers still vague and distant.

Within the chancel the people stand in a solid block, and here, while the twilight deepens, falling softly on the people and separating each from the other as by a heavy veil, they listen to the solemn chanting of Tenebrae. The vast cathedral is wrapt in the black pall of night, and the giant statues, arches, aisles, and domes fade into deep and mystic distance, with only the ruddy glare of a single light shining through the latticed front of the choir-loft. A deep pause after Tenebrae is finished, and the sound of the restless multitude becomes a low, expectant murmur. Then a feeling of awe touches the lightest, as from far among the distant arches comes a thread of pure music that seems to have no beginning, trembling, vibrating, as it is poised a moment high above in the depths of invisible space; a stray note as of angel melody that has wandered from the choir of heaven. Gradually it grows in rich volume till the vast spaces are pervaded with a tumultuous rush of exquisite sound, filled with the grief and pathos of the Psalmist, and the first wailing notes of the Miserere pour forth from the silver throat of the Pope's "angel," Moreschi. Then the despairing cry is taken up by many voices, mingling, parting and crossing each other in a wondrous succession of minors and cadences filled with the woe of unspeakable sorrow, rising and swelling till the farthest niches and chapels echo again and again with a sublime mingling of passionate, imploring tones, weary and



"THE HOLY SEPULCHRE."

heavy laden with the burden of sin; then, possessed of an infinite sadness, the notes fall, linger again with ineffable sweetness, fade and pass away in the silver, thread-like notes as they came. Such sounds can never quite pass from the hearer's heart. After the last soul-stirring notes have died away there is intense stillness for a space. Then the cardinals, priests and their train of acolyths and assistants form in procession. A few glaring torches now placed at long intervals throw an uncertain glare over the nearer faces of the densely-packed people, leaving the greater mass in deepest shadow; a weird, curious scene, such as may hardly be seen twice in a lifetime, Holy Thursday evening being the only occasion in the year on which St. Peter's is lighted. The crowd, kept back vigorously by officials appointed for that purpose, hems in the procession on either side as it forms in due order of precedence, and proceeds towards the High Altar beneath the great central dome, which has been divested of all its sacred coverings.

SERVICE AT ST. PETER'S.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"A vast concourse of people is gathered from the hills of the earth under the distant dome and beneath the shadowing arches of *the* cathedral of the world."

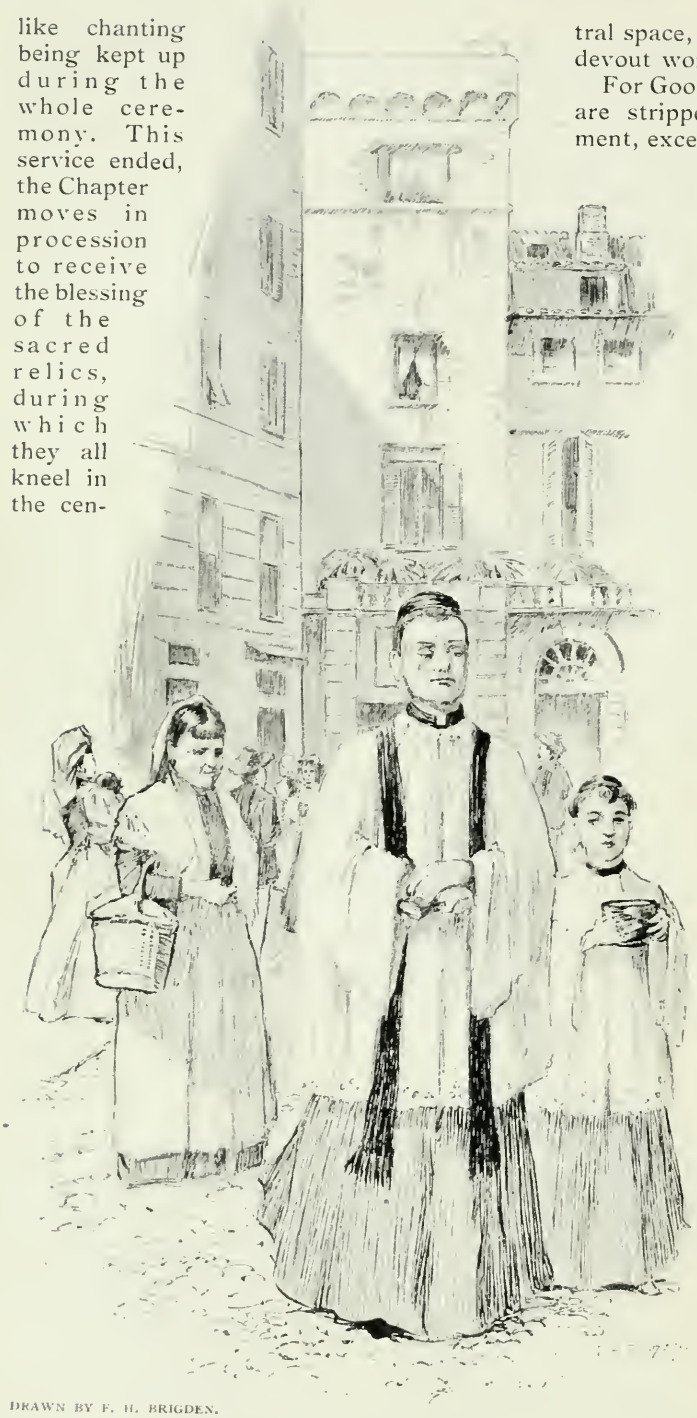
The lustration of the altar is then performed, with the flaring light of the torches focused upon the shimmering robes of the priests raised above a sea of white, upturned faces, framed in a background of intense darkness. Each cardinal and priest, in turn of rank, takes a silver vase filled with wine, and pours it upon the Holy table. Then with the aspergillum, made of some fluffy white material tied in a bunch attached to a long handle, the wine is rubbed in and wiped up with sponges, an accompaniment of dirge-

like chanting being kept up during the whole ceremony. This service ended, the Chapter moves in procession to receive the blessing of the sacred relics, during which they all kneel in the central space, surrounded by many devout worshippers.

For Good Friday the churches are stripped bare of all ornament, excepting where the scene of the Crucifixion is represented. During the Mass of the Presanctified the services of the "Discovery" and "Adoration" of the cross are performed, after which, at St. Peter's, the Chapter moves in solemn procession to close the Holy Sepulchre. From twelve to three the service of the "Tre Ore" is observed with much devotion.

The services of Easter eve are not of any importance, and it is not explained why the bells are rung, the organ played again at High Pontifical Mass, and the altars decked in white and brillian tly lighted, accompanied by every indication of joy, so many hours before the resurrection on Easter morn.

A quaint custom, and one which is rather appealing, is performed every Easter eve in Rome and throughout the villages and country parts of Italy. It is the



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

PRIEST AND ACOLYTE.

"Priests in their cassocks and white surplices, bareheaded except for the little black cap, pass and re-pass through the streets, in and out of every house, each with his acolyte bearing holy water."

blessing of every individual room, flat and house, in every district. Priests in their cassocks and white surplices, bareheaded except for the little black cap, pass and re-pass through the streets, in and out of every house, each with his acolyth bearing the holy water. Entering every room, they pronounce some sacred words and sprinkle it and all its inmates with holy water. It is a touching custom, and I have known Protestants to be distressed if through inadvertence they have failed to receive the Priest's blessing given in this simple manner.

Since the Pope has given up all public duties, Easter has been denuded of much of its splendour. But music of indescribable beauty is still to be heard, and the Pope's two "angels" thrill one to positive pain with the marvellous quality of their voices. Having the brilliance of a soprano, the sonorous richness of a contralto, combined with the ineffable flute-like melody of the English boy chorister, they produce tones of extraordinary pathos and richness, and fill the great cathedrals of Rome with a flood of passionate, tender melody which once heard can never pass from one's memory.

Until very recently the Easter rejoicings were performed with extraordinary pomp. The Vicar of Christ, clad in royal vestments blazing with jewels, wearing the triple crown, denoting the union of temporal and spiritual power, was carried throughout the grand length of his Basilica in his Sedia Gestatoria beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, while on his right and left were borne the great fans—or flabelli—of peacock's feathers, signifying the vigilant eyes of the Church. Cardinals, bishops, priests and patriarchs surrounded him, gorgeous in embroideries of gold and silver, in mantles of crimson velvet and ermine, flowing trains, mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, presenting a scene of impressive magnificence, worthy to succeed the traditional glories of the "Mistress of the World."

With Easter-day the ceremonials of Holy Week and the Church's solemn Lenten observances are brought to a conclusion. The crowds of curious sightseers, who have flocked from all parts of the world and filled the broad piazzas and narrow winding streets to overflowing, melt away as suddenly as they came, and make their way northward to the lovely City of Flowers in search of fresh fields of amusement and sensation.

*Constance Rudyerd Boulton.*

## SONG.

O for her eyes that lift and shine
To the sound of my greeting word!
O for the touch of her hand in mine
When the footing of Spring is heard!

O for the light of her true, brave smile,
When my goings are dark to me;
O for her voice and her lips the while
As summer dawns over sea.

*—A. B. de Mille.*

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

MARKET SLIP AT ST. JOHN, N.B., WHERE THE LOYALISTS FIRST LANDED, 18TH MAY, 1873.

# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## VI.—THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS (1776-1784).

THE twenty years between the Treaty of Paris and the acknowledgment of the independence of the old English colonies, ever since known as the United States of America, may be fairly considered one of the most important periods in the history of the Provinces which now form such influential sections of the Canadian Dominion. The French in the valley of the St. Lawrence then obtained legal guarantees for the preservation of their language, religion and civil law by the passage of the imperial statute, known as the Quebec Act. During the War of Independence, when Canada was invaded, and seemed more than once on the point of falling into the hands of the army of the Continental Congress, the generous and just temper which the Imperial Government showed towards the French Canadians had the effect of satisfying the priests and seigniors, who fully appreciated the security that was to be found in British connection. Happily for Canada, at that time Sir Guy Carleton, a skilful soldier, was at the head of affairs. He succeeded in holding Quebec with a small force of regular troops and Canadian militia, after the occupation of Montreal by the revolutionary army; and when Montgomery fell in his rash attempt to surprise the old capital, the tide of invasion was soon forced back beyond the frontier, and Canada was saved to England. In the rebellious colonies, however, no such signal

FROM AN IVORY MINIATURE.

GIDEON WHITE—ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF SHELBURNE, N.S.

success was won by the royal forces. On the contrary, the extraordinary incapacity of the British generals, from Gage to Clinton, lost what was then the noblest portion of the colonial empire of England. When Cornwallis, who was never properly supported, was obliged to surrender to the superior forces of Rochambeau and Washington at Yorktown in the autumn of 1781, the independence of the rebellious colonists was practically assured, and the power of England, which had never been so great as at the close of the Seven Years' War, sustained a blow from which some European statesmen thought and hoped she would never recover. But the very event which seemed likely to darken her imperial prospects had the happy and unexpected result of building up new provinces with a people animated by feelings of the deepest devotion to the British Crown, and of laying the foundations of a new Dominion which, within less time than a century, would extend over an imperial domain hardly inferior in extent of territory and resources to the present United States. While the Quebec Act of 1774 firmly established the French Canadian nationality on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Treaty of 1783, which closed the war of the American revolution, led immediately to the migration into the British possessions, east and north of the new republic, of a large body of people who had remained faithful to England during the unhappy struggle between the King and his rebellious subjects, and were obliged at last to seek a refuge from the malignant and persistent persecution of their old neighbours.

The coming of these people, gener-

AN OLD LOYALIST HOME, THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE, AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OLD HOUSE AT SHELBURNE, N.S., (1783-1898).

ally known by the name that was appropriately given to them at a later time in recognition of their fidelity to a United Empire, was a most auspicious event for the British American provinces, the greater part of which was still a wilderness. In the Acadian provinces, afterwards divided into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there was a British population of only some fourteen thousand souls, mostly confined to the peninsula. In the valley of the St. Lawrence there was a French population of nearly 100,000 persons, dwelling chiefly on the banks of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal. The total British population of the province of Quebec did not exceed 2,500, residing for the most part in the towns of Quebec and Montreal. No English people were found west of Lake St. Louis, and what is now the populous province of Ontario was an entire wilderness except where loyal refugees had gathered about the English fort at Niagara or a few French settlers had made homes for themselves by the side of the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. The migration of between thirty and forty thousand Loyalists to the Maritime Provinces and the valley of the St. Lawrence was the saving of British interests in the great region which England still happily retained in North America.

A review of all the lists of Loyalists that have come down to us shows how large a proportion of the best people of the Atlantic colonies had sacrificed their happiness, comfort and wealth for the sake of principle. The colleges of Harvard, Yale and King's contribut-

SIR JOHN JOHNSON.

ed some of their most distinguished graduates to the same cause, and not a few of them found their way to the British Maritime Provinces. Some of the ablest writers of the colonies were on the Loyalist side from the very commencement of the controversy. Jonathan Bliss, Jonathan Odell, Charles Inglis—three names well known to Canadian history—Samuel Seabury, Joseph Galloway, Miles Cooper, Daniel Leonard and Joseph Stansbury were the noted authors of essays or sermons or satirical poems written to promote the cause of peace, order and British connection. The leading men among the Loyalists possessed the finest homes and estates of the country—notably in New England. Their property was confiscated, and never restored in the majority of cases. Amid the elms of Cambridge, within sight of Harvard College, where so many of the eminent Loyalists were educated, we can still see old spacious mansions which were once the homes of the men who clung through good and evil report to the royal cause. Many Canadians have looked with respect and pleasure on the dignified old house, now sacred to the memory of the author of "Evangeline," but how few of them have been told that it was once the home of a Loyalist, Colonel John Vassall. The same is true of "Elmwood," which was built by Thomas Oliver, the last of the royal lieutenant-governors, and became the favourite residence of James Russell Lowell, whose name will be always respected by Englishmen and Canadians as that of a man who had veneration and love for the great land from which the founders of New England came in the first half of the seventeenth century.

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING.

JOSEPH BRANT (THAYENDANEGEA).

Brant's Tomb.

MOHAWK CHURCH AT BRANTFORD, BUILT BY GEO. III., 1785.

The loyal party, according to some authori-

WILLIAM JARVIS.

A member of Governor Simcoe's first Council, and formerly an officer in the Queen's Rangers.

ties, comprised the majority of the people from the very beginning to the end of the conflict — certainly, one-third, according to the admission of John Adams himself—and they could alone have subdued the rebellious element had there been any unity among themselves at the commencement of the struggle, or had they been led by a man like Sir Guy Carleton when they were formed into loyal regiments. It is said that at least twenty-five thousand Loyalists were in active service during the war. One excellent authority* is of opinion that there were actually from thirty to thirty-five thousand, at one time or other, enrolled in regularly organized corps, without including the bodies which waged a general warfare in South Carolina and elsewhere, or the bands of associated Loyalists in New York. These figures include, however, the regiments which were organized in Canada under Haldimand as well as in the southern division, which extended from Nova Scotia to Florida. It is safe to say that upwards of twenty-five thousand Loyalists fought within the limits of the rebellious colonies.

The revolutionary party, even during the first phases of the controversy, treated their loyal opponents with extraordinary vindictiveness. The records of many families, who settled in the Canadian provinces, show to what a shameless degree some of the rebels carried their animosity. Churches were desecrated and clergymen insulted, because they refused to cease praying for the King and all legally constituted authorities. It is well to remember that the majority of the most influential Loyalists did not even sympathize with the ill-judged measures of the Imperial Government, but looked upon the controversy as open to argument, conciliation and compromise, and not to be best settled by mob violence, de struction of private property and defiance of law. At last, when the battle was fought between the English soldiers and the "minute-men" at Lexington, the revolutionary party became truly formidable, and the Loyalists, who had argued so long and fairly for a settlement on principles of compromise, had no other alternative than to follow the flag which was always for them the symbol of their allegiance to the Crown and the Empire.

The articles of peace, which were signed in 1783, afforded no adequate protection to the men who had fought and suffered for King and country. The weak Congress, which then nominally governed the feeble confederation, had no real influence over the States when the question arose of carrying out the provisions of the treaty and granting an amnesty to the people who wished to be restored to their homes and estates, or obtain at least some compensation for them. The legislatures of these States were animated by a purely revengeful spirit, and few, if any, estates were given back to their lawful owners. In many places men were tarred and feathered, and even

* Reverend W. O. Raymond, of St. John, N.B.—the able author of several pamphlets on the Loyalists—in a letter to the writer.

hanged, for daring to remain in the country. Many thousands had no choice open to them except to seek refuge in Florida, the West Indies, the British Isles, and in the wilderness which still belonged to Great Britain in North America. It is impossible to tell exactly how many persons altogether became exiles. All the men who had taken an active part in the war, and were consequently most hated by the successful revolutionists, certainly left the United States. As we know that at the very least twenty-five thousand men fought in the regularly organized royal regiments, we may fairly estimate that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children, were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world. Of this number, between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the remainder in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

The British Government granted pecuniary compensation and lands to the Loyalists who had suffered such great losses—almost irreparable in many cases—for the sake of the Empire. It took some years before the pecuniary claims of the numerous applicants for aid could be investigated and relief afforded. Many persons felt all the misery of "hope deferred." In 1786 a writer stated that "this delay of justice has produced the most melancholy and shocking events." Eventually the exiles, who made out their claims, were voted by Parliament an allowance of nearly sixteen millions of dollars; others received considerable annuities, half-pay of military officers, large grants of lands, and offices in the provinces.

In Nova Scotia the principal settlements of the exiles were in the present counties of Annapolis, Digby, Shelburne, and Guysboro', but a considerable number also found homes in the old settled townships where the American Pre-Loyalists, Irish, Germans and others had established themselves from 1749 until 1783. Nearly all the men who came to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had served in the royal regiments of the old colonies. The condition of many of the people is described in 1783 by Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia, as "most wretched." They were "destitute of almost everything, chiefly women and children, all still on board the vessels," and he had not been "able to find a place for them, though the cold was setting in very severe." Rude huts were erected for the temporary accommodation of these unhappy people when all the available buildings were crowded. At Guysboro', the first village which was hurriedly built by the settlers was destroyed by a bush fire, and many persons only saved their lives by rushing into the sea.

The Loyalists had also to suffer much in the valley of the St. John. Many of the people spent their first

TRINITY CHURCH.
A memorial of the Loyalists at St. John, N.B.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ADOLPHUSTOWN (ONTARIO) MEMORIAL CHURCH.

winter in log huts, bark camps, and tents covered with spruce, or rendered habitable only by the heavy banks of snow which were piled against them. A number of persons died through exposure, and "strong, proud men," to quote the words of one who lived in those sorrowful days, "wept like children," and lay down in their snow-bound tents to die. The difficulties of the settlers appear to have been aggravated by doubts as to the location of their promised grants of land, and the coldness and jealousy with which they were received by the old settlers on the St. John River, who, in the majority of cases, had little sympathy with the resolute loyalty that had driven them from their old homes n the United States.

However, the provincial authorities, in accordance with their instructions, did their best to ameliorate the condition of the refugees. Supplies of the necessaries of life were granted to the people for three years. At Port Roseway, now Shelburne, and at the mouth of the River St. John—to quote the words of Colonel Morse, in 1784—"astonishing towns have been raised in less time, perhaps, than was ever known in any country before." Shelburne was for some years a place of great expectations, and had a population larger than that of Quebec and Montreal combined, but it transpired after a short and bitter experience that it had none of the elements of stable prosperity, largely owing to the rugged nature of the country around it; and when the British Government stopped the supplies and withdrew the troops, its people began to leave and seek homes elsewhere in the provinces, and a few even in the United States. A pretty town now nestles by the side of the beautiful and spacious harbour which attracted the first ill-fated settlers, and its residents point out to the tourist the sites of the buildings of last century, one or two which still remain, and show you many documents and relics of the days when the old inhabitants were full of hope. Parrtown was the first name of the infant settlement which became the city of St. John in 1785, when it wa

incorporated. Its site was wisely chosen at the entrance of the noble river which stretches into the heart of the province, and gives admirable facilities for commercial intercourse. The first landing of the loyal pioneers took place on the 18th May, 1783, at what is now the market slip of this interesting city. The total population of the province did not, previous to 1783, exceed seven hundred souls, and these were chiefly at Maugerville and other places on the great river.

A small number of loyal refugees had found their way to the valley of the St. Lawrence as early as 1778, and obtained employment in the regiments organised under Sir John Johnson and others. It was not until 1783 and 1784 that the large proportion of the exiles came to Canada, and settled chiefly on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence, in what are now called the counties of Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Addington, Lennox, Hastings, and Prince Edward, where their descendants are still numerous, possess fine farms and homes, and in many cases have acquired wealth and positions of honour and trust. Butler's Rangers, who took so active a part in the war, settled in the Niagara District, and a few other persons on the shores of Lake Erie. The majority of the Highland regiments—the first battalions of the King's New York Royal Regiment and the Royal Highland Emigrants or 84th—went to the townships now comprised in Glengarry, Stormont and Dundas. The first township, that of Kingston, was mainly settled by Captain Grass and other Loyallists who came from New York by the way of the St. Lawrence. The second township, Ernestown, in which is situated the historic village of Bath, as well as the third township, Fredericksburg, were granted to soldiers of the second battalion of the King's New York Royal Regiment and Royal Greens—the latter the designation given them by the rebels. Jessup's corps of Loyal Rangers established themselves in Edwardsburg and Augusta and near the present town of Brockville—first known as Elizabethtown—while Rogers' corps passed on to the Bay of Quinte. Many of these disbanded troops were of Dutch or German origin—a fact which will explain the names of many people who still live on the St. Lawrence. The fourth township was Adolphustown, which was taken up by Mr. Van Alstine and a number of other persons from the present State of New York, some of whom had also served in loyal regiments.

The village of Adolphustown was for some years prominent in the social and political life of Upper Canada. It was the birth-place of Judge Hagerman, an able and eloquent Canadian, and it is stated that the great Canadian Prime Minister Sir John Macdonald was among the youth who attended its schools in later times. A small memorial church, designed with much taste, has been erected most properly in this old home of the Loyalists. It is now chiefly a place of memories, where the historical student can find much to interest him in its old burying-ground and other relics of the past.

A number of Hessians found their way to the township of Marysburgh, where they were unable, for the most part, to struggle with the difficulties of the wilderness, but of course they were not Loyalists. Some settlers also obtained grants of land in Ameliasburgh and other townships of Prince Edward and Hastings, but they do not require any special mention here.

The grants of land made to the Loyalists and their children were large, and in later years a considerable portion passed into the hands of speculators, who bought them up at nominal sums. It was in connection with these grants that the name of "United Empire Loyalists" originated. When Lord Dorchester, even better known as Sir Guy Carleton, was Governor-General, an order-in-council was passed at Quebec on the 9th of February, 1798, expressing his "wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who had adhered to the Unity of the Empire and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in 1783." Accord-

ingly, the names of all persons falling under this designation were to be recorded as far as possible in order that "their posterity may be discriminated from future settlers in the parish lists and rolls of the militia of their respective districts, and other public remembrancers of the province."

It does not appear that a similar order-in-council was passed in the Maritime Provinces, but, nevertheless, the descendants of twenty-five thousand or more people can with perfect justice claim on similar grounds the same high distinction.

It is not possible here to describe the privations and struggles of the exiles to make for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The difficulties appear to have been greater in the St. Lawrence valley, where the people were relatively poor, than in the case of the settlers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the leading men held good offices, received in some cases pecuniary compensation, or had succeeded in saving a pittance from their broken fortunes. In Upper Canada and elsewhere, while the Government continued to supply provisions and tools, the troubles of new settlement were considerably diminished, but as soon as the people were all thrown upon their own resources, the years of real trial began. Many of the settlers had lived in towns, and were entirely ignorant of farming. Others had become accustomed to the life of the camp, and began to think their "rations" would continue in their new homes. In a year of famine starvation stared hundreds in the face, and it is surprising that death did not come to many.

If we review the lists of the Loyalists who settled in the Maritime Provinces we find the names of many men who had distinguished themselves in divinity, law, medicine, and commerce in the old colonies, especially in New England. Among them were some who were direct descendants of the famous Puritan migration of 1629-1640. The first Bishop of the Church of England in British North America was the Right Reverend Dr. Inglis, once the rector of Trinity Church, New York, whose son also became a Bishop of Nova Scotia, and whose grandson was the hero of Lucknow. The Reverend Matthew Byles, of Boston, the second rector of Trinity Church in St. John, New Brunswick, the Reverend Isaac Wilkins, of New York, the Reverend Jonathan Odell, of New Jersey, the clever loyal satirist, and the Reverend Joseph Bailey, of Maine, were among the clergymen who went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Senator Almon, of Halifax, is a descendant of Mr. Byles on his mother's side, and the name of Wilkins is found in the roll of judges and public men of Nova Scotia. The venerable rector of Shelburne, Dr. White, is the youngest son of Captain Gideon White, one of the founders of that historic town, who was the great-grandson of the first-born of New England. Other prominent exiles were these: John Howe, the father of Joseph Howe, and one of the printers of the "News-Letter," the first paper permanently established in America; Miner Huntington, who was connected with the Cromwell family; Ward Chipman, a graduate of Harvard, who became prominent in the official life of New Brunswick; William Sandford Oliver, the son of the last royal lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, and the first sheriff of St. John; Foster Hutchinson, the brother of the great governor of Massachusetts, who suffered so deeply for the royal cause; Colonel James de Lancey, who belonged to a Huguenot family, distinguished then as now in the records of the State of New York; Jonathan Sewell, at one time attorney-general of Massachusetts, and the father of a Chief Justice of Lower Canada; Sampson Salter Blowers, Jonathan Bliss and Daniel Bliss, all graduates of Harvard, conspicuous in the public life of New England, as they were at a later time in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; George Duncan Ludlow, the first Chief Justice of the latter province, who had been also a judge of the Supreme Court of New York. The Robinsons of Ontario and New Brunswick were

descended from an eminent English family of Virginia. Christopher Robinson, of Virginia, the head of the Ontario family, first settled in Wilmot, in the historical county of Annapolis, and went to Canada some years later. He was the brother of Beverley Robinson, of New York, whose name is associated with that fatal interview between Arnold and André which ended in the death of the one and the flight of the other. Beverley Robinson, who was opposed to the injudicious measures of the British Government, but was not prepared to promote a rebellion, received an appointment to the Council of New Brunswick, but never came from England to assume the position. His son of the same name was one of the founders of Shelburne, but afterwards went to New Brunswick and became an Executive Councillor. His brother John also occupied prominent positions in the same province, including the Mayoralty of St. John; and his tombstone still stands in the old burying-ground of that historic city, so full of the memories of the Loyalists. General Sir Frederick P. Robinson, G.C.B., who distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, was commander-in-chief and acting lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada in 1815. A prominent Loyalist of the Annapolis county was Timothy Ruggles—a name found in the early Massachusetts annals—who had been president of the Stamp Act Congress and a justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Other prominent names are: The Wilmots, two of whom were lieutenant-governors of New Brunswick; the Allens, one of whom was Chief-Justice of the same province; the Chandlers, one of whom was also lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick; the Halliburtons, on eof whom was a Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia; Putnam, Upham, Saunders, Billop, Tyng, Harding, Hardy, Beckwith, Raymond, Sayre, Botsford, Peters, Beardsley, Bassett, Moody, Winslow, Bayard, Stockton, McMaster, McLean, Gidney, Alward, Leonard, Bates, Hatfield, Chipman, Wetmore, Vernon, Murray, Golding, Parker, Ward, Hazen, Sears, Marshall, Blanchard, Hathaway, Lawrence, Scoville, Seaman, Leonard, Jarvis, Tilley, Cunard, Van Buskirk, Vernon, Coffin, and many others too numerous to mention here.*

In the annals of the valley of the St. Lawrence we find the name of Sir John Johnson, the son of the able man who performed such good service for England and the colonies during the Seven Years' War. The first clergyman of the Church of England who came to the country now known as Ontario was the Reverend John Stuart, who had been a missionary among the Mohawks, and was the father of several distinguished Canadians, one of them a Chief-Justice. Among the Loyalists of Canada must also be mentioned Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), the astute and courageous chief of the Mohawks, the bravest nation of the Iroquois confederacy, who fought continuously for England during the war. At its close he and his people settled in Canada, some in a township on the Bay of Quinté, which still bears his Indian title, and the majority on the Grand River, where a beautiful county and city still perpetuate the memory of this loyal subject of the British Crown. The first Episcopalian church built in Upper Canada was that of the Mohawks, near Brantford, and here a church bell first broke the stillness of the forest.

The Bethunes, one of whom became bishop, was a descendant of a chaplain of a loyal regiment who settled in Cornwall. The Macdonnells, of Glengarry, are the names of men who served with distinction in the King's Royal Regiment of New York and other loyal forces, and held important positions in the early days of Upper Canada, one of them having been Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly. The names

* Many memorials of the Loyalists exist in the province of New Brunswick. For instance, J. D. Hazen, Esq., Q.C., of Loyalist stock, has a fine portrait, by Copley, of Colonel Murray, who occupied prominent positions in Massachusetts before he was forced to fly to the Maritime Provinces, where his descendants are well known. In the wig there is a hole, which, according to tradition, was made by a bayonet of the Whig party who searched his house after his flight. Dr. Stockton, Rev. W. O. Raymond and Mr. J. Allen Jack are among the persons who have accumulated valuable relics and documents. St. John, essentially the city of the Loyalists, should erect a memorial building to preserve such papers, and give accommodation to its historical and other societies.

of Grass, Cartwright, Merritt, Jarvis, Sherwood, Burritt, Ruttan, Burwell, Coffin, Hagerman, Carman, Brouse, Ross, Dennis, Keefer, Lampman, Kirby, Perry, Ingersoll (the father of Laura Secord) Van Alstine, Powell, Macaulay, Chrystler, Land, Bowlby, Lippincott, Carscallen, VanKoughnet, McNab, are among the names of the Loyalist settlers in Upper Canada. Besides the Cartwrights and Robinsons, who have filled most conspicuous positions in Canada, there are the numerous descendants of Josiah Jones, one of the early immigrants to Massachusetts. This family, so well known in Canada, came to the St. Lawrence by way of Nova Scotia, and have given to Canada judges, members of Parliament, merchants and clergymen. To the same family belong Hon. A. G. Jones, of Halifax, and Simeon Jones, the millionaire of St. John, N.B. One of the Joneses, during the war, was hunted like a wild beast by the revolutionary party, hanged three times, and as often cut down in the vain hope that he would give information with respect to the King's forces. The Loyalists were always true to their principles, and preferred death to dishonour.

The first Chancellor of Trinity University was Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who was the son of that Christopher Robinson to whom I have already referred. It is also an interesting fact that the present Chancellor is allied by his mother's side to the early loyal migration. In the first corporation of Trinity there were no less than seven distinguished men of Loyalist connection: Hon. Peter VanKoughnet, the great Chancery lawyer, Hon. G. W. Allen, of whom I have just spoken, Sir Allan McNab, Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Bethune, Archdeacon O'Kill Stuart, brother of the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Macaulay, and Chief Justice Robinson, Chancellor. One of the sons of the latter was a lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and another, who bears the name of the Ontario founder of the family, is one of the most eminent lawyers of Canada, who distinguished himself in connection with the Bering Sea arbitration.

For a hundred years and longer the Loyalists and their descendants—now numbering, according to the most accurate statistics, between 700,000 and 750,000 souls out of the total population of five millions—have filled many of the most prominent positions in all the vocations of life, and have exercised a noteworthy influence on the social and political development of the provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada. The records of the war of 1812–14 show that they largely helped to save the western province to England. In the unfortunate revolt of 1837–38 in Upper Canada they rallied to the support of the authorities, when the country was invaded by hordes of American ruffians, misled by Mackenzie. In the Maritime Provinces there were no such rebellious risings; but Joseph Howe and other Reformers, the sons or grandsons of Loyalists, fought out constitutional issues in a constitutional way, and soon obtained without bloodshed a redress of political grievances and the concession of responsible government.

In the promotion of the material, as well as the political, educational and intellectual development of British North America, we see the influence of the Loyalists. Dr. Ryerson was the founder of the public schools system of Upper Canada. The Welland Canal bears testimony to the energy and sagacity of William Hamilton Merritt. Sir Samuel Cunard, of Nova Scotia, established the great line of ocean steamers still associated with his name. The Loyalists and their descendants have given Canada sixteen Lieutenant-Governors, eighteen Chief Justices, four Prime Ministers of provinces, and fifteen members of the Dominion Government, including four Finance Ministers. Of this number, seven have been Lieutenant-Governors since the commencement of Confederation—E. B. Chandler, L. A. Wilmot, R. D. Wilmot, and Sir S. L. Tilley, of New Brunswick, whose family was of the old New England stock; Joseph

Howe, of Nova Scotia; Sir R. Hodgson, of Prince Edward Island; and J. Beverley Robinson, of Ontario. It is an interesting fact that the successor of Joseph Howe at Government House in Halifax was to have been his lifelong political opponent, J. W. Johnston, who was appointed to the bench on his retirement from active politics; but he died in Europe, where he had gone with the vain hope of regaining some vitality in his extreme old age, and was never able to assume the responsibilities of the high position. The Finance Ministers of whom I have spoken are Sir S. L. Tilley, Mr. Foster, Mr. Fielding and Sir Richard Cartwright, now Minister of Trade and Commerce. Mr. Hardy, First Minister of Ontario, is of Loyalist descent on his father's as well as his mother's side. The names of Cabinet Ministers of the Dominion, besides the three Finance Ministers I have mentioned, since 1867, are these: J. H. Pope, W. B. Vail, Alfred Jones, L. Seth Huntington—who was of a Puritan stock—J. Coffin, W. Macdougall—whose family came first to Nova Scotia—Joseph Howe, R. D. Wilmot, C. Colby, David Tisdale, Sir C. H. Tupper—whose Loyalist descent comes, not through his father, whose family came to Nova Scotia in 1760, but through his mother—and, lastly, David Mills, whose family were also of Puritan stock, and came to Canada by way of Nova Scotia. We find in the Parliamentary Companion for 1897 the names of sixty men in the various legislative bodies of Canada who give themselves as descendants of the Loyalists. These facts show not only that our public men take a pride in their loyal ancestry, but that the Loyalists still exert a direct influence in the legislation and government of this country.

It is not so easy to trace the lineage of other men of distinction who are not in official or parliamentary life, but I have gathered from biographies a few names which illustrate the intellectual standard of the descendants of Loyalists in other vocations than politics. Sir William Logan, the emigrant geologist and founder virtually of the geological Survey of Canada, may properly be first named. Taking the list of the Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada—essentially a national representation of Letters and Science—and other societies of a literary and scientific character, I find the name of Charles Sangster, whose verses are full of patriotic fire and sympathy with the beautiful in nature. He died some years ago, but we have still with us Archibald Lampman, one of the most finished poets of Canada. His mother's father was a brother of Dr. Abraham Gesner, also a Loyalist, a well-known scientist of Nova Scotia, who invented the use of the kerosene lamp. On the same list must be placed Professor Roberts and Bliss Carman, the poets; the eminent geologist, Dr. G. F. Matthew, of St. John; the botanist, G. U. Hay, of the same place; the author of the best history of French Acadia, James Hannay; the veteran litterateur, William Kirby, of Niagara, the author of that interesting Canadian romance, "Le Chien D'Or;" Barry Stratton and W. P. Dole, authors of several poems and essays of merit; Lieutenant-Colonel Denison, also a member of the Royal Society, and author of a standard work on Cavalry; Mrs. J. D. Edgar, a historical writer of Toronto; Thomas Keefer, the eminent hydraulic engineer, vice-president of the same Society; Rev. Dr. Bethune, a distinguished entomologist, and son of the Bishop of the same name; Rev. Chancellor Burwash and Professor Badgeley, of Victoria University; Dr. Harrison, Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick; Bishop Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada; Dr. Stockton, the publicist, of St. John, N.B., and Judge Savary, a historical writer, of Annapolis; and Professors Bain and Welton, of MacMaster University. Among the men who are doing good work in other countries may be mentioned Professor Ganong, of New Brunswick, who has been engaged in educational duties in New England after a distinguished career at Har-

vard, and Dr. McColl Theal, historiographer to the Government of Cape Colony, and author of a standard history of South Africa. These are a few names of men of Loyalist extraction who have won distinction in intellectual accomplishments, and I might extend the list of meritorious performance indefinitely were I able in this paper to refer to the records of commerce, medicine, law and divinity.

As we recall the story of the Loyalists, their devotion to the Crown and British connection, their sufferings during many years, their services to Canada in the formative period of her political and social development, we cannot exaggerate the heavy debt of gratitude that the Canadians of the present day owe to these pioneers. Their migration was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable the world has ever seen ; it was like that of the Huguenots of the sixteenth century, an exile for the sake of high principle. From the day they came into the British possessions and established themselves on the shores of the Atlantic or on the banks of the St. Lawrence the provinces of which they were among the Makers have continued true to their grand ideal of a United British Empire.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE RESURRECTION OF JONATHAN SLATER.

*An Easter Tale.*

"DIDN'T that boy bring the mail yet?" fretted Jonathan, from his arm-chair.

His wife left the room to enquire, and he huddled closer to the fire, stretching out his skinny yellow fingers towards the blaze and twitching his shoulders to accentuate an imaginery shiver.

He was a sad old wreck, cowering over the hearthstone at which he had crouched in his boyhood. Life had been successful, as success is usually counted. He had left the farm to make money, and by much hard work and much management and pinching of himself and others he had made it. Then he had weighed it, and it was found wanting. He was sensitive about the old tin-waggon which he had driven through the country. He hated to remember the bags of rags the farm-house matrons gave him for tin saucepans and dippers and milk pails. He disliked the great stove-foundry, on which his name stood in gaudy letters, and he was not at home amongst the people he met. He felt they despised him, and he was right. But he thought they knew of the waggons of tins and the flour-sacks of rags, and in that he was wrong. The best people found him crusty at heart, uncouth of manner and mean in his business details. The others simply did not find him amusing.

Then he bought back the homestead and thought to end his days there in happiness. But life in the city had emphasized the lack of comfort in the old farm-house. It was everything he had not expected it would be, and he settled down into a peevish disappointment with himself and everyone else. He had pushed the world away, and it had remained at a distance. He took every sort of medicine for every sort of ill, and was dead as far as a man can be who breathes regularly and digests well.

His wife was his only companion, and duty was the pivot upon which she turned this way and that to gratify his whims, increase his comfort, and sub-

due his peevishness. She was a woman of old-fashioned religion, and duty was her guiding-star.

Returning to the room, she held out towards him some papers and two letters. He took them greedily, fumbled them and handed them back.

Susan read them aloud. One was from his boy, the only child of the young wife who had made the world a better place for her life in it, and then had slipped away and left Jonathan with a baby-boy. But differences came between the hot-headed son and the irritable old father, and now his face hardened, his figure grew rigid, and his thin hands clutched like claws at the arms of his chair.

"It's a very nice letter," Mrs. Slater said cheerily, and Jonathan made no reply.

"It's a pity you won't see him," she went on, for the step-mother loved the boy, and her heart ached for him and for his young wife. The letter had said the baby-girl was ill, and Harry's heart was full of care and sorrow. He had meant, he said, to come up and see his father on Easter Sunday, and this was instead of the visit, for he could not bear to let the Easter go by without a word or message to him.

But the old man resisted the manly plea for reconciliation, and told Susan to read the other letter.

"It's from poor sister Nancy."

"Humph!" grunted Nancy's brother.

If nothing went wrong Nancy was coming to spend Easter, and Susan's heart swelled with joy at the news.

"Read the paper," was Jonathan's next command.

Susan opened it and glanced about the pages.

"Read who's dead!" he went on irritably, tapping his lean fingers on his knee.

Susan's voice began quietly:

"Danby: At Burton, on April the ——"

"Skip that!"

"Emslie: At Hamilton, on——"

"Don't know that name!"

"Fitz-Robert: At Hamilton, on April 18, John Fitz-Robert, in the seventy-first year of his age."

"Now the widow and children will fight over the money," snorted Jonathan, with an evil cast in his eye.

"Gray: At Toronto, on April 14, Maurice Gray, aged forty years."

Mrs. Slater's voice trembled, but her impassive white face bore her husband's curious, half-insulting scrutiny well.

"So your old beau's gone," he quavered. "You always thought you'd have been happier if you'd married him."

Mrs. Slater was silent.

"Didn't you, now?"

"No," she answered quietly.

"Oh, yes you did, but you're mistaken. He'd have spoiled you, and I haven't. I've let you develop patience, and you're a better woman for it. Patience is a great thing in woman," sighed Jonathan.

And then Susan read him the news of the day, and the local columns, and the history of a blood-curdling murder. Next he wanted his new medicine, with a drop of whiskey to take the taste away, and then he settled down for his afternoon nap. His wife took up some knitting and busied her fingers with it, but her eyes shone with a mist that was half tears, half tender memory, and her thoughts were far away. She was thinking of the dead man who had been her lover. Since they had gone separate ways and had each married, she had thought of him very occasionally, and then chided herself for even remembering his name. Her ideas of love and marriage were very primitive, very prudish and inextricably mingled with her religion. That a married woman should love a man who was not her husband, or that a man should love a married woman, was, in her eyes, immorality. She had felt herself under bond. Now there was a feeling of freedom. He was dead. He no longer belonged to the other woman. She could care for him now; it was no sin, but only a comfort. And he was still a reality to her. Heaven was a place,

a real place. He was there, and he was happy, and they would see each other again as surely as the sun shone and the stars hung in the sky. Then her girlhood came again. What a handsome boy he used to be! How the smell of roses came to her nostrils! What a sense of unrest grew in her bosom! How short her breath came! Her eyes fell on the paper. He was dead! She shuddered at the thought of the unknown suffering he had borne. The heart-blood swelled her eyeballs, tears filled the lids and streamed down her cheeks. Half-impatiently she turned to the window, as if to turn from her thoughts. She held her knitting up to her blurred eyes and measured and narrowed, and cast an anxious glance now and again toward the old man sleeping on the couch. He looked so old and crabbed. He was so coarse-featured from coarse living that she shuddered and turned away quickly each time. She had married him because he was rich and she was poor; because he wanted a housekeeper, and her friends all agreed in thinking it would be a "good thing for her."

At five o'clock Nancy came. She was older than her brother in years, but a brighter, happier, cheerier little body never trod this grey old earth for the good of humanity. Her brother's one aim had been to "do well" for himself. She had wished most of all to help others, and when he was a peevish, disheartened old man—old and gray before his time—she was still the mistress of the golden touch, a pleasant-faced woman, with a keen intellect, beloved by everybody, welcome everywhere, though her whole income was only a hundred dollars a year, and her husband and her two boys slept together in the little graveyard at Carroll's Corners.

"And how's brother Jonathan keeping, Susan?" she queried, as she rolled her bonnet-strings up and tied them with a bit of thread to keep them neat.

"Frets, does he?" she murmured sympathetically. "Poor boy, he's giving himself a hard time being so set against Harry. Did you know the baby was dead? No! Well, of course, Harry wrote yesterday, Good Friday, you know, and the little thing didn't go till this morning. Oh! yes, bless you, I was there. I told Harry he could send me word any time he was in trouble and he could depend on me. He said he'd like you and his father to come. I suppose we couldn't do anything with Jonathan?"

Susan shook her head. Her mouth trembled too much for speech, for Harry was very dear to her. There are women who must "mother" something or someone. She was such a one. Children of her own had been denied her, and she had set her husband's son in the empty place in her heart. She longed to go to him in his trouble, but Jonathan was so determined, and next to duty Susan prized peace.

Nancy brushed away her tears. No one but the baby's mother cries bitter tears over its short little life. Others see in its death only a short, pure life and an early release. They can be philosophical.

"I'm so glad you came to us for Easter," Susan said unsteadily; "I've wanted you."

"You dear," crooned Nancy, patting her on the shoulder. "Wait a minute, Susan. I want to see the river from the window. This was my room when I was a girl. It's a great privilege to be allowed to come back and see it all again. The place is almost holy. I feel like putting off my shoes."

The meeting between Jonathan and Nancy was typical. Nancy purred herself into tears, as she kissed the wrinkled cheek. Jonathan grunted and pecked at her forehead as a gobbler might at a cob of corn. He would not have confessed to much fondness for this sister, and yet there was something which bound them together. They were the last of their family.

They talked of those who were dead and dying, of the old places, the old families and the old days. Jonathan said Fitz-Robert was dead, and they discussed the Fitz-Roberts root and

branch. Percy Slater, their grand-nephew, was married; the Boltons had lost their farm; the Greens had sold the homestead, and Betsy Green had married a man fifteen years younger than herself. The township was all a-cackle over it, Nancy said, though it was none of their business, to be sure, and it had turned out happily so far as it had gone.

It was wonderful how Nancy's chatter brightened her brother. He sat up straight in his chair. His eyes sparkled with interest. He looked taller and stronger. When he moved, his feet no longer dragged over the carpet and his voice had lost its whine.

"I declare you look younger than I thought," laughed Nancy at tea that evening.

"You've brightened him," said Susan.

Even Jonathan himself thawed into geniality, and averred that Nancy would brighten anyone, whereupon Nancy looked mightily pleased and drank her tea too hot, and coughed, and was very tremulous and happy all evening.

"What are you going to do special this Easter?" asked Nancy next morning.

"About giving?" enquired Jonathan suspiciously.

"No, about forgiving," Nancy purred, sitting very still, and thinking helplessly that the storm was about to break.

Jonathan curled his lips and looked about the room. It was decorated with flowers; not that he cared for flowers especially, but flowers and Easter went together, and hadn't he money for them? Besides, he liked to patronize the florist, from whom his family never bought anything but strawberry and tomato plants when they were poor and he was a boy.

"You always did stick up for Harry," grumbled Jonathan, "and I suppose you want me to palaver over him."

And Nancy began: "Well, and why not? A man's got a right to marry who he wants to. You did, and did it twice, too, and no one said anything against you. You wanted Harry to be a lawyer, and he wanted to farm. Why didn't you buy him a farm, instead of letting him rent that scrubby bush land and build his poor little house on it?"

"You've been there?" he queried, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Of course. Harry sent for me when the baby died."

"Died!" he cried. "It isn't dead, is it?"

"Yes, poor little thing, and she's just the picture of Harry's mother."

Jonathan swallowed hard and pretended to be very busy scratching out a white spot on his coat-lapel.

"I thought we'd all go down there this morning, and Susan says she'll take some of the flowers. You can't stay away from your boy when he's in trouble, and—"

"Lord! Nancy, what a tongue you've got," he cried.

"Same kind as yours!" she retorted good-naturedly.

"I think he'll go," Nancy whispered to Susan a little later. "He's all tumbled together in his feelings just now. It's hard for him to give in. I know it. We're all set in our way, but there's no sense in this. He needs that boy to keep him young and get his heart back to the right place. You're too patient with him, Susan. He'd be better for being stirred up now and then."

"Patience is what I've striven after," cried Susan passionately. "I've prayed, 'Lord make me patient.' If I hadn't, I'd just have gone crazy or run away from him."

"Poor dear," Nancy said, with her soothing little pat on Susan's arm. "Poor dear, but it's your lot, dear, and you must bear it."

They were both women who saw things as women of their class and generation still see them. They held it sin to think with tenderness of one man while married to another, but, according to their code, it was eminently proper to marry "for a home;" to live in that so-called home with no love towards the man in it; and to remain

there when there was no spark of affection and the matter-of-fact liking had changed to disrespect and aversion.

Nancy had her way. In two hours all three were speeding over a muddy road. Eight miles from Jonathan's comfortable farm-house was a new one, bare, plain, small, without shutters and only half-painted.

The carriage wheels ground on bits of lath and plaster, and stopped before a door from which fluttered a bit of white cashmere tied with a white ribbon. Jonathan pushed every one aside and strode in. His pride was gone. He was all tenderness. Harry came towards him, his face working piteously as his father laid a hand on his shoulder, and said something unintelligible to ears, but easily understood in heart language.

No one spoke. Hand in hand the two men went over to the tiny casket. The young wife was kneeling on the floor. She rose wonderingly, and when Jonathan opened his arms she sobbed out her great grief on his shoulder.

This old man, who had been lonely and disappointed and peevish, stood taller now. His face beamed with sorrow and tenderness. He had found some one to help, something to do. He need not now sit grumblingly waiting for death.

The neighbour-women huddled in the kitchen, fearing to intrude. Nancy went out to them. They were talking in low, pleased tones of the reconciliation.

"I never went much on Easters, being a Methodist," said one, "but this is one to remember."

"He'd trimmed his own house with flowers, and then remembered the blossom here had been broken off with a short stem," sighed another.

"It's the death that done it," muttered Granny Crane.

"It's the resurrection, friends," cried Nancy, her clear voice rising above the murmur.

"It—is—the—resurrection," repeated Jonathan solemnly. "I was dead in sin, and it has left me. I am free to live."

Susan stood apart. Joy might come to them all in due time. Time heals with scarce a scar sometimes. To her the days would be always gray, for it is upon the woman the horror of an unhappy marriage presses most heavily. Harry rejoiced in his father's new-found affection. Other children came to comfort him and his wife. Jonathan planned and gave, and grew old happily. Nancy thought of the little graveyard, and brushed away a tear, and was cheery again, but always to Susan there was the bond which never united, and her face grew set and old, and she looked out on life with dulled eyes.

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*

# THE END OF A DYNASTY.

*An Easter Story.*

SYLVIA, when we were at school together, was the most docile and obedient girl there. Her respect for authority was phenomenal, though even at seventeen it by no means implied that she approved or respected the person holding authority. She seemed to think she was there to learn lessons and obey rules, a view that was not prevalent among us ; and I must admit that she was a shining success in both respects. Yet I remember wondering, once or twice, what would happen if Sylvia ever had cause given her to cease regarding obedience as a virtue.

If mother hadn't decided, early one spring, some years after our school days were over, that I was out of health and in need of rest, I might have been wondering yet. Sylvia, hearing of my alleged ill-health, wrote asking me to spend a few weeks of my enforced leisure with her. I knew that I should enjoy myself, so I went.

Sylvia was housekeeper in her father's home, the only other member of the family, besides her father, being an invalid aunt. And Sylvia's house was exquisitely orderly, though the young mistress' authority was by no means supreme, her father being the head of the house in a most literal sense. I never knew what Sylvia thought of this petty autocracy, though I have too great a respect for her intelligence to suppose she saw much wisdom in it. She was evidently very fond of her father, and she was most scrupulously observant of all his wishes.

But I had not been long with her before I saw that there was a difference of opinion on one particular point, between her and her father, of recent beginning, but surprisingly well-defined. I feel certain that there never was an uncivil word between them ; the old gentleman would have forgiven meanness sooner than incivility, and Sylvia would never have forgotten either. Yet the fact of their difference was apparent, even before I had any idea of its ground.

I learned that the first evening they were "at home" after my arrival. Sylvia's aunt, whose invalidism was of that obliging sort that interferes only with usefulness, not with pleasure, used to put on a silk gown and come downstairs on these occasions, and we really had better times than you would think.

It was on the first of these evenings that I saw the cause of Sylvia's disagreement with her father, and it was nearly six feet high and quite nice to look at, and went by the name of Ernbridge. I had a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Ernbridge that night, and I obligingly spent the time in amiable chatter about something he didn't need to pay much attention to, so that he might watch Sylvia. With her he had little chance to speak, her hospitable duties, which I could see Miss Harcourt was purposely making onerous for her, preventing. But when he said "Goodnight" chance gave him a half-minute's isolation among the departing guests, and after that I could have told my worthy host to save his energy for some other dispute ; his daughter wasn't trifling.

There was among the guests that night a young gentleman called Martin, one of the very most rising young men that ever rose. I had known him for some years, and was watching respectfully to see him turn into a Premier, or a Cabinet Minister at least, some morning. He really was brilliantly clever, I believe, and his reputation, present and future, was truly lofty. Besides, his manners were charming, correct enough for the Spanish Court, and spontaneous enough for

a mining camp. I wasn't surprised to see that Mr. Harcourt and his docile sister were very gracious to this young gentleman, and it was evident that he was not a frequent visitor ; he was on somewhat more formal terms than the others.

I felt sorry for Sylvia that night ; she seemed so friendless, with her father and aunt both bent on thwarting her will, so I went in and sat on the foot of her bed, while she brushed her hair, and, because nothing else came into my mind that I could say, I repeated scraps of Mr. Martin's witty conversation to amuse her. She laughed appreciatively once or twice, but at last she said quaintly :

"Do you know, I think common sense is much nicer than that ? "

" Oh, for everyday use, of course it is," I admitted.

"No, I mean for all conversation. Simple language seems wiser to me. But I know Mr. Martin has common sense, too, only it's not a lovable kind." As I had not heard of this kind before I said nothing, thinking that I might learn more about it when I had another opportunity for observing Mr. Ernbridge's character.

Sylvia turned from her mirror presently, and began an allegory, without preface.

"Once upon a time there was an imprisoned princess who desired her liberty, and she had only her bodkin. But she dug out some of the stones in her prison wall with the bodkin, and made a long rope of the window curtains and hangings, and let herself down to the ground. I always admired that princess."

"They must have been papier-maché stones," I commented.

"Those might be harder to move than stone ones," she answered.

" Doesn't it look a little like a tale of a miracle, intended only for the faithful ? " I queried.

"Assuredly it is intended for the faithful. Doesn't your Carlyle say that a miracle, instead of breaking a natural law, only reveals a deeper law, not yet known ? "

"The unrevealed law in this case being one by the working of which, if a princess intend to get out—and continue to so intend—the disproportion between a bodkin and a stone wall disappears."

"One might guess it to be something like that."

"And when the princess climbed down her rope, was the prince waiting below for her ? " I asked. Sylvia laughed.

" No, he was pounding on the big front door of the castle with both fists. The princess slipped round the corner, and pulled his coat to make him stop, and then he stopped and took her away with him."

"That was lovably sensible of him," I said, and Sylvia got up and began brushing her hair again.

" I think it's time we both went to sleep," I said, " and I believe you made up that fairy-tale ; I don't think there was ever such a princess."

" Perhaps there hasn't been—yet," she answered. I said good-night and went away to bed, feeling not quite so sorry for Sylvia.

. . . . . .

In truth, her allegory was not so very absurd, for she certainly would not reach the prince at the castle door—or Mr. Ernbridge with a wedding-ring in his vest pocket—by any means yet known to that gracious yet alert controller of her destiny, her father. Perhaps it is usual in some circles to coerce young women in that way, but to me, fresh from the liberty and openness of my own home, Mr. Harcourt's autocratic authority seemed unwarrantable, and Miss Harcourt's diplomacy detestable. He might have said, of course, that he was naturally interested in his daughter's marriage, though by what process of reasoning he reached the conclusion that his interest was greater than hers, I never understood. But I went some distance out of my way to be annoyed with Miss Harcourt for the petty drawing-room stratagems she employed to thwart Sylvia's pleasure, because I knew that at her brother's bidding she would just as readily have

beamed upon Mr. Ernbridge and helped Sylvia select her trousseau. I cannot help believing that there is some responsibility attached to the possession of an individual mind.

Between them, Sylvia was seldom allowed to have five minutes' speech with Mr. Ernbridge, either alone or in company. But Sylvia and he had probably reached an understanding some time earlier, before the watch-dogs had waked up. Mr. Ernbridge must also have attained his position as a familiar guest (and it was easy to fancy even Miss Harcourt's liking him unbidden) before Mr. Harcourt's opposition was aroused. Such favour it was quite impossible to withdraw from him now without good reason, and as he had not yet formally spoken to Sylvia's father, no such reason was forthcoming, and he stood his ground with that admirable tenacity that sometimes accomplishes its object, and is always a pleasure to contemplate.

Sylvia's communications were meagre, but I gathered from the little she said that her father's opposition was growing stronger. She seemed unaware that this was owing to Mr. Martin's more frequent visits, and I didn't enlighten her, for that sort of ambition is not a lovely quality to contemplate in one's father. But if she had desired to cultivate Mr. Martin's acquaintance, her seniors would have given her plenty of opportunity. It was impossible for Mr. Harcourt to help coveting so brilliant and creditable a son-in-law ; such a connection would have suited so well his own dignity.

This sorry game occupied only a few weeks, and the end came unexpectedly soon. It was drawing near Easter, and just the sweet, uncertain, fresh spring weather, in which Sylvia, if she had been treated properly, would have been wandering off for long walks with Mr. Ernbridge, and getting home late for everything. Mr. Harcourt decided that they ought to give a party for me, (I believe he wanted Mr. Martin to see Sylvia in a pretty light frock) and accordingly the party was given.

If Mr. Harcourt wanted to show his daughter to advantage, he succeeded. Sylvia never looked prettier than she did that evening. But it was evident enough that she wasn't looking pretty for Mr. Martin.

When the party was breaking up, and most of the guests had gone, I saw Mr. Ernbridge come hurriedly into the room where we had been dancing, through the door nearest Mr. Harcourt's library, and go straight to Sylvia, who was alone for the moment. He was saying more than good-night, I thought.

In a few minutes he came across the room and bade me good-night briefly, and went away. Sylvia came to me a moment later, the radiance gone from her face, and a little gleam of anger in her eyes.

"James spoke to father just now," she said, beginning abruptly, "and father refused point-blank. He said, too, that James mustn't come here any more."

"Perhaps your father would listen to you more patiently," I suggested, not very hopefully.

"No, I have spoken to him twice, and—of course, he spoke more kindly to me than to James ; I think he was rude to him—but he asked me to give it up, that it was unwise, and I must not think of it, nor expect him to change his mind." I had often marvelled at Mr. Harcourt, but never before had I reason to marvel at his stupidity. Sylvia went on, hastily :

"Gertrude, if I want you to do something for me, and the occasion for it arises suddenly, without my explaining what I want, you'll help me ? "

"Count on my friendship for as much worth as there is in me," I said, "but don't put too great a strain on my intelligence."

"And if I'm selfish or rude, you'll pardon it ? "

"I shall be delighted to, when I discover it."

"You will discover it."

Just then Mr. Harcourt came into the room. Sylvia drew back a step as he came up. He asked if we had en-

joyed the party, and I answered truthfully that I had. He was in a very good humour, and inclined to talk to us, I thought, though Sylvia neither spoke nor looked at him at all. I think he had under-estimated the effect of speaking rudely to James. But I'm not sure that he noticed her silence; he stood talking easily, telling us that tomorrow was Easter Friday, and recalling a number of Easter practices and superstitions, until he was interrupted by the "good-nights" of the last guests.

I had no chance for further talk with Sylvia that night, as she went immediately to help Miss Harcourt, whom the evening had fatigued somewhat.

The next morning as I passed Sylvia's door on my way downstairs, I knocked softly, thinking she might be later than usual after the party, but I received no answer. I was not surprised, for she was an habitually early riser, which I shall never be until I am completely reconstructed.

She had left me somewhat uncertain as to what part I was cast for in the coming drama, and the extreme doubtfulness of my recognizing it in time, if that were left to my own intelligence, made me hope uneasily for more explicit instructions. But it was a gloriously fresh morning, and the uncertainty was only pleasantly exciting—as my blunders were all in a vague and possibly blunderless future. So I ran downstairs, singing, and was crossing the wide, sunshine-flooded hall at anything but a walk when Mr. Harcourt appeared in the hall door. He bowed his ceremonious "Good-morning," then quoted, smiling,

> "And oh, she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so glad a sight."

I forgot the compliment in my haste to defend the climate.

"Then your poet never saw such an Easter sun as this, for nothing could be gladder."

"Yes, it is beautiful. Do you know if Sylvia is down yet? I haven't seen her."

"I think she is down; I knocked on her door in passing, and she did not answer."

Just then a servant came into the hall from the dining-room.

"Miss Sylvia has gone out, sir," she said. "She told me to give you this."

"Ah! thank you." Mr. Harcourt took the note from the maid's hand, and waited till she had gone, then, with a brief "Will you excuse me?" tore it open.

I went to the open hall door to get nearer the sweet weather, not dreaming how prompt Sylvia could be when once she had decided. But in a moment I faced about again, immeasurably startled by an exclamation more profane than appropriate from my host.

"Sylvia has gone to be married," he added. His voice shook, and his eyes were wide with amazement. I believe his first emotion was pure surprise. For my part I was only surprised by the suddenness, and I knew now that Sylvia, in witholding her confidence, had meant to leave me innocent of any complicity in her revolt, lest her father should be angry with me, not thinking how delighted I should have been to anger him in that way. Yet I was sorry for him, as I watched the amazement in his eyes fade, leaving room for hurt pride and wistful affection. It was only a few seconds, however, before he recovered command of himself and his own peculiar idea of what was proper took the dropped reins again. He picked up the envelope of Sylvia's note from the floor where he had dropped it, and opened the dining-room door.

"Will you pour out the coffee this morning, then?" he said, and stood aside courteously for me to pass. Then for the first time I admired him. It is inspiriting to see a man stand to his guns, even if you think they are only toy-guns; perhaps you aren't such a good judge of artillery after all.

Events are slow in reaching me, like the light from distant stars, but by the

time breakfast was over the fact of Sylvia's marriage had fairly entered my consciousness, and I was curiously beset by the thought that it was such a lonely way for an affectionate girl to be married. But I was credibly though obliquely informed later that no wedding is lonely, provided the bridegroom is there.

When we rose from the table, Mr. Harcourt asked me if I would look to the household a little, the servants might need some overseeing, and perhaps, also, I would be good enough to attend to his sister—she disliked servants' help. I undertook these duties readily; probably these were the things Sylvia had wished me to do, though I don't know another girl who would worry much about the small comforts of her family if she were eloping.

I knew Sylvia's clockwork household would run of itself for some time, but nevertheless I went into the kitchen, as a matter of form, to make friends with the cook, and give her the impression, if possible, that I wasn't so very ignorant of matters in her department. These objects accomplished more or less successfully, I ran upstairs to Miss Harcourt's room, passing Mr. Harcourt on his way down. He had just left his sister.

I found her staring at the ceiling, her face a reproduction of what her brother's had been for those first three seconds in the hall. But in her eyes the amazement stayed, and she said not a word beyond the necessary civilities, while I assisted her to dress, and established her comfortably in her sitting-room, which adjoined the bedroom. Then I went down to the kitchen again to prepare her breakfast, her objection to hirelings extending even to hireling-made toast. When I took the tray up she ate her breakfast in silence, and when she had finished, she turned her still-amazed eyes to me and made her first allusion to Sylvia.

"This should be a warning to you, Gertrude, to regard your parents." The warning was not at all clear to me, as I thought Mr. Ernbridge a very nice young man indeed, and I longed to tell her that my parents would have reason to think I was lucky if I did as well. But it would have been as much as one's life was worth to be flippant in that house that day, so I merely said I thought it a girl's duty as well as her right to consider only her own will concerning her marriage. Whereat Miss Harcourt said her head ached, and would I draw down the blind, and give her the cologne, please.

Late in the morning I went into the drawing-room for a book I had been reading the day before, and found Mr. Harcourt prowling restlessly about, and looking out of each window as he passed it. He stopped prowling immediately, and got my book for me.

"Stay here and read," he said. "It's the pleasantest room in the house at this hour." He pushed a chair into the sunshine for me, and I sat down and opened my book. I had hardly read three lines when I heard an abrupt movement, and looked up. Mr. Harcourt had just turned away from the window, out of which he had been gazing. I looked, and saw a florist's waggon standing at the gate. Mr. Harcourt had seen it, and drew a hasty inference.

"Martin is sending Sylvia some Easter flowers," he said. I stared at him, amazed at the bitter tone, and ambition never looked to me so mean a passion before. It was the most genuine expression I had ever seen on his face, except for those first unguarded moments that morning after he had opened Sylvia's note, and I forgot the ludicrous side of the matter, in pity for Sylvia and for him.

When the maid brought in the florist's box and gave it to me, his face changed immediately, and he put aside his trouble to appear interested in my pleasure.

"Ah, so *you* have admirers, too. I might have guessed in spite of your demureness." I don't strike myself as a particularly demure person, but I didn't expect him to talk wisely that day. Opening the box carefully, I gave him Mr. Martin's card, bending my face over the lovely white lillies, and almost

forgiving Sylvia's father for wishing her to marry a man who had such good taste in flowers. At last I looked up, and held the box out for my host's admiration.

"Aren't they exquisite?"

"Yes, beautiful." He still held the card in his hand. "It was you, then, not Sylvia?"

"It was I, so far as it was anybody." His badly concealed surprise was amusing, though not complimentary. It seemed to me I could see his opinion of Mr. Martin going down like the mercury when one puts the thermometer outdoors on a cold morning. I could see also a slight modification of his view of Sylvia's conduct, and when I returned to the drawing-room with the flower-vase, I found that there was less tragedy and more expediency in the air than there had been since breakfast.

Scientific selfishness is strangely illogical in its working. Since Mr. Harcourt found that the brilliant marriage had never been within Sylvia's reach, and his own plan, undoubtedly the wisest for all concerned, had always been impossible of fulfilment, he was—well, in plain language, was in a much better temper. It was also open to him now to believe, if he chose to ignore a fact or two, that it was not his daughter who had defeated him, but circumstance.

"I did not tell you, I think," he said, as I sat my flower-vase down, "that Sylvia is coming here this afternoon?"

"No," I said surprised. "I supposed she had gone out of town."

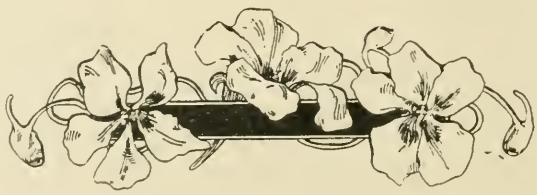
"No, they are going at nine o'clock this evening. Sylvia's note said she would come this afternoon, if I would see her."

After luncheon, Mr. Harcourt went out into his garden—a love of flowers was one of his redeeming qualities—and he wandered about, contemplating the muddy spots where these would be in a few weeks, and finally he called me out to look at one particularly interesting spot. I was contemplating it with a polite show of interest when I heard the gate-hinge creak. Mr. Harcourt turned quickly. Mr. Ernbridge had pushed the gate open for Sylvia, but she stood just outside it, looking at her father. I believe he hesitated, but it was only for a second. Then he walked over several potential flower-beds, and took his daughter affectionately in his arms, and afterwards shook hands cordially with Mr. Ernbridge.

"You will stay to dinner, will you not?" he asked. "Gertrude, here, has been looking after your work, Madam Runaway, so I suppose there will be something to eat."

The old gentleman was very gracious to both all through that wedding-dinner, but I remembered the arrival of the flowers, and I gave him but small credit.

*Katharine L. Johnston.*



# MURAL DECORATION.

[Up to the present time, Canadians have had little of either leisure or wealth to spend on art. Now, the conditions are changing. Pictures and statuary are receiving more attention. Mural decoration, one of the earliest forms of painting, is still almost unknown, yet bids fair to receive a due share of the benefit resulting from the slowly awakening desire for more artistic homes and public buildings. Some of the Roman Catholic churches have already attempted work of this kind, and Mr. Harris, the artist, has decorated very artistically the interior of a little church at his home in Prince Edward Island. Some of the leading citizens in Toronto have begun to use mural decorations by native artists in their residences, and in the same city a Guild of Civic Art has been formed to encourage such development as this. The illustrations accompanying this article show designs made by several Toronto artists for the purpose of decorating the Council Chamber of the new City Hall. Figure 1 shows the interior of that room as it was proposed to have it when completed. Figures 2 and 3 show details of the work. On the south wall, (the centre of Figure 1) the motto of the city, "Industry, Integrity and Intelligence," is embodied in three symbolical panels. On the west side (to the right in Figure 1) there is a large panel representing "Government" by means of a rural arbitration; and on either side of this are Peace and Prosperity. All the figures and details in these panels are such as might have been seen in the closing days of the last century, when Toronto was founded on the north shore of Lake Ontario.

The subject of mural decorations is one worthy of the attention of all citizens, and the following instructive article by G. A. Reid, R.C.A., is commended to our readers.—*The Editor.*]

THE subject of Mural Decoration is so wide in its scope that even the briefest exposition of its nature involves a consideration of that whole field of art to which sculpture, painting and designing belong. It is related to all surface decoration, from the rudest representation which primitive man scratched upon the handle of his simple weapon, up to the frieze of a Greek temple, or a modern wall painting with all its complicated harmonies of colour and design.

When we enquire into the nature and function of decoration, to what decoration is generally applied, the idea of architecture arises, and we realize that in it is included almost the whole subject; indeed the formative arts are so nearly one that it is only for convenience we speak of painting, sculpture and design as separate from the general term "architecture"; painting and sculpture would undoubtedly be homeless without the art of building, and architecture would be little more than mere building without decoration.

In the ideal or perfect work of architecture we should expect a building with adaptation of plan to its requirements, with a symmetry of parts, and which, to emphasize the purposes for which it was created, should become the monument on which should be written with floral, animal and human forms all varieties of imaginings and expressions of lofty emotions connected with its special use. The ideal, of course, cannot be reached; but it is what we should strive for. The influences which are operating to prevent even a partial attainment of this ideal are important, and demand our attention.

It is generally conceded that in the rapid development of modern industry an overpowering commercialism has demoralized and scattered our art impulses. Machinery—that monster which has been devouring the arts—has so increased the possibilities of mere

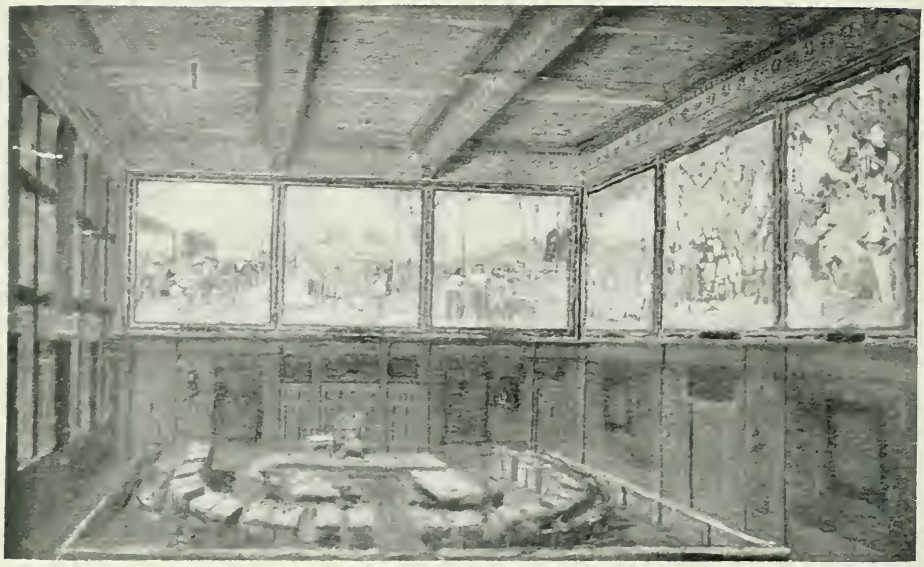


FIG. 1.—INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE NEW CITY HALL, TORONTO, SHOWING PROPOSED DECORATIONS.

FIG. 2.—INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY, INTELLIGENCE.
South Wall of Council Chamber, by W. Cruikshank, G. A. Reid and E. Wyly Grier.

production that the real power it should have brought is turned into a pauperizing force ; pauperizing in two ways : first, by the ruin of true design ; and secondly, by the ruin of the handicrafts. It is not in this sense only that art has been separated from production. The painter and sculptor have been forced by the exploiting contractor out of true relationship with architecture, and as a consequence have had to create an adventitious demand for their work which has destroyed its monumental character.

The injurious consequences to architecture are beyond estimate. It is quite plain that from the lack of appreciation of the individual initiative in art resulted the system which robbed the workman of all credit, and that it was but a step further to substitute work produced by mechanical processes for work produced by the artist and skilled worker. Thus the architect, left with but few skilled workmen, is limited in his power to build ; and it is now not only impossible to erect a building which displays the delight of the workers, but the taste of the patron has become so debased that ostentation is the principal quality which it exhibits.

It is in ostentation, that desire to appear rich, that I believe lies the root of the evil. To appear rich requires that every possession shall at least seem to have a great quantity of work expended on its ornamentation. The machine made this easy, and as that quality in art which makes it unique—the imaginative expression of the worker—was not valued, the deadly repetition of the machine was sufficient. To debase all art, nothing could be more effective. The worker of high ideals must, under such an influence, quickly become a mere compiler, and the ignorance resulting from the lack of practical education soon makes him incapable of anything but the most mechanical occupation. Can we wonder that we are without great works of sculpture and painting about us, that our public buildings have scarcely an indication written on them, that the people who erected them felt anything vital or had a motive above mere fashion in their attempts to decorate?

FIG. 3.—PEACE, GOVERNMENT, PROSPERITY.
West Wall of Council Chamber, by W. Cruikshank and F. S. Challener.

THE BAPTISM OF EGBERT.

Mural Decoration in Manchester Town Hall, by Ford Madox Brown.

It is often argued that ours is too young a country to expect much in the way of high art. It is also said that development will remedy the present bad taste ; but this, I am sorry to say, is disproven by the fact that in England it has been found necessary to have a national society for the advancement of art to endeavour to bring back to the English heart the desire for a closer connection of the arts with industry. We must face the problem as one which, if not realized and combated, will persist and continue to weaken our power to produce even the commonest articles of commerce. It is not sufficient that we have the sense of duty to effect this purpose ; no amount of enforced encouragement of art will suffice. It must come through a genuine love for the perfect, the beautiful ; and as the air, the soil, the climate of our country colour our blood and stamp our natures, our art must be native to be healthy. Our belief must be in ourselves, and it is this which is the mark of true individuality or nationality. While we know that art in itself is cosmopolitan and that any dictum or law which would shut from our lives the art of the world would be a calamity, it is obvious that we cannot import works of art except in exceedingly small quantities, and the art of the world should be to the nation but a means of enlightenment, a strengthening of its own genius of expression.

Mural Decoration, strictly speaking, refers to the covering of blank wall spaces by the use of forms in relief or colour, and it may with equal appropriateness express the simplest or most complicated idea by line, relief, colour, or a combination of these. Perhaps the embellishment of all surfaces could just as well be included in the general term of decoration, if it were not that flat walls admit of a quite different kind of decoration from the rounding and broken surfaces that are presented by pillars, capitals and cornices, or on account of the varied forms which decoration may take when applied to the different materials such as metal, stone, glass, wood, fabric, or pottery.

It is necessary in whatever attempt we make to picture the manner in which the arts may have developed from the time when the intelligence of man was dawning, that we should bear in mind the simultaneousness of that development ; how the climate and other natural forces, social and religious customs, and variations of government affected the development of the arts, each of which contains a reference to earlier types and a correspondence to existing life.

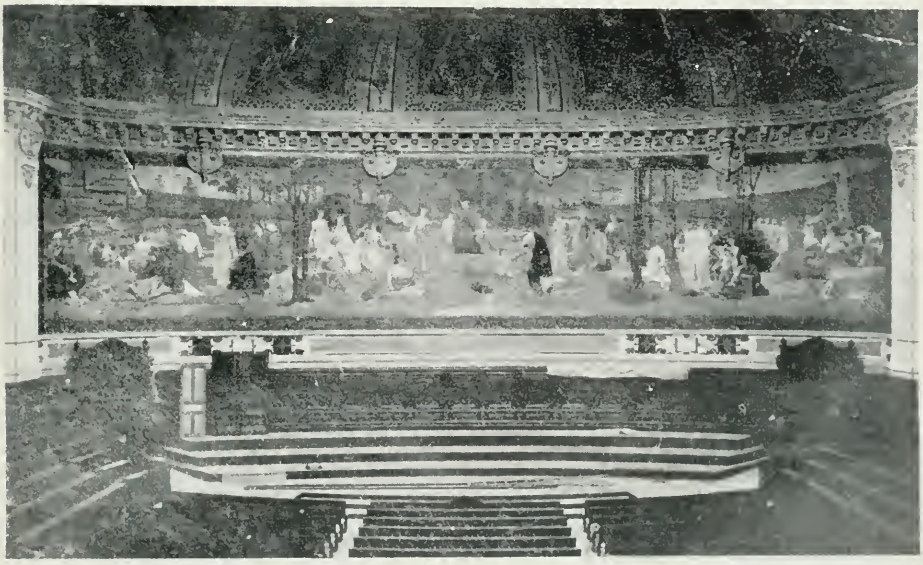
In the sculptured and painted decorations of Egyptian architecture we find the earliest known forms of the expres-

sion of the ancient life. This representation is of infinite variety, including every phase of Egyptian existence, and is said to be a complete chronicle and history of the Egyptian life, depicting work, war, games, social customs, religious ceremonies, and especially events in the lives of the rulers. Painted bas-reliefs for the most part covered nearly all the walls, ceilings and pillars of the temples, palaces and tombs. These were scarcely more than outlined on the stone surfaces, and were brightly coloured in various flat tints. There were also wall paintings executed with decided outlines which resembled the bas-reliefs both in colour, form, and the subjects treated. Picture writing accompanied almost every scene depicted, elucidating its meaning. Bas-reliefs, paintings, hieroglyphics, colossal sculpture, all these were but an accompaniment to great architectural structures and an emphasis of their use.

I must merely mention in passing that though Egypt is not the oldest nation, it has the oldest history, partly from the fact that the climate preserves its monuments, and partly because nature furnished a durable material to build with. It must always be remembered that Chaldea, Assyria and India are very ancient civilizations, and much is not known about the great region of Asia Minor, but an important fact connected with it is that the Phœnicians were great traders, and the arts were widely spread through their travels both east and west.

It is the art of Greece which chiefly arrests our attention, because of its importance to our subject as we glance at the history of decoration ; and it might truly be said of it that it constitutes our connection with more remote antiquity.

Because of the numerous affinities to which we are heirs, it is our most precious possession, and to give it the place of highest import we term it classic. There was in the dim twilight of early Greece, we have reason to believe, a close relation with Egyptian and Assyrian art, although there are not many actual remains which can be pointed to in evidence. Prior to 1100 B.C. the Greeks had no history in the proper sense of the word ; this was supplied by a mass of legends or myths. This was the heroic age, of which we have a re-



THE HEMICYCLE.

Mural Decoration in the University of Paris, by Puvis de Chavannes.

flex preserved in the Homeric poems.

It is truly said that the ideal age of decorative art, as well as of architecture, belongs to Greece. The conditions which produced its civilization were such that art became freed from being the mere glorification of dynasties, and was the expression of individual freedom and of a self-governing people, and it is this spirit which, surviving every dark age, shows itself in the revival of arts.

The Parthenon is taken as the supreme achievement of Greek art, and although the question of colouring cannot be definitely known, it is generally conceded that the decorations were painted sculpture ; this conclusion has been opposed, and perhaps with some reason, but it is safe to say that if the Greek had a sense of colour equal to that of form we could have confidence in the success of such a combination. There can be no doubt, however, of the success of their wall decorations, as shown in the frescoes found at Pompeii, and these but feebly represent Greek painting. It is a vivid realization we receive of the myriad forms of Greek art at the time of its becoming fused with that of Rome when we visit the museum of Naples, where are kept the vast quantities of objects of familiar use—statues, bas-reliefs, bronzes of all sorts, and wall paintings dug from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Great as our interest always is in works of art separated from their original surroundings, when we walk the streets of Pompeii and notice the ruts worn by the wheels of the chariots, and the myriad feet that have trod the stone sidewalks until they hollow away from the walls of the houses ; when we walk through the dwellings, factories, bakeries, shops, temples, and up the worn stairs to the high seats of the theatre, we begin to form such a picture of the art and life of the time that enables us to take in its meaning and realize their vital connection. Art had even then begun to wane ; it was a foreign element, though produced in Rome. The Greek artist had been transplanted and was a hireling, and if we would believe Pliny, painting was a dying art.

Although the Romans erected arches, columns, aqueducts, temples, palaces, over a great part of Europe, there was but little that was new in form, and we are interested in Roman art only as a development of the influences acting and reacting upon a mixed people, by Greece, Phœnicia, and Etruria. The influences which caused the downfall of Rome operated largely in the infusion of a new spirit into the art of the time.

In the birth of Christianity we see a new element which is to add an impetus to art—by it we see the unification of widely separated arts, and the development of new forms. That period of Christian art belonging to the time known as the Middle Ages was marked, however, by an austerity which in a large measure prevented its free development. Almost every step the artist took being prescribed, as the early Christian feared the return to idol worship, sculpture was all but suppressed, though painting was allowed under limitations. When colour was the ruling passion, as exemplified in mosaic and fresco, sculpture was merely kept alive in the subordinate departments of metal work, wood and ivory carving, afterwards to revive to the full and intimate connection with architecture, which became more and more profusely decorated as enlightenment increased and religious austerity was broken. It is said that much of the enlightenment was due to that contact with other nations which resulted from the Crusades. There can be no doubt that a broad and genuine enthusiasm for art was created, which brought its fruits in the revival which followed. To merely mention the various styles of architecture, which had been developed in part at this period, brings to our minds a great variety of styles of decoration. There was, for example, the Byzantine architecture, which had a distinctly Greek or classic basis ; the Gothic and Norman, in whose ornamentation animal life played a large part, and that reflex of Byzantine developed by the

Arabs, which was entirely composed of geometrical forms.

The names of the old masters of sculpture and painting and the wide knowledge of their productions makes it unnecessary to mention many, and we must pass by some of the most notable to reach those names connected particularly with the mural decoration of the Renaissance. Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo, will, probably, best serve our purpose among the painters, the former being equally sculptor and poet. The frescoes of the Sistine chapel are the most typical of his power as painter, and the works of Raphael, as everyone knows, are the glory of the Vatican. Leonardo's greatest work in Mural Decoration was the Last Supper, in Milan.

When we return from the period which has been characterized as the golden age of painting, we are almost dazed by the vast numbers of schools which came out of it. The movable or easel picture became more and more the fashion, and though much wall-painting was still done, the best efforts of the painters were directed to the more commercial type of painting. If we think of the great painters of the various schools of later Italian painting, those of the Flemish and German schools, the Dutch, Spanish, and, later, the French and English schools, we find that this tendency was ever towards the painting of the easel picture, and when a large work was attempted it was still a movable thing with a frame, not intended to suit any particular style of architecture. This tendency was doubtless due to various causes. The inventing of oil painting, which aided the artist in the painting of larger panel pictures by the use of canvas as a surface to work on, the growth of the private patron as distinguished from the Church or the State, and the development of portraiture, all combined to create a demand which diverted the mind of the artist from the decoration of architecture. The commercial aspect of the question must also have been a factor in weaning the artist from the production of works of a monumental character, and as we have already seen, the influence of mechanical processes left the painter only that field of private patronage, which is but sufficient to develop the power of execution on a small scale.

The works by which we know the painters of the 16th century to our own time, are almost entirely of this class just mentioned. The labour which the earlier Italians spread over great wall surfaces was contracted more and more till we reach the minuteness of the later times, as illustrated in the work of the Flemish painters. It must not be supposed, however, that the easel picture was entirely disassociated from Mural Decoration. The easel picture, though but a piece of furniture, has always been used to greater or less extent to grace wall spaces by the harmony of its colour and the appropriateness of its subject.

Throughout the period under our notice a very important element contributing to keep alive the more monumental character of decoration was glass painting and tapestry weaving, and a revival which has set in is, to a great extent, an enlargement of the field which they have occupied. Harmonies of colour and line are more than ever the necessity of modern decoration. These, connected with the demand for more important subject-matter in our mural decorations, promise to elevate that branch of painting from the trivialities of stencilled and wall paper designs, especially in our public buildings, and cause the term "decoration" to mean more than the thoughtless, tasteless jumbling of things which at present makes the interiors of our buildings more like museums than dwellings.

The evidence of this revival of Mural Decoration is spread over nearly all the countries where modern art activity exists, and the special requirements of decoration are being shown in the smaller pictures now painted. The movement in Great Britain, of which Morris and Burne-Jones were perhaps

INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

the leading spirits, is now acknowledged to be the most comprehensive of all. The decorations by Leighton, at South Kensington, and Ford Madox Brown, in the Manchester Town-hall, are but examples of many which in our own time have been designed for important architectural settings. In France there has been for many years an especial activity in the same direction; Mural Decoration has been practised by the leading French painters through the 19th century, by Gros, Prudhon, Delaroche and Delacroix. Of the living painters, Puvis de Chavannes is regarded by the French as their great decorator, and by a large part of the world as the prophet of modern decoration.

In Paris, that Mecca of the painters of our time, Mural Decoration has reached almost the proportions which it attained in the days of Michael Angelo and Raphael, such public buildings as the Pantheon, Hotel de Ville, the Sorbonne and many others being profusely decorated with wall paintings and sculptures. Many of the other cities of France also have important decorations in their public buildings. Throughout Germany, Switzerland, Italy and other countries much of the same class of work is being done. A powerful reflex of this movement is being felt on this continent, mainly at present in the United States. All who remember the World's Fair in Chicago will recall the harmonious effect which caused it to be named "The Dream City," and this was due to the realization by architects, landscape gardeners and decorators that it was necessary, if a true harmony of effect was to be reached, that a general plan should be adopted and carried out by a system which would keep in view the whole work. Many decorations were executed by leading painters and sculptors, some of which could only have a temporary existence. The results of this great effort to unite the arts have been felt far and wide, and are reflected in the new Library of Congress at Washington, where some sixty sculptors and painters were employed in its decorations. The Boston Public Library is also an example of the influence which has reached the new country, and in many other places minor attempts are being made in the same direction.

The movement is one which must arise out of a broad and generous patriotic spirit, and a high order of civic and domestic pride. It is a stimulation to achievement to commemorate noble ideals, and it is the pursuit of the ideal which makes life truly worth living.

*G. A. Reid*

"THE READER."

A Water Colour—
By Franklin Brownell, R.C.A.

# THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts has just been held in Toronto and has been as successful as could be expected. The receipts were above the average, showing that Canadians are taking more interest in beautiful things, have more time and money to spend on that which does not make the people rich, but which gives life a broader and deeper significance.

The Royal Canadian Academy deserves praise and sympathy. It is not of great importance in cosmopolitan art, but it is of supreme value in Canadian art. Nothing very great has been accomplished by it, and only one of its members sells his pictures in Great Britain, but it has done much for the large body of amateurs engaged in painting, sculpture and designing. Further, it has aimed to cultivate and elevate the tastes of a people whose higher civilization is but beginning; and this aim has been partially successful.

Perhaps objection may be taken to the word "amateurs" as applied to the Academicians, but it is not intended offensively. Our artists are no more amateurs than our writers and scholars. Yet it must be admitted that we have few painters, writers or scholars who have attracted the attention of all the world and are able to stand face to face with the foreign masters in any particular line.

The Royal Canadian Academy was founded by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. They secured, in 1879, the co-operation of the Ontario Society

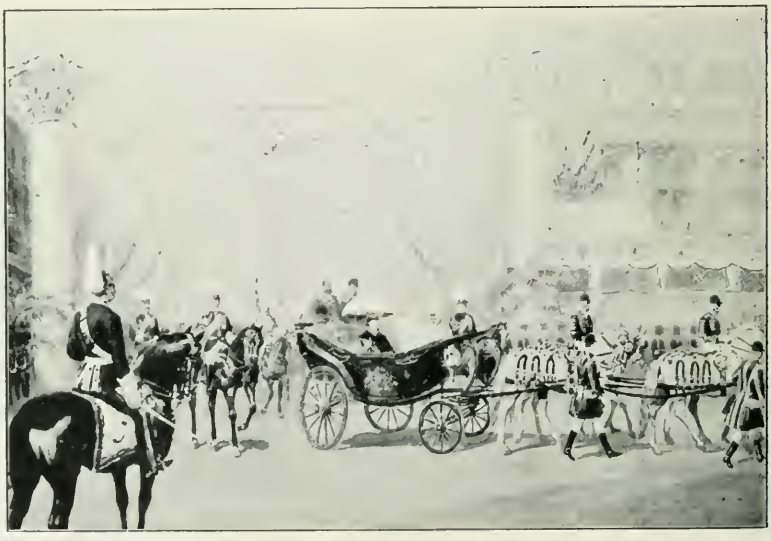
A RELIC OF THE PAST.

An Oil Painting—
By F. S. Challener, A.R.C.A.

of Arts and the Art Association of Montreal. The Canadian Academy was formed and soon became, by gracious Royal permission, the Royal Canadian Academy. The first officers were: L. R. O'Brien, President; N. Bourassa, Vice-President; M. Matthews, Secretary, and James Smith, Treasurer. In March, 1880, the first exhibition was held at Ottawa. Succeeding annual meetings have been held in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, with one in St. John and one in Halifax. The nucleus of a National Gallery has been collected from Canadian and foreign painters and sculptors. Some day this will be developed to a magnificence commensurate with the wealth and culture of the country. At present it does not occupy such a position.

At a gathering of writers and journalists held in Toronto last year, a leading journalist made the remark that it was "literature" that this country needed, not "a Canadian literature." Perhaps in summing up this exhibition and taking into consideration the general quality of the work shown, it might be well to say that our artists would do well to keep in mind that we want "art," rather than Canadian art. That is, Canadian artists should endeavour to produce work which will be equal to, or even better than, the average work produced by the leading European artists. Without such an aim, nothing of permanent success can be accomplished.

The leading place in the exhibition cannot be given to any one individual. The portraits by Robert Harris, the president, are masterpieces and ahead of all other portraits exhibited. "The Nihilist" is small but exhibits much strength. The colour and technique are above criticism, and the impression made upon the observer is very favourable. The portrait of John Hammond



THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897.

A Water Colour—
By F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.

THE SISTERS.

A Water Colour
By Wm. Brymner, R.C.A.

is even more pleasing, though less striking. "Looking at the Miniature," the picture of a French courtier in silk coat and breeches and stockings, is a very fine piece of work and was much admired.

Of Mr. Harris' work the Toronto *Telegram* says: "Taking the work of President Harris, much is to be said in his favour. He has outgrown the narrow technique of former days, and now wields a broad and sure hand on the canvas, more especially in his treatment of the faces of his portraits. It was often a very noticeable feature that whilst his costumes were freely and

FALMOUTH BAY, CORNWALL.

A Study—
By McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

always with a feeling of relief that one turned from the insipid and wooden portraits which it would be cruel to class amongst works of art and satisfied the eye and sense of beauty with such examples as those named above."

broadly painted and evidenced great truth as well, his flesh painting was somewhat laboured and at times ineffective. The snap and freshness of the coat were often in strange contrast to the minute brush work on the face, one being free and vigorous, the other constrained and dead, no matter how beautiful his colour might be. This is changed, and one has but to look at the fine, bold, technical freedom of the heads of Mr. Lindsay and the admirable portrait of Mr. John Hammond to be convinced that Mr. Harris has made rapid strides in the right direction. He stands pre-eminently, with one or two others, in the very front rank, and it was

Homer Watson's landscapes are pre-eminent in this class. "The Mill Ford" and "The Shelter" are gems of art of which any millionaire might be proud, and which would be to the ordinary citizen chattels very productive of dignity and pride. Homer Watson deserves the success which has come to him. He has studied the Canadian trees and fields with a broad sympathy and an appreciative soul. Hard, earn-

FALLS OF THE MOON RIVER.

A Water Colour—
By L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A.

A SINKING SUN SHALL SHINE.

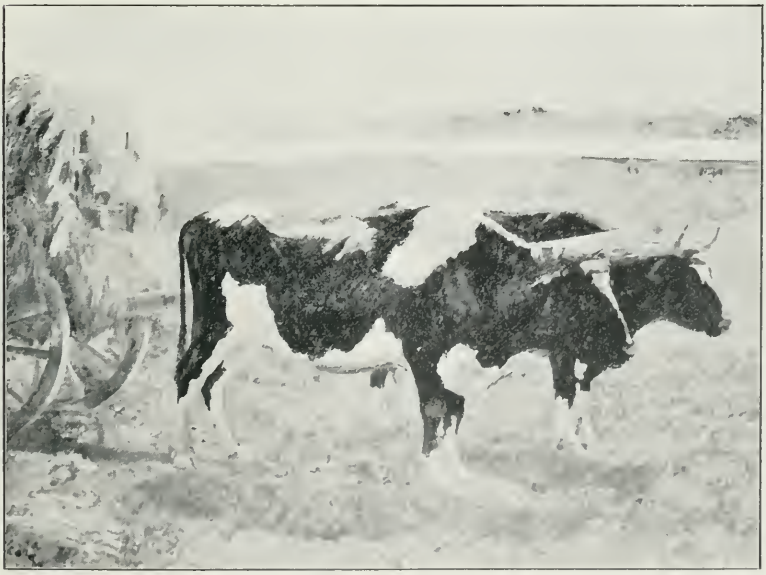
An Oil Painting
By C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

est and unremitting toil has enabled him to interpret what we see about us every day, and reveal the hidden meaning and the undisclosed emotion.

John Hammond had only one picture hung in this exhibition. It was entitled "Gasperean Fishing," and indicated his own peculiar Turneresque style.

One of the most striking pictures of the collection was the immense No. 631, "Hero Finding the Body of Leander." The corpse is only indicated, the head and part of one arm being visible. Hero stands in the shallow water, the embodiment of grief, sorrowing over her carelessness, heart-broken over her loss. The weirdness of the scene is intensified by the strong blue colour which predominates and gives to cloud and wave and rock an awe-inspiring appearance. Yet there is nothing horrible in the feelings aroused in the onlooker, although there is a feeling that the colours might, with success, be toned down to a slight extent.

William Brymner exhibits only one small piece of oil work, a circumstance much to be regretted. His water-colours were attractive, however, the most striking being "The Sisters." The medium in which this was painted aroused considerable interest among the artists. It was a water-colour done on canvas in an unusual manner.



A YOKE OF OXEN.

An Oil Painting—
By Maurice Cullen.

William Cruikshank's

THE SHELTER.

An Oil Painting—
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.

"Ploughing" is a pleasant picture and exhibits the good draughtsmanship for which that artist is noted. It was well hung and deserved the praise bestowed upon it.

Franklin Brownell's work seems to be improving. "The Reader" had one or two blemishes but is decidedly modern. Three other of his oils of a very fair quality were exhibited.

The three oils shown by Charles E. Moss, of Ottawa, attracted much attention. "The Goose Girl" was very interesting, the portrait of William Kingsford quite characteristic, and the "Melodies of the Forest" decidedly striking. This last was one of the unique pictures of the exhibition. The flesh colours were decidedly natural, and the composition apparently above much criticism.

Among the water-colours, the pictures by O'Brien, Manley, Matthews and Atkinson hold the leading places. O'Brien's show remarkable strength, together with a purity of colour, a characteristic which he has developed very rapidly during the past four or five years.

G. A. Reid exhibits a "Study for Mural Decoration," intended for the entrance hall of the new civic buildings in Toronto, and six pictures, four of which are in oil. Mr. Reid's work is always good, but his attention to mural decoration has prevented, apparently, his producing any very striking piece of work. Mrs. Reid's roses were much admired, and certainly she has attained an excellence in this kind of work which does her great credit.

Miss Florence Carlisle had a number of subjects hung this year, and some of them received a great deal of praise. It is doubtful, however, if it was all merited, although some of it undoubtedly was. We may expect much from her future work.

There are several other artists whose work deserves praise, if this article were intended to mention everything which deserved mention. But it is not. The whole collection of pictures was praiseworthy, and yet after all one cannot help wondering why a greater art development has not been attained in Canada. I am afraid that the people generally have not discovered that an art education—that is, a learning to love and appreciate good pictures—doubles the pleasures to be derived from this monotonous life.

*Norman Patterson.*

# THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.*

BY THOMAS E. CHAMPION.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE GROWTH OF THE EPISCOPATE. THE LABOURS OF THE EARLY PRELATES.

DR. CHARLES INGLIS, on his consecration to the Bishopric of Nova Scotia in 1787, found three churches in his cathedral city of Halifax, namely, St. Paul's, which had been opened for divine service September 2nd, 1750, the Reverend William Tutty being the incumbent; the Garrison chapel, and the chapel of St. George, which had been built by the German emigrants as a Lutheran place of worship. This congregation, though, eventually joined the Anglican body, and their building was devoted to the services of that church. St. Paul's Church just referred to, is the oldest Anglican place of worship in British North America.

In addition to the churches in Halifax, there were in 1787 Anglican churches in Annapolis, Granville, and, possibly, in Cumberland County, N.S. These last were exceedingly primitive structures, and had been erected by the exertions of the S.P.G. and its missionaries. In the "Ancient Capital," the far-famed and historic city of Quebec, there was no English church, nor was there one in Montreal or at Cataraqui, now known as Kingston. West of the latter place the whole country was a wilderness of forest and prairie. There was a mere handful of settlers at Newark, the present Niagara, and one or two families at what we now know as Grimsby.

In December, 1789, Christ Church, Shelburne, N.S., was opened for service, and on the 20th of the same month and in the same year, Christ Church, Montreal, formerly a building belonging to the Jesuits' College, was also opened. The corner-stone of Quebec cathedral was laid on August 11th, 1800, and the church consecrated August 28th, 1804. St. George's, Kingston—not the present building, but its predecessor—was erected in 1793; St. Marks, Niagara, about the same date; St. John's, Bath, on the Bay of Quinté, in June, 1795; and St. James', in Toronto, or, as it was then known, York, in 1807. Such was the beginning of Anglicanism in Canada.

Bishop Inglis had been but a very brief period in his diocese when he found that there was work enough not alone for one bishop, but for a dozen. Emigrants had poured into the country, and the western portions of his vast diocese were being quickly opened up by the exertions of the U. E. Loyalists on the Bay of Quinté and around Kingston, and by the steady influx of emigrants from Great Britain and other parts of Europe. After six years had elapsed, in July, 1793, when Governor Simcoe had arrived in Upper Canada, the bishopric of Quebec was founded, the new diocese including the whole of Upper and Lower Canada, the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. At this time the capital of Upper Canada was Newark (Niagara), while York (Toronto) had, perhaps, fifty inhabitants, in addition to the military.

There was no extension of the episcopate after this for forty-six years, it being on August 4th, 1839, when the Venerable John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York, and the Venerable Aubrey George Spencer, Archdeacon of Bermuda, were, in Westminster Abbey, consecrated to the sees of Toronto and Newfoundland respectively.

After this date, though, the progress of the Church was somewhat more rapid. On May 4th, 1845, the Rev. John Medley was consecrated by the

* Chapters I. and II. appeared in March; the two remaining chapters will be in the May issue.

Archbishop of Canterbury to the newly formed see of Fredericton, while four years later, on May 29th, 1849, the Rev. David Anderson was consecrated to the missionary diocese of Rupert's Land.

The diocese of Montreal was created in 1850, and Dr. Francis Fulford was on July 30th, 1850, consecrated the first bishop. This latter creation was a very great relief to the Bishop of Quebec, but it afforded none to the then aged and greatly overworked Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Strachan. In 1857, though, Dr. Strachan's labours were greatly lightened by the Diocese of Huron being formed, with Dr. Benjamin Cronyn as its diocesan, to which office he was consecrated on October 28th, 1857, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Here it is necessary to give a few words of explanation respecting the status at this date of the Anglican Church in Canada. As in the Motherland, so had it been in Canada, the Anglican was the State Church and her bishops had been appointed by the Crown. It is not necessary here to dilate on the vexed question of Church and State. That the dissolution of the bond which bound the Church to the State in Canada all, or nearly all churchmen, are now agreed was absolutely necessary; whether the connection was ever worth having is a point that it is useless to discuss; it is a thing of the past and can never be resuscitated. Referring to the election by the clergy and laity of Dr. Cronyn as Bishop of Huron, Dr. Mockridge in his biography of that prelate remarks: "A new state of things had set in for the Church in Canada. The Crown was to have nothing more to do with matters ecclesiastical. The people must learn to support the clergy and the clergy must learn to govern the Church as best they might. Bishops were no longer to be Government officers."

"A free Church in a free State" was the ideal of Count Cavour the great Italian statesman, and Bishop Cronyn was the first bishop appointed in the emancipated Anglo-Canadian Church.

The next diocese to be formed was that of Columbia, in the North-west, the consecration of the Rev. George Hills taking place on February 24th, 1859.

Toronto diocese was again sub-divided in 1861, when the see of Ontario was created with Kingston as the Cathedral city and John Travers Lewis as its first bishop. Dr. Lewis was consecrated on March 25th, 1862 (Lady-day), in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, his being the first episcopal consecration which bad ever taken place in Canada, marking, as his biographer aptly remarks, that "the Church had thus attained to a new era in her history."

Four new missionary dioceses were the next to be created, namely, Moosonee, Dr. John Horden, bishop, consecrated December 15th, 1872; Algoma, Dr. Frederick E. Fauquier, bishop, October, 28th, 1873; Saskatchewan, Dr. John McLean, bishop, May 3rd, 1874, and Athabasca, Dr. William Carpenter Bompas as bishop, May 4th, 1874.

The very names of these dioceses will be sufficient to show the progress that the Church was making in the extension of her work.

The diocesans of Toronto and Huron were both considerably relieved in their work in 1875, when the diocese of Niagara was formed and Dr. T. B. Fuller consecrated to the bishopric on May 1st.

Three more missionary bishoprics followed the creation of the last named diocese: they were Caledonia, Dr. William Ridley, bishop, July 25th, 1879; New Westminster, Dr. A. W. Sillitoe, bishop, November 1st, 1879, and Qu'-Appelle with the unselfish and devoted Adelbert J. R. Anson as bishop, consecrated June 24th, 1884.

The last see created has been that of Ottawa, thereby greatly relieving the Archbishop of Ontario. The first prelate to preside over the see is the Right Rev. Charles Hamilton translated from Niagara.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CHURCH AND EDUCATIONAL PROJECTS. LENNOXVILLE COLLEGE, TORONTO AND TRINITY UNIVERSITIES.

The first bishops of Nova Scotia and of Toronto were both pioneer teachers and educationalists and each one of these distinguished ecclesiastics exercised a vast influence in the spread of religious education in what is now the Dominion of Canada, while the Reverend John Stuart, the first rector of St. George's, Kingston, who was the first Anglican clergyman who came to Upper Canada, now the province of Ontario, also established the first academy in the same province at Cataraqui (Kingston), in 1786.

Dr. Inglis on his appointment to the see of Nova Scotia in 1787, found no educational facilities existing, and among his first acts was an attempt to remedy this state of affairs. Dr. Mockridge in his biography of Inglis says: "One of the first concerns of the bishop was with regard to the establishment of a Public Grammar School and College for the education of the youths of the country, chiefly with a view to procuring men properly qualified for the sacred ministry of the Church."

In October, 1787, the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia granted, by an all but unanimous vote, the sum of £400 in aid of Bishop Inglis' scheme of a grammar school or academy, the head-master of which was to be a "clergyman of the Established Church, with a salary of £200 sterling, and to have under him a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, to receive £100."

The place selected for the location of this school was the village of Windsor, on the Bay of Fundy, about forty miles from Halifax. The school was opened on November 1st, 1788, the head-master being the Reverend Archibald P. Inglis, a relative of the Bishop's. There were less than twenty pupils in attendance when the academy opened, but the numbers soon increased.

In the year 1789 the Nova Scotian Legislature passed an Act providing for the establishment and maintenance of a provincial college, and this was the beginning of what has ever since been known as King's College. The building was situated at Windsor, close to the academy already existing, the Reverend William Cochran being appointed principal provisionally.

There never was any question about King's College being under the control of the Church of England, and this ought to have been sufficient for all fair-minded and rational men; but, alas, it was not! With a fatuity such as distinguished the policy of Charles I., of Laud or of James II., the statutes of the new university were so framed by the governing body as to exclude anyone from its benefits who was not a member of the Church of England. More than this, in addition to being adherents of the Anglican communion they had to be prepared to "give their unfeigned assent and consent to the XXXIX. Articles" (so the terms of subscription ran in those days), as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

Bishop Inglis strongly objected to any such cast-iron constitution; he wished, and wished very naturally, that King's College should be under Church influence, and that students for the ministry should there receive their theological training, but he saw very plainly that to make the university sectarian, instead of national, was the certain way to impair its usefulness and mar its chances of success. Not only would all non-conformists or dissenters refuse to become matriculants, but many Churchmen would decline to give their subscription to the rigid theological test exacted. Unhappily, though, the extreme party prevailed, and the statutes were enacted with all their obnoxious provisions, which were not modified for many years—after the university had been all but wiped out. This policy was, as the great Earl of Derby, in the House of Peers, said the conduct of the Southern anarchists was, on the conclusion of the War of Secession, "not only a crime but a blunder."

Clerical education for many years continued in a most backward state, for in 1815, twenty-one years after the

opening of King's College, there was no theological college whatever in the diocese of Quebec, although the S.P.G, each year after that date, placed £200 at the disposal of Bishop Mountain in aid of students in theology who were reading with learned clergymen of experience. To understand how much this means it must be remembered that in 1815 York was a town of about 1,200 inhabitants, that Kingston had about the same population, and that from the east to the west, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, the whole of Upper Canada had been to a certain extent settled. How great the want was can thus be understood.

In the year 1828 King's College, Fredericton, was granted a Royal Charter, but after a time this ceased to be in any sense an Anglican institution, as in it all theological tests were absolutely abolished. The next attempt to provide for higher education uuder the auspices of the Anglican church in the diocese of Quebec was in 1842, when what is known as Bishop's College was established at Lennoxville. But great changes had taken place in the western portion of Quebec diocese three years previous to this date, by the separation therefrom of the diocese of Toronto, under the episcopal supervision of Dr. John Strachan.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, has a Royal Charter as a university, with faculties of Arts, Divinity and Medicine. The Divinity school, which is separate from the university, trains students for two years after they have graduated under the supervision of the Professor of Pastoral Theology. There are generally about sixty students in arts and divinity. The endowments of the college, which belong equally to the dioceses of Montreal and Quebec, amount to about $160,000, with scholarships and prizes of nearly $21,000, and property valued at nearly $100,000. There is also a Grammar School at Lennoxville in connection with the University, with six masters and about ninety pupils.

When Governor Simcoe came to Upper Canada, in 1792-3, among the many projects he had in view for the benefit of the province was the establishment of a university, on the model of Oxford and Cambridge, in the new land. This object was not carried into effect during Simcoe's term of office, nor, indeed, for many years after. In 1826 Dr. Strachan, then Rector of York, was promised by the Imperial authorities that a university should be established in York under the name of King's College, and that it should be in connection with the Church of England. Despite this promise, though, it was not until 1842 that the University was opened in Queen's Park, Toronto, on the site where now stand the Parliament buildings, by the Governor-General, Sir Charles Bagot.

From the very first, King's College and its constitution was a source of contention between the rival political parties in the province; nor is this much to be wondered at. The University was supposed to be for the whole province, but one of the clauses in its constitution, as originally framed, provided that all of the professors must be members of the Church of England, and its first principal was a clergyman of that Church, the Rev. John McCaul. Very soon after the University was opened, many of the provisions in its constitution, which were distinctly in favour of the Anglican Church and inimical to other religious bodies were repealed, but the University still retained its divinity school for the benefit of Church of England students, and ignored, as it could not help but do, all other denominations. At last, though, this too came to an end, and it was enacted by Parliament that the University of King's College should be absolutely and entirely unsectarian, and that no provision whatever should be made in its course of instruction for religious teaching. That this decision was fair to all parties as regarded the future of the University can not be gainsaid; the fault was not that such a decision was arrived at, but that the University was ever founded upon the lines it was. It was endowed not by private generosity but with public funds, and such being

the case, it should have been open to all, whether Jew or Gentile, Anglican or Non-conformist, Romanist or Protestant.

But, while one admits all that has just been stated respecting King's College, it can not be denied that the new departure was a breach of faith with the Anglican body, and when the University Charter was annulled some compensation ought to have been given the former. Such, though, was not done.

Dr. Strachan, the Bishop of Toronto, was, as was natural, a strong opponent of the secularisation of King's College, and with his voice and his pen did all he could to avert what he looked upon as a calamity to the Church and a still greater injury to the State, but when once the fiat had gone forth that King's College was no longer to have anything to do with the Church, the stout-hearted prelate set himself to work with a will to remedy the evil.

In the early part of the year 1850 the Bishop paid a visit to England for the purpose of raising funds to found an Anglican university in Toronto, and succeeded in obtaining from different sources a large amount of money. These donations in addition to the sum of £1,000 given by Dr. Strachan himself, and other large amounts contributed by the Canadian clergy and laity, enabled the Bishop to found Trinity College, Toronto, the first sod of which was turned by the Bishop himself on March 17th 1851. The corner stone was laid with great ceremony on April 30th following by the Bishop in presence of a great gathering of clergymen and laymen from all parts of the Province.

Under the superintendence of the Rev. George Whittaker, M.A., the first Provost, Trinity College began its duties early in 1852, and has ever since continued its beneficent educational work. Primarily, Trinity is, of course, a theological school, but its classes in arts and medicine are open to all irrespective of creed. The original endowment is stated to have been nearly $200,000 and to this about $95,000 has since been added. A Royal Charter was granted to Trinity almost simultaneously with its opening.

Among other distinctively Anglican schools in Ontario and the North West, there are Wycliffe College, in Toronto, which is supported by fees and private subscriptions; Huron Theological College, in London, founded in 1863; St. John's Theological College in Manitoba University; Toronto Church School for Boys; Trinity College School for Boys, at Port Hope; and several schools for girls, notably St. Hilda's College and Bishop Strachan's School, both in Toronto.

In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are to be found, in addition to those institutions already mentioned, the Diocesan Theological College, at Montreal, and the Lakeview College. In the Fredericton diocese are the Davenport School and the Rothesay Colleges, both for boys, besides the Rothesay School for girls. The Compton Ladies' College, in Quebec, is also under the management of the Anglican body. There are many smaller schools scattered throughout the Dominion under Church auspices, but they are, though doing good work, purely local and of only limited influence.

(*To be concluded next month*).

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

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DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## IX.—THE EIGHTH CUSTOMER AND THE PAIR OF BOOTS.

HE was a very little lad, reaching scarcely to the top of the counter; but he had a sharp, keen face, intelligent beyond his years with the precocity taught by poverty. Hagar, looking at his shock of red hair, and the shrewd blue eyes which peered up at her face, guessed that he was Irish; and when he spoke his brogue proved her guess to be a correct one. She stared at the ragged, barefooted urchin with some amusement, for this was the smallest customer she had yet had. But Micky—so he gave his name—was quite as sharp as customers of more mature years—in fact, sharper. He bargained astutely with Hagar, and evidently had made up his small mind not to leave the shop until he obtained his own price for the article he was pawning. This was a pair of strong, labourer's boots, hob-nailed, and stout in the soles. The red-haired boy heaved them on to the counter with a mighty clatter, and demanded seven shillings thereon.

"I'll give you five," said Hagar, after examination.

"Ah, now, would ye?" piped the brat with shrill impudence. "Is it takin' the bread out av me mouth ye w'uld be afther? Sure, me mother sid sivin bob, an' 'tis sivin I want."

"Where is your mother, boy? Why did she not come herself?"

"Mother's comforting hersilf wid the drink round the carner; an' sure I'm aqual to gittin' th' dirthy money meself! Sivin bob, alannah, an' may the hivins be yer bed!"

"Where did you get these boots?" said Hagar, asking another question, and ignoring the persuasive tone of the lad. "I see there are letters marked in nails on the two soles."

"Ah! there moight be," assented Micky complacently; "there's a 'G' on one foot, an' a 'K' on the other; but me fawther's name is Patrick Dooley, an' he's in Amerikey, worse luck. Mother got thim boots faive days gone in the counthry. They wos a prisint, me darlin'; an as they is too big fur me an' me mother, we pop them, dear, fur sivin bob."

"Take six," said Hagar persuasively; "they aren't worth more."

"Howly saints! listen to the lies av her!" shrieked Micky. "Six, is it? An' how can I go to me mother wid a shillin' wrong? Sure, it's breakin' me hid she'd be afther, wid a quart pot! An' what's money to the loikes av you, me dear?"

"Here—here! take the seven shillings!" said Hagar, anxious to rid herself of this shrieking imp. "I'll make out the ticket in the name of Mrs. Dooley——"

"Mrs. Bridget Dooley, av Park Lane," said Micky, grandly. "Sure, that will do as well as any other place. It's on the thramp we are—bad luck to

it! If 'twasn't for thim boots we got in Marlow, it's widout a copper we'd be."

"Here! take the ticket and money. I daresay you stole the boots."

"Is it takin' away me characther y'd be afther? Stalin'? Wasn't thim boots a prisint to me, for pure charity an' love av the saints? Ah, well, I'm goin'—I'm goin'! Sivin bob; it's little enough onyhow; but phwat's the use of lookin' for justice to Oireland in the counthry av the Saxon toyrant?" and Micky went out, singing "The Wearing of the Green," in a very shrill and unpleasant voice.

Hagar put the boots away, never expecting that a story could be attached to so ordinary a pawned article. But two days afterwards she was reading an account of a murder, and, to her surprise, the very boots, now reposing on a high shelf in her shop, were mentioned as a link in the chain of evidence likely to hang the assassin. Coincidences occur in real life oftener than the world cares to admit; and this was a case in point. A pair of boots with initials on the soles had been pawned in her shop; and now—scarcely forty-eight hours afterwards—she was reading about them in a newspaper. It was strange—almost incredible; but, to quote a trite and well-worn saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Briefly, the history of the crime was as follows:

Sir Leslie Crane, of Welby Park, Marlow, had been shot by his gamekeeper, George Kerris. It seemed that the man was engaged to marry a farmer's daughter, Laura Brenton by name; and Sir Leslie had been paying the girl more attention than was consistent with their respective positions. Kerris had remonstrated with the baronet, who had forthwith discharged him. A week later Crane, having gone out after dinner for a stroll in the park, had been found dead by a pond known as the Queen's Pool, which was some little distance from the gates. Footmarks had been discovered in the soft mud near the water, which shewed that the assassin had worn boots marked on the soles with the letters "G" and "K". These had been traced, through a Marlow bootmaker, to George Kerris. The man had been arrested, but neither denied his guilt nor affirmed his innocence. Still, as the report said, there could be no doubt that he had killed Sir Leslie in a fit of jealous rage, and also because he had been discharged. The boots could not be found, so undoubtedly the man had got rid of them after wearing them on the night of the murder. The report in the paper concluded by stating that the dead baronet was succeeded by his cousin, now Sir Lewis Crane.

"Strange that the boots should have been pawned in London," thought Hagar, when she finished this article, "and stranger still that they should have been pawned by that Irish lad! On the day he came here, he said the boots had been given to him five days previously. It is two days since then, so that in all makes seven days. H'm! To-day is the twenty-first of August, so I suppose Kerris must have given the boots to Micky on the fourteenth. Let me see the date of the crime."

On examination she found that the murder had been committed on the night of the twelfth of August, and that Kerris had been arrested on the thirteenth. Here Hagar came to a full stop, and reflected. If Kerris had been in gaol on the fourteenth—as from the report in the paper he undoubtedly was—he could not have given the boots to Micky on that day. Yet the Irish lad had confessed to receiving the boots at Marlow, and had given a time which, as reckoned out by Hagar, corresponded with the fourteenth of the month. But on that day the man who owned the boots was under lock and key.

"There's something wrong here," said Hagar to herself on making this discovery. "Perhaps Kerris is innocent in spite of the evidence of the boots? What am I to do?"

It was difficult to say. Certainly the accused man did not assert his innocence—a fact which was rather astonishing on the face of it. No one would let himself be hanged for a murder

which he did not commit. Yet, if Kerris were guilty, he must have had an accomplice, else how could the boots have been given to the Irish tramp, when their owner was in prison? The man, thought Hagar, might be innocent after all, in spite of his strange silence. Still, not knowing the circumstances of the case—save the garbled and bare report in the newspaper the girl did not, and could not make up her mind in the matter. At the present moment, her most politic course was to write and state that the boots had been pawned. This Hagar did at once, and the next day she received a visit from the detective who had charge of the case.

He was called Julf, a lean, tall, dark and solemn creature, who went very cautiously to work—especially in cases of murder. He had a conscience, he said, and would never forgive himself did he hang the wrong criminal. Julf knew how often circumstantial evidence helped to condemn the innocent; how likely even the most acute detective was to be deceived by outward appearances; and how intricate and dark were the paths which led to the discoveries of mysterious crimes. Hence he was slow and circumspect in his dealings.

On arriving at the Lambeth pawnshop he examined the boots, asked Hagar a few questions, and then sat down with her to thresh out the matter. Julf saw that the girl was shrewd and clever from the remarks she had made anent the pawning of the boots; so he was quite willing to discuss the affair freely with her. In contrast to many self-sufficient detectives, Julf always believed that two heads were better than one, especially when the second head was that of a woman. He had a great respect for the instinct of the weaker sex.

"I'm afraid the man's guilty, right enough," he said in his solemn way. "He had quarrelled with Sir Leslie ver this girl, and had been dismissed for insolence. Besides, he was seen coming out of the park at ten o'clock —just after the murder!"

"Had he his gun with him?"

"No; but that's no matter. Sir Leslie was shot through the heart with a pistol. Now, Kerris had a pistol, but that can't be found either. You didn't have a pistol pawned here, did you?"

"Nothing was pawned but the boots," said Hagar, "and Kerris could not have given them to Micky; it seems that he was in prison on the day the lad got them."

"That is true enough. We must find this boy, and learn who gave him the boots on that day. But if Kerris is innocent, why doesn't he say so?"

"It is a mystery," sighed Hagar. "You say that Kerris' pistol cannot be found?"

"No, not in his house, so I daresay he flung it away after killing Sir Leslie."

"Oh, ho!" said Hagar shrewdly, "then the weapon with which the murder was committed can't be found either."

"But the pistol is the same; Kerris used it, and then got rid of it."

"Why don't you search for it?"

"We have searched everywhere, but it cannot be found."

"Have you drained the pond near which the crime was committed?"

Why no," said Julf meditatively; "we haven't done that. It's a good idea!"

Hagar sighed impatiently. "I wish I had this case in my own hands!" she said sharply; "I believe I'd find the assasin."

"We have found him," replied the detective stolidly. "Kerris killed Sir Leslie."

"I don't believe it!"

"Then why doesn't he deny it?"

"I can't say. Is Kerris much in love with this Laura Brenton?" asked Hagar, turning her large bright eyes on Julf.

"I should think so! He's madly in love with her."

"And she with him?"

"Oh, I don't say that," replied Julf; "that is quite another thing. I fancy from what I have heard that she

gave far too much encouragement to that young baronet. Kerris evidently had cause for jealousy; so I do not wonder that he killed Sir Leslie."

"You have yet to prove that he did."

"Bah!" said Julf, rising to take his leave. "He quarrelled with the baronet; he was discharged. His own pistol is missing, and the dead man was shot with a pistol. Then there is the evidence of the boots with his initials on the soles. You can't get over that. Don't you talk nonsense, my girl; there is a strong case against Kerris."

"I can see that; but there is one point in his favour. He did not give those boots to Micky."

"Evidently not. But to prove that point we must find the lad."

This was easier said than done, for Micky and his mother had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. All the police and detective forces in London tried to find the boy, but could not. Yet on his evidence turned the whole case. And all this time George Kerris, in the Marlow prison, refused to open his mouth. Most people believed him to be guilty on the evidence of the boots; but Hagar, on the evidence of the pawning, insisted that he was innocent. Still, she could not understand why he held his tongue at such a crisis.

It has been stated several times that Hagar found her life in the pawnshop extremely dull, and seized every opportunity to gain for herself a little diversion. A chance of amusement in unravelling the mystery of the boots offered itself now; and this she resolved to take. Also, the conduct of the case would necessitate a visit into the country; and, weary of the narrow streets of Lambeth, Hagar eagerly desired a breath of fresh air. She left the shop in charge of an elderly man, who had been her assistant since Bolker's departure, and took the train to Marlow. When she arrived there, Julf, more solemn than ever, met her at the railway station.

"Good day," said he quietly. "You see I have agreed to let you assist me in finding out the truth of this case; though to my mind the truth is already plain enough."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Julf. Take my word for it, George Kerris is innocent of the crime."

"Is he?" said Julf in sceptical tones; "then who is guilty?"

"That is what I have come to find out," retorted Hagar. "I am obliged to you for letting me help you, though, to be sure, I do so only to gratify my own curiosity. But you won't repent of your concession. I am to have a free hand?"

"You can do exactly as you like."

"Can I? Then I shall first call and see the new baronet."

Refusing the offer of Julf to accompany her, on the plea that she could execute her business better alone, Hagar walked to Welby Park, which was on the other side of Marlow, and asked to see Sir Lewis Crane. At first, owing to her gypsy-like appearance, she was refused admittance; but on mentioning that her business had to do with the murder of the late baronet Sir Lewis consented to see her. When face to face with him, Hagar, for reasons of her own, examined him closely.

He was an ugly little creature, many years older than his dead cousin, and had a mean yellow face, stamped with an expression of avarice. Hagar had seen just such another pinched, cunning look on the face of Jacob Dix, and she knew without much trouble that the man before her was a miser. However, she wasted no time in analysing his character—knowing that it would reveal itself in the forthcoming conversation—but at once mentioned her business.

"I am come on the part of Mr. Julf to see about this murder," she said curtly.

Sir Lewis raised his eyes. "I did not know that the Government employed lady detectives," was his remark.

"I am not a detective, but the owner of the shop in which the boots of George Kerris were pawned."

"The boots which prove his guilt,"

said Crane, with an air of relief which did not escape Hagar.

"I rather think that they prove his innocence!" was her cold reply.

"Oh! you are talking about them having been given to that tramp when Kerris was in prison. I know all about that, as the detective told it to me. But, all the same, Kerris is guilty, else he would deny his guilt."

"Have you any idea why he does not do so?"

Crane shrugged his shoulders. "No; unless it is that he knows himself to be guilty."

"I believe him to be innocent."

"Pshaw! My cousin admired Laura Brenton, who was engaged to Kerris, and was foolishly attentive to her. On that score the man was insolent; so Leslie discharged him. In committing the murder, he took a double revenge."

"Where were you, Sir Lewis, when your cousin was killed?"

"In the park," replied the baronet frankly. "After dinner my cousin and I went out for a stroll. In a short time he made some excuse to leave me, as I believe he wished to meet Laura by the Queen's Pool. I walked in the opposite direction, and shortly afterwards I came back to the house. Leslie had not returned, so I went to look for him, and found his dead body by the Pool.

"Did you hear the pistol shot?"

"Yes, but I paid no attention to it. My cousin was in the habit of firing at a target, and I thought he might be doing so then."

"What! firing at a target in the twilight! Could your cousin see in the dark like a cat?" said Hagar with irony.

"I don't know anything about that!" retorted Crane snappishly. "I have told you the story, as you represent the detective Julf. I say no more!"

"I don't want you to say more. May I go and look at the pond?"

"Certainly. One of the servants shall show it to you."

"Can't you come yourself?" said Hagar with a keen glance.

Crane drew back, and his yellow face grew pale.

"No," said he in an almost inaudible voice. I have seen enough of that horrible place."

"Very good; I'll go with the servant," replied Hagar, and marched towards the door.

"What do you want to see the pool for?" he asked, following.

"I wish to find the lost pistol."

When Hagar had taken her departure, Sir Lewis, pale and nervous, stood near the open window. "Confound this woman!" he thought, clenching his hand. "She is far too clever, but I don't think she'll be quite clever enough to find that pistol," he added in a satisfied tone.

The Queen's Pool was a circular sheet of water filled with lilies, at the lower end of the park. On the way thereto Hagar asked the servant who was guiding her a few questions.

"Was Sir Lewis poor before he got the estate?" she demanded.

"Very poor, miss; hadn't a sixpence but what he got from Sir Leslie."

"Was he on good terms with his cousin?"

"No miss, they were quarrelling fearful. On the night of the murder they had a row royal."

"What about?" asked Hagar, turning a keen look on the man.

"About money and that gal Laura. Sir Lewis loved her just as much as Sir Leslie, but she didn't care a straw for either of them, being taken up with Kerris."

"How does she take her lover's arrest?"

"Why, miss, she cries and cries, and swears that he is innocent, and talks nonsense."

"What kind of nonsense? There may be some sense in it."

"I dursn't tell you, miss," said the servant casting a hurried look round; "it 'ud be as much as my place is worth."

"Oh, I understand," said Hagar serenely; "this Laura says that Sir Lewis killed his cousin."

"Yes, she do," replied the man aghast at her penetration; "but how you could guess miss, is more——"

"Never mind," said Hagar, cutting him short as they arrived at the pool. "Is this the place where the murder was committed?"

"Yes, miss, we found the body there in the mud; and just beside it the marks of the boots."

Hagar reflected, and asked another question. "Did Sir Lewis ever visit Kerris?

"He did, miss, just two days before the murder—went to see him about some game."

"Oh, did he," murmured Hagar to herself. "I think there was something more than game in that visit."

Of this she said nothing to the man, who stood on the bank, watching her searching about the place. The pool was filled with clear water, and on it the lilies floated placidly. Hagar peered in to see if there was any trace of the pistol used to kill Sir Leslie; but though the water was as clear as crystal, and she searched carefully, not a sign of the weapon could she see. The grass round the pool was closely shorn, and some little distance up the slope stretched a terrace with a flight of shallow stone steps. On either side of these, at the lower end, were two pillars, bearing urns of marble sculptured in classic fashion with nymphs and dancing fauns. In these bloomed scarlet geraniums, now in full flower; and as Hagar, idly gazing around, caught sight of the vivid blossoms an idea entered her head. Dismissing the man, for whom she had no further use, she moved swiftly towards the terrace, and lifted one of the pots out of its marble urn.

"No sign of a pistol there," she said, replacing the pot with a sense of disappointment. "I may be wrong. Let me examine the other."

This time she was rewarded for her shrewd guess. At the bottom of the right hand urn, quite concealed by the pot, she found a small pistol. On its stock there was a silver plate, and on that plate a name was engraved. At the sight of this latter the eyes of Hagar glistened with much satisfaction.

"I thought so!" said she to herself; "and now to tell Julf!"

The detective was waiting for her at the park gates, and looked up expectantly as she moved towards him with a smile on her face. With grim satisfaction she placed the pistol in his hand.

"There is the weapon with which Sir Leslie was killed!" she said in a tone of triumph. "I found it under the geranium pot in one of those urns. What do you think of that?"

"The pistol of Kerris!" said Julf, quite amazed.

"No, not the pistol of Kerris; but of the man who murdered Sir Leslie."

"Kerris," repeated Julf with dogged obstinacy.

"Look at the name on the silver plate, you idiot!"

"Lewis Crane!" read the detective, stupefied; then he looked up with an expression of blank astonishment on his solemn face. "What!" he muttered, "do you think Sir Lewis killed his cousin?"

"I am sure of it!" replied Hagar firmly. "I have just learned from a servant that he was in love with the girl Laura also, and that he was poor and dependent upon the dead man for money. The two had a quarrel on the night of the murder, as they went out for a walk. Because of this quarrel they parted, each going different ways. Sir Lewis said that he returned home, that he heard the pistol shot, and thought that his cousin was shooting at a target—as if a man would do so in the twilight!" added the girl contemptuously. "What he really did—Lewis I mean—was to follow his cousin, and shoot him by the Queen's Pool; then he hid the pistol in the marble urn, and crept back to the house to play his comedy. I tell you, Mr. Julf, that Kerris is innocent. I said so always. Sir Lewis is the guilty person, and he slew his cousin out of jealousy of Laura Brenton, and because he wanted the dead man's money."

"But the boots—the footmarks in

the mud?" stammered Julf, quite confounded by this reasoning. "The marks were made by the boots of Kerris."

"I quite believe that," admitted Hagar; "another portion of Sir Lewis's very clever scheme to ward off suspicion from himself. The servant who led me to the Queen's Pool will tell you, as he told me, that Sir Lewis just a day or two before the murder paid a visit to the cottage of Kerris. Now, it is my opinion that while there he stole the boots, and wore them on the night on which he committed the murder, with the intention of throwing the blame on Kerris, whom Laura Brenton loved. Don't you see what his game was, Mr. Julf? He wanted to gain a title and money, so as to marry Laura; he slew his cousin to get the first, and laid the blame—by circumstantial evidence—to get the second, on George Kerris. Now, what do you say?"

"It looks black against Sir Lewis, certainly," admitted Julf; "still I cannot think that he would dare——"

"Bah! men dare anything to gratify their passions," retorted Hagar shrewdly; "besides, he thought that he made all safe for himself by wearing the boots of Kerris. It was Sir Lewis who gave the boots to Mickey. Oh, if that boy could only be found!"

"He is found!" said Julf quickly. "I got a telegram when you were in the park. The police picked him up in Whitechapel, and will send him down here to-morrow. If he can swear that Sir Lewis gave him the boots, I shall get a warrant out for that man's arrest."

"I believe he is guilty," said Hagar in a meditative fashion, "and yet I am not altogether sure."

"Why not? There is certainly a strong case against him."

"Yes, yes; but if Sir Lewis is guilty, why should Kerris keep silent, and not declare his innocence? I must see the man and find out. Can I get into the gaol?"

"I'll take you there myself to-morrow morning," replied Julf. "I should like to know the reason of his silence also. It can't be love of Sir Lewis as makes him hold his tongue."

"No; that is what puzzles me. After all, like Kerris, the baronet may be innocent."

Julf shook his head "I can't think where you will find a third party on which to lay the guilt—unless," he added, with an afterthought, "you blame the Irish boy who pawned the boots."

"It may even be him!" said Hagar seriously. "But we'll know to-morrow, I fancy. Kerris, Sir Lewis, Mickey—h'm! I wonder which of the three killed that poor young man."

Hagar thought over this problem for an hour or so, then not being able to solve it, she put it out of her head for the night. As for Julf, he was so much impressed by Hagar's cleverness in finding the pistol and constructing a case against Sir Lewis—who he now began to believe was guilty—that the next morning, before taking her to see George Kerris in prison, he conducted her to an outlying farm.

"Laura Brenton lives here," he said; ask her about Sir Lewis, and see if we can strengthen the case against him."

Laura was a fine, tall, handsome girl, somewhat masculine in her looks; but at the present moment she seemed ill and appeared haggard—which was no wonder, seeing that one of her lovers was dead and the other in prison. However, she was quite willing to answer Hagar's questions, and declared most emphatically that Kerris was innocent.

"He wouldn't kill a fly," said she, weeping, "although he was angry with me for meeting Sir Leslie; but I never saw any harm in doing so."

"Opinions differ," said Hagar coldly, not approving of this morality. "You met Sir Leslie on the night of the murder?"

"I—I didn't!" stammered the girl fiercely. "Who says so?"

"Sir Lewis. He told me that his cousin left him in the park—after their quarrel—to see you by the Queen's Pool."

This Laura denied flatly. "I went into Marlow on that evening to buy some ribbon," she explained, "but I never went near Welby Park. Sir Lewis is a liar and a murderer!"

"A murderer! Why should he murder his cousin?" asked Hagar sharply.

"Because he loved me, and I would have nothing to say to him."

"You loved Sir Leslie?"

"I did not!" blazed out the girl wrathfully. "I loved neither of them, but only George Kerris. He is innocent, and Sir Lewis is guilty. I believe he killed his cousin with the pistol Sir Leslie gave him."

"What do you know about that pistol?"

"Why," explained Laura quietly, "I went to Welby Park with father to pay the rent, and in the library, on the table, there was a pistol with a silver plate on it. Mr. Lewis—he was not the baronet then—told me that Sir Leslie had given it to him, and showed me his name on the plate. As Sir Leslie was shot with a pistol, I believe Sir Lewis did it."

"But had not George Kerris a pistol also?"

"Yes; an old thing that wouldn't fire straight. I tried it myself at a target which George set up on the farm."

"The pistol isn't in George's house."

"I don't know where it is, then," said the girl indifferently; "but I am sure of one thing, that George is innocent. Oh, try and get him out of gaol!"

"And Sir Lewis hanged?" said Hagar drily.

"Yes!" cried Laura fiercely; "he's a murdering beast! I should like to see him dead!"

Rather wondering at the fierceness of the girl, Hagar left her, and went on to the gaol in which Kerris was incarcerated. The gamekeeper was a huge blonde man, with a fresh, handsome face. Usually his expression was frank and kindly, but now, owing to recent events, he looked sullen. In spite of all Hagar's questioning, he persisted in declining an explanation.

"I'll say neither one thing nor another," he declared; "if I did kill Sir Leslie, or I didn't, is my business. Anyhow, he deserved to be killed."

"Who are you screening?" asked Hagar, changing her tactics.

"No one," replied Kerris, a colour rising in his face.

"Yes, you are, else you would not jeopardise your neck. But you shall be saved in spite of yourself. I know who killed Sir Leslie."

"You do?" asked the man, looking up anxiously.

"Yes, his cousin, Sir Lewis. We have found his pistol concealed where the murder took place; he stole your boots to wear them, and throw the blame on you. You came out of Welby Park at ten o'clock, after the murder was committed. Did you not see Sir Lewis?"

"No, I didn't," replied Kerris hastily. "I saw no one. I heard a shot, and thought poachers might be about, but as Sir Leslie had discharged me I didn't think it was my business to see after them."

"Sir Lewis paid you a visit shortly before the murder?"

"Yes, he did; to see me about some game."

"Did you miss the boots after he left?"

"I never missed them till the night of the murder, when I wanted to put 'em on," said Kerris. "I hadn't worn them for some days, as they were new boots, and rather hurt my feet."

"Then no doubt Sir Lewis stole them for his own purposes," said Hagar triumphantly. "He is guilty, and you——"

"I am innocent!" cried Kerris proudly. "I don't mind saying it now. I never killed Sir Leslie; I never laid a finger on him."

"And you did not say so before because you were screening someone. Who was it?"

Kerris made no reply, but looked uneasy.

Before Hagar could repeat her question, the answer thereto came from a

most unexpected quarter. The door of the cell was opened, and Julf entered, with an expression of profound astonishment on his face.

"Here's a go!" he cried to Hagar. "Micky has arrived, and has told me from whom he received the boots!"

"Sir Lewis?"

"No; I have seen Sir Lewis, and he denies his guilt; also, he tells me a story which corroborates Micky's evidence, and explains why Kerris here holds his tongue."

Kerris rose from his seat on the bed with a bound, and strode towards Julf, looking worried and fierce.

"Not a word! not a word!" he said between his clenched teeth. "Spare her!"

"Her!" cried Hagar, a light breaking in on her. "Laura Brenton?"

"Yes, Laura Brenton," replied Julf, shaking off the gamekeeper. "Micky has seen her; it was she who gave him the boots."

"I told her to; I told her to!" interrupted Kerris in despair.

"Nonsense! you wish to screen her, as you have tried to do all along. But you are wrong. Laura Brenton is not worth your sacrificing your life, my man. She is the guilty person who killed Sir Leslie. And why? Because he had cast her off and was about to marry another woman."

Kerris gave a great cry. "It is false—false! She loved me!"

"She loved herself!" retorted Julf sharply. "Sir Leslie promised to marry her, and because she could not force him to keep that promise she killed him. It was to throw the blame on you that she stole the boots and wore them on the night she met Sir Leslie by the Queen's Pool. It was to get Sir Lewis into trouble that she stole his pistol to kill his cousin."

"And did she hide it in the urn?" asked Hagar, astonished by these revelations.

"No; Sir Lewis did so. He knew that Laura committed the crime."

"How so?"

"He heard the shot, and went to see who had fired it. By the Queen's Pool he found his cousin's dead body, and picked up his own pistol on the bank. As Laura, to his knowledge, had taken it away from the library on the day she came with her father to pay rent, he knew that she had killed Sir Leslie. To screen her, and not thinking of his own danger should the pistol with his name on it be found, he hid it in the urn where you found it. So, you see, two men have tried to screen this woman, who loved neither of them."

"She loved me—me!" cried Kerris in agony. "Oh, why did Sir Lewis speak!"

"To save himself from arrest," replied Julf. "He was not so loyal as you, my poor fellow. However, you will soon be released. To-day I arrest Laura."

And this was done on that very morning. Laura was arrested, and, terrified by the statements of Micky and Sir Lewis, although George Kerris loyally kept silent, she confessed all. Julf's explanation was correct. She had met Sir Leslie on the night of the murder by the Queen's Pool, with the intention of killing him should he persist in his intention of casting her off. He did so, and she killed him. She had stolen the pistol and the boots to throw the blame, should occasion arise, on Sir Lewis and Kerris. Also, she had taken away the pistol of Kerris from his cottage to inculpate him. But for Hagar and the episode of the pawned boots, which Laura had given to Micky to get rid of, she might have succeeded in her vile plans, and have escaped free, to ruin other men. As it was, she confessed her crime, and was condemned to penal servitude for life. She deserved the scaffold, but she escaped that through the leniency of the jury, on the score of her youth and beauty.

Released from the prison into which he had cast himself so madly to save an ungrateful woman, George Kerris came up to Lambeth and redeemed those fatal boots which had been pawned by Micky.

"I am going to Australia," he said

to Hagar. "I failed to save her, so I cannot bear to remain at Marlow. I knew she was guilty all along; for she had been in my cottage the day previous to the murder, and had carried off these boots, on the plea that her father wished for a similar pair, and wanted to see them. When the footmarks with my initials were traced in the mud of the pond, I guessed that she had worn the boots and had killed Sir Leslie. I loved her so dearly that I would have suffered in her place; but you with your clear head found her out, and now she is paying for her wickedness. Life is over for me here; I go to Australia, and I shall take these boots which ruined her with me."

"Why did you do all this for Laura —that worthless woman?"

"Worthless she is, I know," rejoined Kerris; "but—I loved her!" and with a nod he departed, carrying the boots and himself into exile.

*(To be continued.)*

## COLD WATER CURE.

WE stood by the side of the clear trout-stream,
The queen of my soul, and I;
And our lives seemed bright as a lover's dream,
Or the swift wave eddying by.

Our sport by the stream, 'midst the summer flowers,
Was all that our hearts could wish,
Tho' we'd been on its banks at least three hours,
And we hadn't caught a fish.

An old log spanned that brook divine,
Dark green, with slippery moss,
So I took her fairy hand in mine,
To guide her steps across.

A slip—and a splash—and a wild, wild cry
Of a maiden in despair;
And the minnows played, as they darted by,
In the wealth of her golden hair.

Oh! a shadow was over the sunshine laid,
And the river laughed no more,
As a draggled maid and a man afraid
Were wading to the shore.

Though the maiden's teeth they chatted sore,
Still fire in her bosom raged;
And when we reached the flower-gemmed shore,
We were no more engaged.

*Reginald Gourlay.*

# MY LADY'S BOWER.

SOME years ago I was spending Easter at a fine old house in —shire, the home of a dear friend who was very ill at the time; but as I was soon to leave England for India, I was unable to wait for a more convenient time, as we were very anxious to meet once more before my departure.

I had a charming, old-fashioned bedroom, very large, with an arched doorway, round which was carved, in queer old English letters, the words, "My Lady's Bower." The wide, low windows, with broad seats, commanded a fine view of the noble Cathedral, close at hand, where I daily attended the services. I have not words in which to express my joy in its beauty, and in the exquisite music—the choir being one of the finest in England, and the organist a man of note in the musical world.

One day, while exploring some of the unfrequented under-ground parts of the Cathedral with a friend, he pointed out a rusted, moss-grown grating, saying, "I have heard that that grating is connected, by an underground passage, with the very house in which you are now staying, and that thereby hangs a tale, a true version of which I should much like to know."

Just then he was interrupted by the bells ringing out for evensong. Absorbed, as usual, in the glory of the lovely bells, I forgot about the story—but later I had occasion to remember it.

I passed several restful nights in my charming bedroom the position of which I must try to describe. It was in a wing, with a hall to itself, and was the only room there on that floor. Just outside the door, and facing it, a most attractive little winding staircase led through a narrow door, up to the turret-room, which as yet I had not seen, being told it was not in use.

In the corresponding wing, at the other side of the house, were the servants' rooms. In the centre part were the bedroom and boudoir of my invalid hostess and the bed and dressing rooms of her husband, and also those now occupied by a naval officer (an old friend, for we had all known each other from childhood) who was also spending the Easter season with them. This room was the nearest to mine, but yet a long way off. The wide main hall and great staircase filled up the rest of the space. The various narrow halls or passages leading off to the different rooms gave a curious old-fashioned charm to the fine old house, to my fancy.

One night, having left my friend Olive comfortably settled for the night, I went to my room—very late, for that quiet household. As I crept softly through the halls, fearing to disturb the sleepers, the great Cathedral clock rang out the four quarters, and then struck twelve. My fire was low, the room felt chilly, and I hastened to bed as quickly as possible and was soon asleep. I was wakened suddenly by a feeling that something was amiss.

I sat up and listened—there was a movement of some sort at my door, and the unmistakable sound of the trailing of silken skirts along the hall.

"Is that you, Olive?" I called softly. There was no answer. Just then I heard the Cathedral chimes, followed by the long, slow boom of the clock striking one.

A horror came over me. There seemed to be an almost soundless struggle (if I may so express it) going on outside. Then the silken rustle continued past my door, up the little staircase, and died away into perfect silence. I then remembered that poor Olive could not have left her bed—far less have attired herself in silken garments. I listened in vague fear, and a sound began that at first I hoped was made by a mouse. But soon I knew it could not be so. It was a sort of

frantic scraping and tearing, accompanied by sobbing, stifled breathing and low moaning. Fear, of something wrong with Olive, at last gave me courage to get up and go to the door. As I softly opened it, all sounds ceased —the hall was empty and quiet in the moonlight. I stole to Olive's door, and found all safe there, our patient sleeping peacefully, so I compelled myself to return to my own room, and lay down, all cold and trembling, for, as it seemed to me, hours. At last I slept, and awaked to a bright, cheerful, sunshiny morning, and a conviction that I must have been a victim to nightmare!

At breakfast I said, laughingly, that I had had such a terrible, ghostly dream, and had been so impressed with its reality, that though I had been always afraid of darkness (and of moonlight—when alone) I had actually got up, and gone through both, to see if there was anything wrong.

During the day, increased anxiety for Olive so occupied my time and attention that I did not think of ghosts, and until, at half-past ten that night, I found myself brushing my hair by a bright fire in my room, the subject did not recur to my mind. I could not help covering my ears with the bedclothes! Nevertheless, I waked just in time to hear the clock strike one, and to consciousness of the same rustle of silk along the hall, up the stairs, the same horror of silence—followed by the scraping and tearing, the sobbing and moaning.

Once more I sprang up, caught up a dressing-gown, and flew down the hall —this time to the door of the naval officer's room, where I tapped hastily. He was awake, and soon came to me.

"Oh Jack," I said, "I cannot stay in that room alone! *What* is happening?"

"Why, you must have been dreaming again," said he, "everything seems quiet enough, though something waked me too. Did you call me before?"

"No, no!" I cried, "but I will not go back alone."

"That you shall not," said he.

"Suppose we both go down to the study, light up the fire, and have a fling at my proof (he was just then writing a book), that will be jolly."

So down we went very softly, and greatly comforted; I sat in a cosy corner and listened to "proof" until the dawn came. I began to feel ashamed of the disturbance I had made, and kindly consented to return to my room provided that all blinds were drawn up, curtains drawn back, and the light let in.

Jack said on leaving me, "Now, keep your spirits up (no pun intended), I have a fine plan for to-night."

I nodded, shut the door, and lay down in my dressing-gown, ready for immediate flight—and was soon fast asleep.

All the next day I felt oppressed by the thought of the coming night. I forgot to say that our host had been obliged to leave home unexpectedly for several days, and had left me "in charge of Olive and everything," including some guests in the evening. But at about 11.30 p.m. I found myself at liberty to retire, if I wished, to my uneasy couch.

I did not wish to do so; therefore, to carry out the plan that Jack had mentioned, he and I established ourselves in "My Lady's Bower," with a blazing fire, a kettle hissing comfortably on a trivet, tea-things on a little table, and the last of the "proof" to occupy our minds. We were prepared to sit up to see what might happen.

Jack's easy chair proved to be too delightfully comfortable, and after reading for a time he began to get drowsy; but I sat, wide awake, feeling as if I were all ears—waiting. Suddenly the Cathedral clock rang out the quarters and then struck one. Jack started up —it had begun once more, the trailing of the silken gown, the mysterious struggle, exactly as before. When it reached the winding staircase, Jack quietly opened the door and slipped into the hall. I waited trembling. He returned, looking very white.

"She is being strangled, and I cannot see her," he whispered.

"Hush!" said I; for that other

sound—the scraping and sobbing—had begun.

He listened a moment, then ran out and up the stairs. I followed, afraid to be left alone. All was still in the turret room, nothing to be seen but the quiet moonlight, shining through the arched window on the bare floor of an empty room.

We returned sorrowfully to "My Lady's Bower," where the fire still burned low but clear. Jack sank into his chair, more overcome than even myself. At last he said, "I never could imagine anything more awful, to hear a woman being strangled close to you and not to be able to help her, not even to see her! Could anything be more horrible?"

In dead silence we sat for some time, then Jack roused himself, stirring up the fire, put the kettle on to boil, and we made some tea, cheery, commonplace, homelike tea. It quite "set us up." When the first pale light of dawn came Jack went off "for a smoke, and to think it all over," and I lay down and slept soundly until very late, and consequently I breakfasted alone, went to the Cathedral service and spent the rest of the day in Olive's room, talking and reading to her. I did not say anything to her about our adventures in "My Lady's Bower," for fear of alarming her, as she was far from strong, and of a timid nature at all times. One thing I quite determined upon, that sooner than spend another night in "My Lady's Bower" I would sit up in Olive's room, or, lie on a sofa in the drawing room—anything rather than be there!

I did not see Jack until I was dressed for dinner. By his request I had said nothing to any of the household about the disturbance, and as long as the servants were in the room Jack did not touch upon the subject. When they were gone he said, "I wish you would come into the smoking room; I want to have a talk over this affair; I know you don't mind smoke."

I agreed, and when I had left Olive comfortable for the night, I joined him there.

"Now," he said, "I have a story for you; but first I must tell you that I spent some time to-day in trying to find out about these ghosts and whether there have been any tricks, or pranks, among the servants. I have not succeeded in finding out anything of that sort; they seem to be a quiet, respectable lot, and that good old soul, the housekeeper, has wisely kept the story I have coaxed out of her to herself. The other servants are comparatively new, but she went with the house when Forester and Olive took it from the old family, who 'let it' when they went abroad for some years. It appears from the housekeeper's account that your wing has been supposed to be haunted for hundreds of years, and the family kept the oak doors that shut it off closed always, but Olive and Forester either do not believe the story or do not mind it, for they keep the oak doors open. They have not been here long enough to be troubled (as this sort of thing occurs but at the Easter season!), but Mrs. Thurlow, the housekeeper, who has been here so long, knows about it well, and she begged Forester not to have that room prepared for you. Poor Olive's illness, and my being here too, cause extra rooms to be needed, and no other so bright and pleasant was available. Besides, Forester laughed at the idea of the wing being 'haunted.' Mrs. Thurlow gave me this old paper to read; it was left in her charge, with some other papers, and contains, she says, the story of 'My Lady's Bower,' and if at any time there was trouble about it, she had permission to show the paper, in order to prove that the visitation, or whatever it may be called, is quite harmless and does not last long. There are wonderful cellars to this house, I am told, and a passage from them, connecting it with the Cathedral, but it has been walled up for years. We must get Forester to let us explore a little when he comes home."

He then read aloud the following story, and I write it down as nearly as I can remember it:

Years ago, in the time of King Charles 1st, this family, like many others at that time, was much divided in opinion. Sir Giles, the father, a fine old Cavalier, was devoted, heart and soul, to the Royal cause ; as were also his younger son, Lionel, and his lovely daughter Lilian. His wife had been dead for several years, since which sad event Lilian had occupied the room still called "My Lady's Bower." The eldest son, Rupert, was a brave young fellow, of the "Ironside" type, and could see no good thing in King or Cavalier, and joined the Parliament side.

He had a friend and companion in arms, to whom he was warmly attached, Sir Piers Marchmont, a brave soldier, a faithful friend, and an exceedingly handsome man. He was usually somewhat stern looking, and quiet, even cold in his demeanour ; but when he was roused, his temper was fearful. Yet this seldom occurred.

The one tender and beautiful point about him was his love for Lilian, who, unfortunately for him, did not return his love. Indeed, she feared him, on account of his "parliamentary" views.

When Rupert and Sir Piers first met, although the storm was already darkening the horizon, comparative quiet reigned in the country homes of England, and Rupert and his friend could still meet on good terms those whom so soon they would look upon as enemies. But it so happened that the younger brother, Lionel, and Sir Piers had never met. Lionel was absent on duty with his regiment, and already the differences of opinion were so marked, that his father and sister refrained from speaking before the "disaffected" ones of their well-loved Lionel.

Kate Garston, an orphan and distant relative of Sir Giles, a handsome girl, some five years older than Lilian, lived with them. She had, unfortunately, lost her heart to Lionel, and in a weak moment had told him of her love. With sorrowful gentleness he replied that he was not free to return it, even if he *could*, as he was already engaged to one "to whom he would be true in word and deed while life lasted." From that time Kate Garston "lived but for revenge." She waited quietly for her opportunity.

When the war had fairly begun Sir Giles fought bravely for the king, and Lilian, with Kate Garston, and many of her household, busied themselves in preparing all sorts of comforts for the sick and wounded, and in nursing those whom Sir Giles sent to them to be taken care of. During the terrible reverses that followed, Sir Giles had the dangerous honour of giving shelter to many of the noblest in the land. He had utilized the curious, wide-spreading cellars and underground passages —connecting them by a narrow passage and staircases with the turret-room in the right wing, and with the beforementioned grating in the Cathedral. He thereby secured a secret way of escape in the time of necessity.

One fatal day the good old Sir Giles was killed in a skirmish close to the town. The "Roundhead" son, Rupert, took possession of the house and filled it with his own friends. The whole aspect of affairs was quickly changed. The grief-stricken Lilian secluded herself as much as possible in the right wing, keeping the heavy oak doors leading to it shut, in order to guard the entrance to the turret-room, the secret door of which was known only to herself and one or two of those believed to be most trustworthy. Among these was Kate Garston. Lilian allowed none to pass the oak doors without permission, save her "bower-woman" and Kate Garston; her brother Rupert, too, she could not, of course, exclude.

Soon Rupert began to insist upon her accepting the addresses of Sir Piers Marchmont. He worked upon her fears for her brother Lionel, who, he had discovered, was in hiding and in great danger in the near neighbourhood. By promising, if she consented to marry Sir Piers, to assist in getting Lionel off in safety, he persuaded her to agree to do so when the troublous times should have passed away.

Sir Piers treated her with the utmost respect and tender kindness ; but his

anger was often aroused by her persistent refusal to allow him to pass the oak doors of the right wing. She scarcely permitted him to escort her, even, to the entrance.

Kate Garston, who knew that Lionel was in concealment not far off, felt that her opportunity was at hand. She was very sweet and gracious to Sir Piers, and apparently full of delicate sympathy for him, on account of the coldness of his lady-love, occasionally dropping hints of "another attachment," until Sir Piers, harassed and miserable, could not, with all the self-control he tried to exercise, prevent occasional outbreaks of furious temper, even in the presence of his adored Lilian.

Late one night Kate Garston found the long sought opportunity for revenge. She picked up, in the right wing, a soiled scrap of paper, with these few words scrawled upon it: "Dearest L. To-night, in 'My Lady's Bower,' at one o'clock. Leo." She went at once in search of Sir Piers, who had not yet retired for the night. She showed him the paper, and he, not knowing that "Leo" was Lilian's brother, was almost crazed with anger. At the same time, Kate betrayed to him the secret passage of the turret-room, and showed him the spring by which the door opened into a sort of narrow slit or closet, from which a second door (which could be strongly barred on either side), opened on to a staircase descending to the cellars. She had but just time to show him all this, when the clock struck one, and she rushed away to conceal herself, carrying with her the light, and leaving (in her guilty haste) the secret door open! Sir Piers, left alone in the height of his wild anger, followed her down the stairs, and waited at the foot of them, dagger in hand, for the man whom he believed to be his enemy and rival. In black darkness he stood just within the small doorway, the moon flooding with pale light the hall before him.

Suddenly the door of "My Lady's Bower," just opposite to him, opened softly, and he heard the rustle of silken skirts. Holding his breath in agony, he saw, crossing the moonlight, the slender form of his (as he believed) faithless love. She was clad in violet silk, with long, wavy, golden hair floating down far below her waist. A second figure appeared within the oak doors—not down the stairs, as he expected. With a low cry of joy, "Leo, my Leo!" Lilian flung herself into the arms of the man advancing to meet her. The next instant the dagger of Sir Piers was plunged into the body of the stranger, and he fell mortally wounded. Sir Piers, in his madness, grasping Lilian by her delicate throat, dragged her, struggling wildly (but in horrible silence, because of the cruel grasp upon her throat), along the hall, hall, up the stairs. Thrusting her in through the open door of the secret passage, he flung it to behind her. For a few moments he stood panting with the rage that consumed him; then he heard the stifled sobbing, the agonized breathing, the tearing of the fingers at the stoney walls. The love so strong in his true heart re-asserted itself over the fearful passion; fain would he then have opened the door to rescue his beloved Lilian, smothering in the narrow space within; but, alas! nowhere could he find the spring! After feeling wildly for it by the uncertain light of the moon, he sprang down the stairs in search of help, only to be confronted by the body of the man he had killed, now lying full in the moonlight. Just then he saw beyond the oak doors a woman with a lamp in her hand crossing the great outer hall. She was Lilian's bower-woman on her way to her lady's apartment.

In his despair he appealed to her, entreating her to open the secret door. The woman, too bewildered and frightened to understand what he wanted, stood gazing as if spell-bound at the dead man at her feet. Suddenly she began to fill the house with shrieks. "Oh, my lady's brother has been killed!" Sir Piers held her firmly, when she would have rushed away, and insisted upon her telling him what she meant.

"My lady's brother, who came to meet her here to-night, has been foully slain !—Where, oh where, is my lady ?"

Others, roused by her shrieks, were rapidly collecting, several bringing lights with them.

Sir Piers, who was at first stupefied by the shock, roused himself, and urged them to follow him, and to break in, if they could not open, the secret door. They followed in amazement, being unaware that such a place existed. They soon found that they could neither discover the spring nor, with all their efforts, break in the strong door.

Just as some were going in search of axes Kate Garston appeared, her face white and ghastly. She quickly found the spring. As the door slowly opened—there, kept by the narrowness of the space from falling, was seen the body of the poor young girl, leaning against the wall. The violet eyes wide open, the small, tender hands all cut and torn by the rough stone, the pretty white throat bruised and disfigured by the grasp of the cruel fingers of the man who loved her so!

They bore her gently down the winding stairs into "My Lady's Bower," and laid her upon her couch. Sir Piers followed, as one in an awful dream. Others carried into the same room the body of poor Lionel. Sir Piers gazed in anguish on the two beautiful faces, so strangely alike, with their waving golden hair and the violet eyes; then stooping he seized the dagger, which had fallen from Lionel's body, and was about to plunge it into his own heart when a strong hand grasped his arm, and a voice whispered in his ear, "Forbear!" The same hand forced him, unnoticed by the bewildered, lamenting crowd, out of the room, down the great staircase, down lower yet to unknown parts of the dreary house.

"Give me the dagger," said his guide, "and wait here while I procure a light."

He soon returned, bringing a small lamp, and by its light Sir Piers recognized Sir Giles' Chaplain. He had been once a gallant soldier, but having been too sorely wounded to be ever fit for active service again had taken holy orders, and was now known far and wide for his good works.

"Sir Piers," said he, "I know you are not at heart a bad or cruel man. Go forth before the avengers come upon you. Add not sin to sin by self-destruction; but repent, and by the mercy of God wash away the sin that is as scarlet in the Blood of the Lamb. Bear your miserable life, and devote it to Him who gave it; it may yet be that you shall meet again in the far off land those innocent ones whose lives you have taken in your madness—and be forgiven!"

Sir Piers did, humbly, as he was bidden. He went forth by the secret passage. He bore his miserable life in poverty, loneliness, and with the frequently added humiliation of concealment. He devoted himself to good works. Wherever poverty, sin, sickness or sorrow were—there was he, doing his utmost to relieve, to reclaim, or to comfort, until at last he was looked upon by the sad and suffering as a saint.

When the hour of his death drew near, the good Chaplain (who alone knew who he was, or where) was with him. He had fully confessed to him his crime, with all its terrible details, and just when the end drew near, he, Sir Piers, seemed to be sleeping; but as the Chaplain bent over him on his humble bed, he once more opened his sad eyes. "Good friend," he said feebly, "it has been revealed to me that some day I shall meet again my Lilian whom I slew, and be forgiven—but that each year, so long as the old house shall stand, my spirit, as part of its penance, shall at the same recurring season re-visit that fatal spot, and that awful scene must be repeated for three successive nights. Pray for me. Pray!"

*A. Hooper.*

# SAM SYMMONS' GREAT LOSS.

[The following sketch of a characteristic incident in Canadian life is taken from "Judith Moore; or Fashioning a Pipe," a recent Canadian novel. The author is Joanna E. Wood, a talented young Canadian writer, who is attracting much attention in the United States, and who recently won a $500 prize for a short story entitled "The Mind of a God." This extract will give some idea of Miss Wood's style.—*The Editor.*]

THAT night a group of typical Ovidians were gathered in the kitchen of old Sam Symmons' house.

Sam Symmons lived in a frame-house, just at the foot of the incline which led into the village from the north. Like many of the houses of Ovid, his was distinctly typical of its owner. A new house was such a rare thing in Ovid, that the old ones had time to assimilate the characters of their possessors, and to assume an individuality denied to the factors of a more rapidly growing place.

Old Sam's house was a tumble-down, rakish, brave-looking old house, with shutters erstwhile painted green. They had once given the whole house quite an air, but their painful lapses in the way of broken slats, or uneven or lost hinges, now superimposed upon it a look of indecision. One of the weather-boards at the south corner was loose and, freed from the nails' restraint, bent outward, as though beckoning the gazer in. It was a hospitable old house, but wary, too, the ornate tin tops of the rain troughs round the roof giving it a knowing look.

The native clematis grew better over weather-beaten gable than anywhere else in Ovid, and the Provence roses, without any care whatever, bloomed better.

It was as if the house and its environs were making a gallant but losing fight against encroaching time and adverse circumstances. So it was with old Sam.

He was an old man. Long before, when Canada's farmers were more than prosperous, when foreign wars kept the price of food grains high, when the soil was virgin and unexhausted, when the military spirit still animated the country, when regulars were in barracks at the nearest town, when every able man was an eager volunteer, when to drink heavily and swear deeply upon all occasions marked the man of ease, when the ladies danced in buckled shoes and *chêne taffetas*, and were worshipped with chivalrous courtesy and high-flown *sobriquets*—in those days old Sam Symmons had been known as "Gallant Sam Symmons," and had been welcomed by many high in the land.

He had ever been first in a fight, the last upright at the table, a gay dancer and a courtly flirt. But now he was glad to get an audience of tolerant villagers to listen to his old tales. For instead of garnering his money he spent it freely, having ever a generous heart and open hand, and of late years he had fallen upon evil times, and gone steadily down hill. Now he had only a strip of barren acres heavily mortgaged. He married late in life the daughter of a country doctor.

They had one child, a girl, whose mother died when she was four years old. Sam christened his daughter Susanna Matilda.

In the days of his youth—oh, the halcyon time—these two names had been the names of the hour. The Mabels, Lilys and Rubys of to-day were yet unborn.

Susanna Waring had been the belle of the county, and her lovers were willing to stake their honour upon her pre-eminence.

Matilda Buchanan had been called "The Rose of Canada," and when the Consul, her father, returned to Eng-

land, she footed it bravely at the Court of St. James. She married a nobleman there.

They were long dead, these two beauties. Matilda Buchanan had left all her pomp, and Susanna Waring had passed away from all her unhappiness, for she married an officer who treated her brutally. Well, well, old Sam Symmons, gallant Sam Symmons then, had danced with both of them, had kissed Miss Waring's hand in a minuet, and knocked a man down for saying Matilda Buchanan rouged.

She did—they all did in those days—but it was not for the profane lips of man to say so. Thus Sam christened his daughter Susanna Matilda, and felt he had done his duty by her.

After his wife's death, her cousin, a good enough woman in a negative sort of way, kept house for him, and brought up the little girl. When Susanna was eighteen, this woman died; so Sam and his daughter were left alone.

As has been said, quite a crowd was gathered in old Sam's kitchen that night in the last week of May. There was Sam himself, Jack Mackinnon (a neighbour's hired man and the most noted *liar* in Ovid), Hiram Green, Oscar Randall, and Susanna. It may be said here, that throughout Ovid and its environs Susanna's proper name was a dead letter. She was "Sam Symmons' Suse" to all and sundry. The Ovidian mind was not prone to poetry; still, this alliterative name seemed to have charms for it, and perhaps the poetical element in Ovid only required developing; and it may be that the sibilant triune name found favour because it chimed to some dormant vein of poesy, unsuspected even by its possessors.

The occasion calling forth the conclave in Symmons' kitchen was simply that his old mare was very sick; in fact, dying, as all save Sam thought. As every man in Ovid prided himself upon his knowledge of veterinary science, the whole community stirred when it was spread abroad that there was an equine patient to practise upon.

Oscar Randall took the dim lantern from the table and went out. He returned, and all awaited his opinion.

"Well, Os?" said Jack Mackinnon.

"If that was my horse—which she ain't, of course—I'd shoot her," said Oscar, deliberately.

"Shoot her!" said Jack Mackinnon; "shoot her! Don't you do it, Mister Symmons. Why, there was old Mr. Pierson wot I worked for in Essex, he had an old mare, most dreadful old and most terrible sick—sick for months. One day we drawed her out in a field, to die easy and so's she'd be easy to bury. Well, by George! she got up, and old Mr. Pen—him wot I worked for as has the dairy farm—he came along, and he says to Mr. Pierson, says he, 'Wot'll you take for the mare?' 'Twenty-five dollars,' says the old man. 'She's my mare then,' says Mr. Pen; 'I'll give you my note for her.' So Mr. Pen took her home and drove her in his milk-cart; and that spring he sold her two colts for a hundred dollars apiece, and in the fall he got two hundred dollars for a little black one; and Mr. Ellis, wot keeps tavern, he bought another pair of 'em in winter, and gave a sorrel horse and a double cutter for 'em. I tell you, she was a good old mare that, and we drug her out to die at old Mr. Pierson's wot I worked for in Essex, and old Mr. Pen, wot keeps the dairy farm, he came along, and says, 'Wot'll you take for the mare?' And—"

"Oh, shut up! Draw it mild, Jack," said Oscar, irascibly.

"Sam," said Hiram Green, slowly, "have you tried epsom salts? and ginger? and saltpetre? and sweet spirits of nitre? and rye? and asafœtida? and bled her? and given her a bran-mash? and tried turpentine and salt?"

"Yes," said Sam, "I have, and she's no better."

"Now, Sam," said Green, impressively, "did you give her a 'Black's Condition Powder?'"

"No, I didn't," said Sam.

"I thought so," said Green, significantly.

"Do you keep them in the store?" queried Oscar Randall, aggressively.

He felt aggrieved with Hiram, having himself intended to ask about the sweet nitre and turpentine.

"Do you keep them?" he asked again.

"Yes, I do," admitted Hiram, "and I've brought one along in case Sam should like to try it."

This rather crushed Oscar's insinuation as to Hiram's business policy in suggesting this remedy, so he sat silent, while old Sam and Hiram Green went out to administer the powder.

Jack Mackinnon, to whom silence was impossible, with the freedom of equality prevalent in Ovid, turned to where Suse sat making rick-rack.

"Wot are you making, Miss Suse?" he began, and without waiting for a reply, continued: "There was Adah Harris, daughter of old man Harris, wot was a carpenter and had a market garden, wot I worked for in Essex, and she was always a-doing things. She was busy every blessed minute, and I tell you she *was* smart: she married Henry Haynes wot kept a blacksmith's shop, wot I worked for: and when I left there, I left my clothes be, till I got a job, and when I went back after 'em there was a new shirt, and two paper collars in a box, and my mother's picture gone. Now I knowed pretty clost to where them things went—and I'll have 'em back if I have to steal 'em. Why I thought no end of mother's picture, it was took standing; I wouldn't have lost that picture for a fifty-cent piece, and there 'twas gone and my new shirt and two collars I'd only had two months. I left them at Henry Haynes' wot married Adah Harris. Old man Harris went carpentering and kept a market garden, but, pshaw! Talk about squashes, why we growed one squash there took three men to get it into the waggon, and then we rolled it up a board—why squashes—" but just then Hiram and old Sam came in. Old Sam blew the long-lit lantern out.

"Well, father?" Suse asked.

"She's dead," said Sam.

"Dead's a door nail," added Hiram.

"No!" said Jack, with exaggerated incredulity.

"You don't say!" said Oscar, in a tone which betrayed a distinct conflict between self-satisfaction and proper sympathy. He could not resist adding in a lower key, "I seen as much."

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## GIVE ME MY FLOWERS NOW.

GIVE me my flowers *now*,
I'll care not when I'm dead,
For the roses 'neath my head;
Give me my flowers now.

Sweeten the hours *now*,
I'll heed not when I'm dead
The kind words that are said;
Sweeten the hours now.

To live is drearier far
Than to lie with heart at rest,
Untroubled in my breast.
Sweeten the hours now!
Give me my flowers now!

*A. Isabel Wonham.*

# PUBLIC DEBTS IN CANADA.

*A Review.*

"PUBLIC Debts In Canada" is a recent issue in the Economic Series of the University of Toronto. It is an expansion of the paper that won for J. Roy Perry an equal share, in the Ramsay Scholarship in Political Science for 1896, with another competitor. Mr. James Mavor, Professor of Political Economy and Constitutional History in the University of Toronto, writes the preface.

The essay is divided into three parts. Part I. deals with the Federal debts. Part II. the debt of the old Province of Canada from the Union in 1841 until Confederation, and with the debt of each Province of the Dominion since that time. Part III. is entitled Local Indebtedness and treats of the Municipal Loan Fund of the old Province of Canada, the debts of the cities, towns, townships, and counties of the Dominion.

In the preface Professor Mavor says:

"No connected account of Public Finance in Canada had as yet appeared; and it seemed advisable to embrace the opportunity afforded by the Ramsay Scholarship to induce graduates of the University to work in this field. The two papers in question not only serve to indicate the sources of information, but offer a fairly compact mass of detail for the use of the economic student."

The aim of the University authorities in this matter is a good one. The literary style displayed by the writer in dealing with such "dry" material as Finance is all that one can desire. Nevertheless, the faults of this essay are many.

If there is one thing more than another that makes an essay such as this valuable, it is accuracy of statement. The economic student or general reader who accepts this essay as an authority will have a very poor foundation to build on. On the first page of the essay, but the eleventh of the pamphlet, this sentence occurs:

"In the year 1866 the amount of debt per head of population was $26.82 in the Province of Canada, in New Brunswick $22.62, and in Nova Scotia $14.68."

The authority cited for this statement is the speech of Hon. D'A. McGee, Confederation Debates, page 140. Now every one should know that the Debates on Confederation took place in 1865. Mr. Perry apparently does not know it. Further, on turning to the authority referred to it will be found that Mr. McGee gave these amounts as the *per capita* debt of each Province in 1863. Why does Mr. Perry say 1866 instead of 1863?

On page 13 it is stated that the debt assumed by the Dominion for New Brunswick at Confederation was $8,000,000 and for Nova Scotia $7,000,000. On page 50 the amount for New Brunswick is stated to be $7,000,000, which is correct. This interchange (as it no doubt is) of the amounts for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia indicates a carelessness that cannot be defended.

On page 15 this sentence occurs:

"In 1872 an additional burden of provincial debt was assumed when British Columbia was admitted to the Union."

On page 54 we read:

"In 1871 British Columbia entered the Union with an allowed debt of $1,666,200, which was equal to $27.77 per head of her estimated population."

British Columbia entered Confederation on July 20th, 1871, and the question arises—Did the Dominion assume the debt at this date, or not till 1872?

On page 57 it is stated that Prince Edward Island entered the Union in 1874 with a debt of $4,701,050, which was a *per capita* allowance of $50. On page 15 the same statement is made. Prince Edward Island entered Confederation on July 1st, 1873. Did the Dominion assume the allowed debt of the province on entering or not until 1874?

Perhaps the foregoing statements are wrong. There is another point here that requires elucidation. Why was Prince Edward Island granted an allowed debt of $50 per head, while British Columbia was allowed only $27.77 just two years before this?

On page 18 it is stated that the net debt of Canada had been $75,757,134 in 1867, when it is stated on page 13 that the Dominion assumed at Confederation, in 1867, $77,500,000 of debt for the provinces. It requires some explanation to reconcile these statements, or at least to make them clear to the general reader.

On page 30 it is stated that the debt of New Brunswick in 1866 was $5,702,991, and the speech of Hon. D'A. McGee in Confederation Debates cited as an authority. Mr. McGee says this was the debt in 1863. Was the debt the same for both years, or has Mr. Perry quoted incorrectly again? On page 32 it is stated that the debt of Nova Scotia was $7,435,285 at the time of the union, and the budget speech of 1868 of Hon. John Rose cited as an authority. Why not cite Mr. McGee for Nova Scotia as well as for New Brunswick? Mr. McGee says the debt of Nova Scotia was only $4,858,547 in 1863. If the increase of Nova Scotia's debt was so great in so short a time, it shows how unreliable are the figures given for New Brunswick.

On page 37 it is stated that the debt of Prince Edward Island in 1867 was $244,673, or about $2.97 per head of her population. What is the authority for this statement? None is given, but Mr. McGee says in his speech in the Confederation Debates that this $244,673 was the debt in 1863, and it would be remarkable if the debt remained the same to a dollar. No statement of the *actual* debt of this Province in 1873 is given. Such an important fact should not be left out of an essay of this kind.

The foregoing are some of the errors or inconsistences which seriously mar the value of the essay as an authority.

Some minor mistakes noticed are page 35, 1846, should be 1867; page 21, Reference 1, should be Hon. A. W. McLelan, not Hon. A. W. McLean; on page 44 the grand total is not as stated, as any one can see by adding up the amounts. Some of the references are inaccurate. Ten pages of the essay are devoted to the debt of Quebec, while the Province of Ontario is dismissed with less than a page and a half. If Ontario has a surplus as the author states, it would be as interesting to give the growth of the surplus from 1867 to the present time as to give the growth of the debt of Quebec for the same period. Indeed, many persons in this Province say that Ontario has a debt instead of a surplus. It would seem "advisable to embrace the opportunity afforded by the Ramsay Scholarship to induce graduates of the University to work in this field" in future. If this suggestion be acted upon, it is hoped that the result will be a much better essay than the one under consideration.

Many of the authorities cited in this essay are budget speeches. These are not authorities which every one will accept. Such speeches are "coloured," and are not accepted by the financial head of the Opposition. A more reliable authority is the Public Accounts for each year.

The preparation of this essay must have entailed a large amount of reading and research, and it is a great pity that the work has been so carelessly and inaccurately performed, and so superficially edited. It is not worthy of the editor or of the University of Toronto. If it has been improved in the expansion, as no doubt it has, those who have the awarding of the Ramsay Scholarship should exact a higher standard of proficiency.

In conclusion it may not be unnecessary to say that the object of this review is to make those who aspire to issue studies such as this more careful. The time has passed when everything, even if issued under the auspices of a great university, will be accepted without investigation.

*R. K. M.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WAR clouds have often hovered over the European sky during the past fifteen years, but since the Egyptian rebellion in 1882 the armies and fleets of Great Britain have not been seriously engaged. The ominous feature of the present threatening aspect of affairs is that critical situations exist in several different quarters of the globe ; that Britain is affected by nearly all of them ; and that should war break out in one place the whole delicate fabric of peace is in danger of collapsing. For years the policy of the British Government, whether Conservative or Liberal, has been notoriously in favour of peace—occasionally almost at any price. The concessions granted to France in Southern Asia and Madagascar were evidences of a desire to conciliate which only a nation anxious for peace would have permitted. After giving these hostages to France, and placating Germany in the partition of Africa, the English people seem to have reached the limit of patience and prudence. It is now evident that English public opinion is highly excited and clamours for a more aggressive policy, and a sturdier resentment of foreign unfriendliness. The increase of the army and navy now going on are thinly disguised war measures.

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In France, too, causes have been at work for years that tend to make the nation ready for a forward movement. The supremacy of the army is one of the present signs, and the Government by linking itself with the military, clerical and monarchist influences, remains republican in little more than name. The public avowal of the Russian alliance has given the French the slight fillip required to revive ambitions long dormant, and to prepare the pile for the torch. There may be no war, since diplomacy has not played its last card. The truth comes out bit by bit, and has to be pieced together. The official utterances are, for the most part, eminently cool and re-assuring. Lord Salisbury has almost pooh-poohed the alarmist stories of journals as responsible as *The Times*. M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, told the Chamber that in the Niger negotiations the ground had been considerably cleared. Still the war rumours circulate.

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What chiefly threatens to dispel the hopes of diplomacy is the evident unrest in several countries like Britain, France, Germany and the United States. It would be difficult to place the finger upon a single country in the map. possessing important international relation, and discover a strong ad vocate of peace. Either owing to internal disturbances or to angry controversies with other States, the great Powers of the world stand nearer to a general conflict than at any date since the final overthrow of Napoleon in 1815.

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It must be said for the English journals that their tone is moderate and their information usually correct. But the fact that they possess great influence must always embarrass a Government which desires time for its policy to develop, and which is often hurried by popular clamour into measures that are not the best calculated to produce success. Since the last great war the English press has perfected its system of getting news until at times our own correspondent outruns the official courier. If weapons of war have entirely changed military conditions, the expansion of press facilities has, in an even greater degree, created new difficulties for foreign ministers. The *Times'* advices from Pekin have raised a storm in England which neither Lord Salisbury's calm expositions in the House of Lords nor Mr. Curzon's em-

phatic declarations in the Commons have been able wholly to allay. British policy is to keep an open door to trade in China, and when we remember that 70 per cent. of Chinese foreign commerce is in British hands, the anxiety in England to know positively that this policy is being firmly maintained is comprehensible. Hence the microscopic examination of every Ministerial statement to see if Russia's assurances on this point are satisfactory. The vast commercial interests are sceptical. They have for centuries been a strong force in shaping British policy. To-day more than ever they are menaced by the foreigner's jealous onslaughts. Even the most skilful diplomats may be outgeneralled, and the very recent arrangement between Great Britain and France regarding Tunis is alleged to have been unwittingly a sacrifice of British trade. The price of English concession there was a low duty on all cotton goods for a term of years. The word cottonades is said to have been used in a general sense, while the French are interpreting it in its restricted meaning and duties have been piled up all round it. This charge, if true, will render British Chambers of Commerce as vociferous as the music halls in calling out for no surrender in China.

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International complications are always, in these days, increased by an irresponsible press and a mob, with or without votes. The one inflames feeling, the other embarrasses Government. In Turkey they arrange these things more conveniently. When the life of King George of Greece was lately attempted by assassins, the Turkish papers were ordered by the Sultan not to record the occurrence. They were even interdicted from mentioning the service of thanksgiving held in the Greek Chapel at Constantinople. The readers of the Turkish press may not be kept abreast of all the events of the time, but are they worse off than readers of newspapers in some other countries who are misled and excited by the falsest reports and who are perpetually kept on tenter hooks by alarmist rumours?

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"How is Mrs. Kruger?" was the polite enquiry of the Colonial Secretary after the Jamieson raid, when extreme civility was a necessary concomitant of the diplomacy designed to smooth over an awkward incident. The estimable lady has recovered, and so has her amiable husband, for he declares, practically, that the Transvaal Government intends to make things as hot for England as circumstances permit, and to throw off the Queen's suzerainty if war breaks out in Europe. Should this occur, we may look for lively times in South Africa, a condition for which the British authorities at the Cape are probably not entirely unprepared. The new charter prepared for Rhodesia by Mr. Chamberlain leaves Mr. Rhodes' company in control of the country, but gives the Home Government a closer grip on the military forces of the new state and an effective supervision of the treatment meted out to native races. As time goes on, the brilliancy of the Colonial Secretary's career does not seem to dim. He has had problems of almost unprecedented difficulty presented to him for solution, but seems not to have failed in any. Should so unfortunate a condition as war overtake the British Empire, the myriad interests and dangers of the outlying states would be in able and vigourous hands.

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The prospect of a great conflict in the eastern seas is said to be hastening Australian federation. The debates at the Melbourne Convention certainly show more desire for union than prevailed at previous intercolonial conferences. The financial scheme did not meet with the opposition which sprang up at Adelaide, and if one may judge by the opinions of the Australian press, a month ago, federation has a better chance of carrying than ever before. Despite the apparently republican characteristics of the new constitution, the intention to have a preferential tariff toward Great Britain and the desire for

an all-British cable indicate the essentially Imperial nature of the movement. Some rather delicate internal questions are being left for the Federal Parliament to deal with. The minor, but interesting, detail of fixing the site of a capital is thus postponed, though the general feeling seems to favour a point in New South Wales. Many Australians candidly express the belief that, should war break out over China, the colonies' best protection would be not local unity, but the power of the Imperial connection. At the same time, danger near at hand would make for federation.

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By multiplying elective institutions, presumably in response to popular demands, the British Parliament may one day wake up to find that the thing has been overdone. The franchise has been lowered for elections to the House of Commons, county councils have been created and parish councils set up, all these changes tending to throw the administration of affairs more completely into the hands of the people. But frequency of election is apt to weary a community not dominated by cranks, and for the most part deaf to the appeals of the demagogues. The London County Council elections only succeeded in attracting half the voters on the register to the polls. During the contest several eminent statesmen addressed audiences on municipal issues, notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, and an exciting struggle was expected to take place. The Liberals or Progressives won the elections by grace of the stay-at-homes. By entering the municipal arena all over England the peers and landowners have lent to county and district councils a dignity and importance which the small matters of domestic administration could not in themselves inspire, but it is significant that the voters in the greatest of all municipalities are apathetic and cannot be got to take any deep interest in the composition of the municipal body ushered into existence with a flourish of trumpets by Lord Rosebery, who stepped from a London chairmanship to the post of Prime Minister. The English are essentially a hard-headed race, devoted to liberty and prepared to make sacrifices to preserve the right of self-government, but the glitter of an elaborate legislative machinery with inadequate results will not hold them long.

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Any cause which withdraws an able and experienced man like Lord Salisbury from the duties of the Foreign Secretaryship at a critical time is doubtless a misfortune, but not irreparable. The Ministry is surprisingly strong in men, and just as Mr. Balfour proved equal to the unexpected strain of the Irish Secretaryship ten years ago, the present emergency will produce the right persons for dealing with it. The cheap sneers of a few London critics regarding Mr. Chamberlain are often re-echoed on this continent, but unjustly. He is capable of great things ; so, too, is Mr. Balfour, while the Duke of Devonshire possesses a solid understanding, and his strength in the country is probably equal to that of any living English statesman except Gladstone. It is sometimes convenient to have a Ministry of "all the talents," especially when the country may shortly face a war. The Liberals are not embarrassing in their criticisms, a conception of Opposition hardly grasped in Canada, where you are permitted by usage to stab your political enemy without reference to the public interest.

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Lord Kimberley, the nominal Liberal leader in the Lords, has been delivering himself on the Irish question, and expressing a sort of benevolent neutrality on home rule. It is no great crime in English politics, if your opponent is caught in bathing, to walk away with his clothes, provided you alter the fit of the garments in accordance with new styles. The Irish county government measure is a partial capitulation of the English Tories, and later on an Irish Legislature, with proper protection for the religious minority, is reasonably sure to follow. Anything more

preposterous than the government of Ireland during the past two centuries has probably never been seen. By invoking religious prejudices the privileges of the landlords were long maintained, but in recent years the most liberal and socialistic of land laws were passed, and many Irish landowners must have reached the conclusion that property would be safer in the hands of an Irish legislative body than subject to the capricious surrenders which political necessities force from the Imperial Parliament.

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Despite yellow journalism and the ramblings of a few political demagogues, public opinion in the United States has held itself admirably in hand during the trying experiences of the past few weeks. The loss of the *Maine* was a painful blow, and the cruelties of Spanish misrule in Cuba would never have been borne by England under similar circumstances. It is quite clear that the sympathies of all British communities must be against Spain in the present crisis, and if Mr. McKinley continues to act with the same reserve, sagacity and coolness thus far displayed, the amicable feeling prevalent in Great Britain must steadily drift toward better international relations. Spain has complained of filibustering expeditions from United States ports to Cuba. These are difficult to restrain, and the evils of government in Cuba have been so gross as to account for almost any foreign agitations to help her. We must put ourselves in the British attitude of detestation of tyranny and sympathy for the weak before judging the United States in the present circumstances.

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Emperor William seems likely to carry the navy enlargement measure, and to find, after the German elections, a majority in the Reichstag prepared to support the Government. This will doubtless be accomplished by an alliance with the Catholic party who, under Herr Lieder, are patriotically inclined to make a bargain in the interests of the church. The German foreign policy is a composite affair; the Ministers steadily pursue a strongly national policy, the German press abuse England, and the Emperor patronizes Providence. The results may be as brilliantly successful as those of Prince Bismarck. But they have yet been put to no severe test, while his were.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*

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## MILITIA RESERVES.

THE formation of the Queen's Own Reserve in Toronto is an incident in the history of the Volunteer movement which deserves special notice. It is the introduction of a new principle. Hitherto, volunteering has been confined to service in what is called the Active Militia. For a Reserve Militia no provision is made by the Militia Act except for the drill of a reserve of officers. Hitherto, as soon as a man has left the active force his connection with the militia has ceased. Except for some sentimental associations and memories, our Canadian military training has not been of a permanent character. If the idea of the promoters of the Queen's Own Reserve is carried out, the result will be the formation of a voluntary second line of defence. As soon as a man gets his discharge from the active militia he will be transferred into the reserve. He signs an agreement to serve in that reserve for three years, with the right to re-engage for two years more. He will also engage to parade twice in each year during his reserve service, and to perform home military duty when required. Thus a home guard will be furnished which will be a protection to the cities and

towns when the first line is called away to the front. As a record will be kept of the address of every man, there will be no difficulty in summoning this reserve. At present there is no organization except by ballot, if balloting can be called organization. If the plan now being tried by the Queen's Own succeeds, and we know of no reason why it should not, that corps will have introduced a system which can be extended throughout the whole Dominion. At small expense the Government can find ready at its disposal, wherever a regiment is established, a second regiment at its back ready to fall into line. This reserve regiment will be constantly recruited from the ranks of the first regiment as men are discharged.

The Minister of Militia has promised to consider the matter and aid the movement, not only by official recognition but by material assistance. Two days' pay and the issue of serge uniforms would be not a serious outlay. A further feature of the Queen's Own scheme is to further retain the time expired reserve men by transferring them to the class of ex-members. In that class will remain those former members of the regiment who for various reasons cannot remain in the ranks or join the active reserve. Their function will be to encourage public sentiment in favour of the force, and see that it gets fair treatment. In case of serious necessity a large proportion of those who signed the agreement above spoken of could certainly be relied upon to re-join the active battalions. The home guard would then be recruited by volunteers from the other ex-members. The whole scheme seems feasible, and we trust it will be generally adopted without delay. The right of shooting at Dominion and Provincial rifle matches, if conceded to the reserve, will be an incentive to good shots to continue their connection with the militia force.

The advisability of maintaining a reserve militia is a question which is a branch of the larger question of maintaining a militia force at all. In the absence of a millennial state of existence, defence of one's own country is surely justifiable. If justifiable, then the more complete and universal the system the better. Canada has no standing army to speak of. In case of necessity her own citizens must defend their own country. To make such a defence of any practical value it must be based on disciplined organization. This object is sought to be gained by the formation of a militia reserve, and its further progress will be watched with much interest.

*R. E. Kingsford.*

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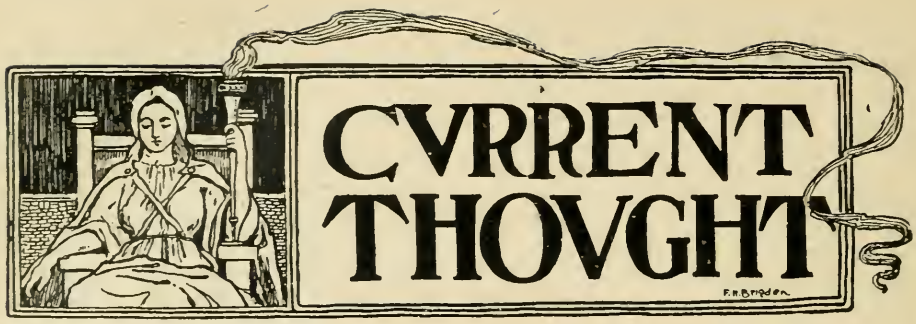
## A DREAM.

I DREAMED last night that, by pity stirred,
The wind which by my lattice blew
Caught up from my lips a tell-tale word
And bore it you, and thus you heard
Of my love and longing for you,
And my secret at last you knew.

And you came to me, and you were so kind,
You wished that you had known,
You never thought you had been so blind,
Till the message came from the tell-tale wind ;
And, as I listened to your tone
I felt that for once I did not mind
The long time I had been so lone.

*Augusta Helen Thompson.*




## WAS "SPANISH JOHN" STOLEN?

The Canadian world of letters is all agog over the question: "Was 'Spanish John' Stolen?" Those who know William McLennan and his work have never entertained a doubt as to his honour. Yet the charge has been made, and requires refutation. In the March *Bookman*, T. G. Marquis, of Brockville, Ontario, contributes an article, of which the following are the opening paragraphs:

"One of the most noteworthy books of the year just closed is *Spanish John*, by Mr. William McLennan. It is after the manner of Stevenson, and at times has something of the virile force of Crockett. In some respects it surpasses the work of either of these writers. In reading their novels a feeling haunts one that he has before him the work of men endeavoring to throw themselves into the past, and to reproduce customs, manners, a time, a life which they can only build up by study and imagination.

"But in *Spanish John*, which on the title-page purports to be 'A Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonell,' there is an absolute transcript of the life, the mode of thought, the feeling of the men of a hundred years ago. The whole book is done with such a naturalness in narration, such a freedom from archaic affection in diction, that one is almost forced to think that he is reading the work of a man who lived in a former age, and has merely allowed his castral body to visit us to reveal his soul and the soul of his time.

"No wonder that such an impression is produced! If any book collector with a full Canadiana turns to his early numbers of "The Canadian Magazine," he will find that the copies for April and May, 1825, contain 'A Narrative of the early life of Colonel John McDonell, of Scottos, written by himself, after he came to Canada, at the urgent request of one of his particular friends, interspersed with nnmerous anecdotes and historical details of the times.'

"It needs no careful examination to prove that Mr. McLennan has, with great fidelity, followed the narrative of Colonel McDonell. Incident after incident, anecdote after anecdote, which adorns the pages of this Stevensonian novel will be found in this out-of-the-way Magazine. Nay, more! Page after page has been taken almost verbatim from ths same source.

"It may be said, indeed, that Mr. McLennan has merely edited Colonel McDonell's narrative. No indication of such an intention is shown in any part of his book. As a matter of fact, he has not edited the narrative, but has used it as it suited his purpose; alternating names, combining characters, adding incidents, where he thought the dramatic action demanded such changes. That it was Mr. McLennan's intention to lead his readers to believe his book an original creation seems evident by the dedication: 'To my father, this result of long talks, over old days, old manners, and old memories.' If this be true there can be but one conclusion, that the McLennans, *père et fils*, have marvellous memories for old articles, and for the copious footnotes which accompany such articles. A much truer dedication would have been: 'To the shade of Spanish John, whose interesting autobiographical sketch supplied both the matter and workmanship for the bulk of this book.'"

Mr. Marquis seems to have gone too far, and too fast. Had he enquired of Harper & Brothers, of Mr. McLennan, or of Mr. McLennan's friends, he would soon have discovered that the author had fully acknowledged to all and sundry the source of his story. The publishers did not choose to use the acknowledgment which was written, and their judgment is not necessarily a subject

for discussion. Had they decided to do so, they would have saved Mr. McLennan some annoyance, and would have prevented Mr. Marquis' article.

But of Mr. McLennan's honour, no person who knows him or the circumstances of the case, feels that it has been in the slightest degree brought in question. Sufficient publicity was given to the fact that the story was founded on the incidents told in Colonel McDonell's biography in "The Canadian Magazine" to prevent any liberal-minded person from even wondering at the absence of an acknowledgment. Moreover, the additions to the story, and the artistic way in which it has been developed, make the new tale an original piece of work. Mr. McLennan has stamped his own individuality upon it, and he deserves credit for what he has done.

Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" was founded on history, and the biography of a Mr. Stobo. This latter was published in book form, and copies may be found in our leading libraries. Shakespeare founded his Roman Dramas on the stories in Plutarch's Lives. Many other instances are known to all book readers, and few persons will think that Mr. McLennan's conduct is any more impeachable than that of his predecessors and contemporaries.

## STYLE AND MATTER.

Faith without works is dead. Style without matter will not make a worthy book. Matter without style may be forceful, but it is not likely to be artistic. Anything which is not artistic is not impressive, convincing, penetrating. The following remarks on Style, by Charles Dudley Warner, are very suggestive :

"M. Brunetiere, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, printed last October, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very interesting paper on "The French Mastery of Style." The importance of the discussion was emphasized by the admitted authority of the writer, who is an expert in style, and a critical observer of the processes by which the French language has attained its distinction. This distinction is of two kinds : in the use of language as a means of conveying accurately, and with a sort of inevitability in choice of words, the exact thought of the writer ; and in the use of it in a manner to convey artistic pleasure. In a good style the reader receives, over and above the thought conveyed, and in a way independent of it, the pleasure that he gets from a perfect piece of architecture, or from a drawing which conforms in all its lines to the laws of beauty.

"The attainment of 'style' is quite as rare in the art of prose composition as it is in any other art, and that whether we consider it as a complete expression of an individuality, 'the style is the man,' or, as the result of conformity to certain ascertained laws, as in the Greek sculpture. It is often pointed out that the devotion to style as such—that is, to the refinement of language as a means of giving pleasure—has a danger—a danger not yet imminent in this country—of subordinating the vitality of literature to the attraction of linguistic skill—as in a painting we might be more interested in the brush work than in the subject and sentiment of the artist. The reply to this is, that a style which does this, which calls more attention to the manner of expression than to the thought, is neither a good style nor a great style. The more it pleases at first, the more 'catching' it is in a sort of linguistic felicity and cleverness, the sooner it will tire the reader. There are many sorts of styles, many good styles, and a few great, but they all have certain qualities in common; and these are exact fitness of the words to express the idea, entire lucidity, unimpeded flow, as of a clear stream ; and harmony, almost musical rhythm, and the personal charm, both of which are lost in translation. The excellence of the 'French style' referred to is mainly in making the French language the instrument of expressing the subtlest and the most lucid thought ; and a style of this sort maintains the dignity of literary art while treating of things most 'intimate' and closest to common human experience. It is no more 'common' in lesser matters than it is stilted in the highest range of thought. In the cultivation of expression by language in this way there is no sort of danger to literature itself—even though this art of expression may be sometimes used for subjects trivial and unworthy. We do not disparage plate-glass because ugly objects are as perfectly seen through it as beautiful objects."

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS number closes the tenth volume of this publication. Only three or four Canadian magazines have had this honour. Consequently we are proud of the achievement. We are proud because we have had some part in producing a vehicle of higher Canadian thought which has found favour in the eyes of the public. We are also proud as citizens to know that Canadians have sufficient patriotism, breadth of view and desire for intellectual culture, to maintain such a periodical as this aims to be. According as this support develops and expands, the "Magazine" may be expected to develop and expand. "Support" includes subscriptions, contributions and kind words. The latter are very necessary, since there are yet many people in Canada who have not recognized the value of this, our national publication.

**Shop Talk.**

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The day of the railroad bonus seems to be over, or nearly so. Canadians have been very liberal in this way, and in many cases they have received good value for their money. Had all these bonused railroads been built by and for the people, with power to lease them to private companies, much greater value might have been received. There seems to be no doubt that some day these roads, which have been bonused and given away to private companies, will be bought back by the State. Then we will see what we have lost through a mistaken railroad policy. The United States has lost millions of dollars through railroad manipulation. Canada is losing in the same manner.

**Railroad Bonusing.**

It was expected that a Railroad Commission, with judicial powers, would be appointed during the present session of Parliament. It now appears that there is to be delay. This is ominous. There is opposition from interested parties. But both the Government and the Opposition must see that the people's rights are guarded. The Commission must be appointed at once. Parliament is too open to influence, log-rolling and lobbying to be a perfect controller of our railways. The people generally do not understand the problem. A Commission of learned and honourable men is required.

A Commission will prevent reckless Dominion expenditure, but there are two other powers to be controlled. The provincial governments and the municipalities give bonuses, and the intelligent people of this country should see that this policy is changed. We have paid enough on the plea of "development." Let private enterprise do the rest. What shall it profit a country if it be covered with railroads and yet be burdened with a great debt?

We needed millionaires, of course. We gave railway bonuses, and we received the millionaires. The bargain was good; but we have enough and let us quit. The game is not worth the candle. Besides, too many millionaires might make our social structure top-heavy.

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During the month I visited the House of Commons, now in session at Ottawa. My visit was very short, but I have no desire to go back. One member, from Halifax, was delivering a stump speech on the Yukon Bill. It possessed little grace and much less thought, but was greatly applauded. The members sat about in their chairs in all sorts of undignified attitudes, and made various kinds of even less dignified remarks. Some of these seemed to be intended as witticisms. Some were thought, by the other members, to be humourous. One ex-Minister laughed savagely as

**The House of Commons.**

an Opposition speaker jeered at a Government supporter and intimated that the latter was a disappointed seeker of a Cabinet position. The whole scene seemed utterly ridiculous. The members appeared to believe that they were taking part in a game. Here and there there was an earnest, noble face, but most of them wore a leer or a supercilious smile. I went back to my hotel, feeling that Canada had few statesmen but many politicians.

The idea that the governing of this country is a game, and that politicians and parties should make the most of it for their own benefit, seems to have taken strong hold upon us. Insincerity, trickery and irreverence for everything seem to be growing amongst us. Where it will end I cannot say. When national problems are treated as jests, when public trusts are regarded as circumstances out of which to make a profit, it would seem time to call a halt and consider where we stand. The national dignity is the sum total of the dignity of the national units. If the units have none, the nation can have little. The sum of many nothings is always nothing.

The next day I visited the Senate. Here more dignity, more well-bred attention, were displayed. The discussion was trivial, but the Senators seemed to realize that they were rulers. They looked it, acted it. I left, feeling that I would sooner trust the mediocrity of the Senate than the brilliancy and display of the House of Commons.

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**Their Excellencies.**

While in Ottawa, I heard their Excellencies speak at the Press Association gathering, and enjoyed their hospitality at Rideau Hall. Lord Aberdeen impressed me favourably. He is a perfect gentleman, a kind host. Most of his guests that evening were obscure individuals, but I never saw a host more anxious to entertain, more evidently desirous of making everyone enjoy himself. Lady Aberdeen made a womanly speech at the Press meeting one afternoon, and showed that her sympathies were broad and unselfish. She said only a few words about her proposal to send nurses to the Klondike, but I was in sympathy at once. I wanted to add my mite to her collection to defray the expenses, and had I been rich I am afraid I would have been made poor in that one afternoon.

I fear I would soon become a worshipper of Royalty were I to see much more of the same kind of display of it. Modesty, gentleness, sympathy and unostentation attract one most when exemplified in those who might, presumably, exhibit the opposite qualities.

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**Easter.**

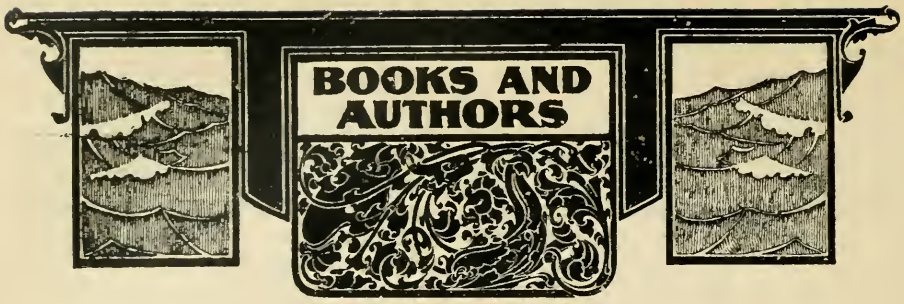
Easter is one of the two great religious festivals which Protestants have retained. It is one of the greatest of the festivals retained by the Roman Catholic Church. To both religious bodies it possesses the same significance. "He is Risen" is the keynote.

Easter, as Christians celebrate it, is certainly derived from the Jewish Festival of the Passover. The early Christians were derived from or intimately connected with the Jewish Church and were subject to its influence.

The Jews still celebrate the Feast of the Passover, for eight days, about the same period of the year as the Easter of the Christians. The latter added a new significance to the feast in substituting Christ for the Pascal Lamb, and the name by which Easter is known in French is pâques; in Italian, pasqua; and in Spanish, pascua.

A dispute arose between the Jewish and Gentile Christians as to the date of holding Easter, and the matter was finally settled at the Council of Nicea, 325 A.D. It was then decided that Easter should always be held on a Sunday. About 669 A.D. the English Church adopted the Romish rule of ascertaining the proper Sunday. This rule was: Easter is the first Sunday after the 14th day (not the full moon) of the calendar moon which happens next after March 21st. When the rules for reckoning time were amended in the eighteenth century, the present plan for ascertaining the date of Easter was adopted.

*John A. Cooper.*




## ZOLA'S PARIS.*

I confess that I always find Zola heavy reading. He cannot be read as one would read Marie Corelli, or Anthony Hope, or Richard Harding Davis. He is even more profound in his fiction than Scott or Dickens. Of course, the social problems are receiving greater attention now than when Dickens wrote, and much greater attention than in the time of Scott. Zola reflects the spirit of the times. Because he does this, I and others find him a task. Nevertheless, he is delightful, thoughtful, penetrating, sarcastic, powerful.

The "freedom" of his early books must be forgotten when one discusses "Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris"—the great trilogy which he has just completed. In these, his later works, the socio-religious problems predominate and the story which Zola tells is much more serious. The Abbé Pierre Froment has lost his religious faith. He goes to Lourdes to see if the faith of the pilgrim will restore him to his former peace. He sees only "the glorification of the absurd; that collapse of common sense . . . . . that puerile relinquishment of reason." The experiment fails. He then tries a second. He goes to Rome to see if Catholicism may become the religion of the democracy, by which the world would calm down and live, "and he found there naught but ruins, the rotted trunk of a tree that could never put forth another springtide; and he heard there naught but the supreme rending of the old social edifices, near to its fall." In the third volume, the Abbé Pierre returns to Paris, resolved to bury himself among the poor. "And then it was, too, that for three years he came in contact with that collapse, that very bankruptcy of goodness itself: charity a derision, charity useless and flouted."

Any person who will read "Paris" will find in it an explanation of Zola's recent conduct in defending Dreyfus and attacking the French Government. On p. 85 he writes:

"Parliamentary rottenness had slowly increased till it had begun to attack society itself. Above all the low intrigues and the rush of personal ambition there certainly remained the loftier struggle of the contending principles, with history on the march, clearing the past away and seeking to bring more truth, justice and happiness in the future. But in practice, if one only considered the horrid daily *cuisine* of the sphere, what an unbridling of egotistical appetite one beheld, what an absorbing passion to strangle one's neighbour and triumph oneself alone! . . . . . At that rate, a century, two centuries, would be needed before there would be bread in the garrets, where groan the lamed sons of labour, the old, broken-down beasts of burden. . . . . Mire was flowing on in a broad stream, the hideous, bleeding, devouring sore displayed itself in all impudence, like some cancer which preys upon an organ, and spreads to the heart."

The man who could thus attack the social life of France would be a natural leader in an attack on authority when it came into antagonism with the rights of the free citizen. Zola may be an extremist, but he points out certain faults in modern civilization. He teaches that wealth and authority have responsibil-

*Paris, by Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vezetelly. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth $1.25, paper 75 cents; 744 pp.

ities which they have not yet recognized. He declares that those who live in luxury must sympathize with and care for those who live in misery and want, or there will be revolution. Further, it is "not sufficient that one should be charitable, henceforth one must be just." Social injustice must vanish.

As a story "Paris" is more interesting than either "Lourdes" or "Rome." The action is more rapid and the incidents more sensational. It possesses a brightness which the others lacked.

## SIMON DALE.*

I like historical novels, and, I think, am able to give a satisfactory reason for this liking. When a man reads he should seek not only pleasure but knowledge, and he finds both well combined in a clever historical novel, such as Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott, or Under the Red Robe, by Stanley J. Weyman. A reader may find these two qualities combined in many books that cannot be called historical novels, but that circumstance does not detract from the value of the latter. Moreover, it is not every historical novel which is both artistic and reliable; artistic in having as its leading characters historic personages, affording the same interest as purely fiction characters; reliable in giving such a view of the historic period that the true spirit of that period will be impressed into the mind of the reader.

Simon Dale, by Anthony Hope, is a very fair historical novel. Simon is a young Englishman living in the time of Cromwell and of Charles II. Of this country-born youth it has been foretold that he should love where the king loved, know what the king hid, and drink of the king's cup. By meeting Nell Gwynne while she is staying incognito in the country he fulfils the first part of the prophecy. Through her favour he receives an appointment in the Guards, enters the Court circle, becomes acquainted with the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York, and, being sharp and acute, he soon knows what the king hid, namely, that there is a secret understanding between the Roman Catholic king of France and the presumedly Protestant king of Great Britain. By a minor incident the third prophecy is also fulfilled.

Simon Dale in his early youth loved and wooed a maiden named Barbara Quinton, and it is the story of their love which is the strongest thread of interest in the book. Nell Gwynne, by her interest in Simon, threatens to thwart his wooing; but afterwards is one of the means of saving Barbara from the unwelcome attentions of the king of France, and in placing Simon in such a position that the king consents to the marriage. The incidents in the book are not so exciting, but are certainly more reasonable and just as charming as those in Phroso. Simon Dale will be remembered many years after Phroso is forgotten.

## A WONDERFUL TALE.

A truly wonderful tale by two authors without a reputation is "The Pride of Jennico,"† by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Field-Marshal Edmund von Jennico was an Englishman who won rank and fortune in one of the small German States. At his death he left this great fortune to a nephew, Captain Basil Jennico, with instructions to worthily continue his race. This young man instals himself in the great castle of Tollendhal. Shortly afterwards he meets, by accident, two ladies who have wandered on to his estates. One is Her Serene Highness the Princess Marie Ottilie, and the other her maid of honour. Captain Jennico decides that he would like to win the Princess, who is staying incognito at a neighbouring castle. He woos and wins. She consents to a secret

*Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope, author of "The Dolly Dialogues," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 341 pp.

marriage, but when the ceremony is over Captain Jennico finds that he has married the maid of honour. He is very angry over the trick, but nevertheless takes his wife home to Tollendhal. His anger finally gives way to love, for the maid has been a very sprightly, lively go-between. Unfortunately, a short time afterwards, owing to his pride, Captain Jennico quarrelled with his wife, and she fearing dishonour, fled from his presence. He made great search for her. Though he failed to find her, the failure only intensified his love for her. After some time he returned to England, and for some months he lived quietly. One day a messenger came from Germany to ask Captain Jennico to consent to a divorce. He refuses. Shortly afterwards attempts are made on his life, and he is finally killed—according to public announcements—in a duel. After his recovery, having become possessed of certain information, he sets out to seek his wife. He finds the town where she and the Princess live, and discovers that he had not married the maid of honour, but the Princess. The Princess had been changing places with her maid ! He also finds that the Princess is guarded and is soon to be married to a Prince. He seeks her secretly, learns that she still loves him, and rescues her.

This is the plot of a magnificent tale, told very cleverly and pleasingly. "The Pride of Jennico" has a charm which is not surpassed by the works of such writers as Weyman and Hope. It is stimulating rather than profound.

## HISTORICAL REVIEWS.

The University of Toronto has published its second volume of "Reviews of Historical Publications Relating to Canada."* It covers the publications of the year 1897, and is edited by Professor George M. Wrong, M.A. The reviews are divided into five groups : I. Canada's Relations to the Empire. II. The History of Canada. III. Provincial and Local History. IV. Geography, Economics and Statistics. V. Law Education and Bibliography (including Verse and Fiction). Among the leading books reviewed are : Egerton's Colonial Policy ; Hume's Raleigh ; Lord's Lost Empires ; Kingsford, Clement and Roberts' Histories of Canada ; Harvey's Newfoundland in 1897 ; Cooney's New Brunswick and Gaspé ; Hopkins' Encyclopædia ; Dawson's Canada and Newfoundland ; and Lefroy's Law of the Legislative Power in Canada.

In this carefully prepared work of 238 pages, everything of interest to the student of Canadian history is treated as its importance deserves. The reviews indicate the nature of the contents where such a proceeding is desirable, and are critical whenever necessary. There is no false worship, no glossing over of defects. The editor and his assistants seem desirous always of setting forth the plain, unvarnished truth. This adds much to the value of the work. No person who desires to know the history of Canada can afford to overlook the work done in these pages.

There is little to be criticized in the volume. Perhaps one might suggest that more of the important articles should be signed. Where a reviewer expresses opinions diametrically opposed to the author reviewed, it is only fair to that author that the name of the reviewer should be known ; then the reader may know what value to attach to each view of the subject. There is not always a right view and a wrong view. The weight of authority as to opinion rests to a great extent on the knowledge of the writer.

## THE SILVER LIBRARY.†

Longmans, Green & Co. have issued a new series, "The Silver Library." It contains Baghot's Studies in five volumes ; two books by S. Baring Gould ;

*Toronto : William Briggs. London : The Imperial Press, 21 Surrey St., W.C. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

†Toronto Agents : The Copp, Clark Co. Price 3 shillings 6 pence.

four by Conan Doyle ; eight by J. A. Froude, including his life of Carlyle in four volumes ; fourteen by Haggard ; three by Andrew Lang ; the Political Economy of John Stuart Mill ; all the scientific works of R. A. Proctor, and the inimitable nature books of the Rev. J. G. Wood. The type is large, the printing well done, and the binding simple and neat. The list of titles is an attractive one, and is not confined to any one class of literature. Two of the most recent additions are The Stark Munro Letters, by E. Conan Doyle, and Lectures on The Council of Trent, by J. A. Froude.

## DEAN FARRAR'S ALLEGORIES.*

The Allegory is an ancient means of imparting religious teaching, and Dean Farrar has revived it. His latest volume contains four of these : The Life Story of Aner ; The Choice ; The Fortunes of a Royal House ; The Basilisk and The Leopard. The first is the life story of the ordinary citizen. He is represented as being sent by his kingly father to a Purple Island, there to be educated and to undergo certain temptations. He is accompanied by twin companions, Hatob Yetser, the good impulse, and Hara Yetser, the evil impulse. Each of the twins tries to gain a permanent influence over him, and through Aner's love of wine Hara first succeeds. He falls into excess and marries a woman whom he afterwards loathes :

"Ere six months were spent the dream had ended in ghastly disenchantment. The nestling masquerade was over ; the dread reality began.

"He saw Phædra as she was—beautiful, but partly by artificial aid ; intriguing, rapacious ; mean, touchy, indescribably commonplace ; habitually untruthful ; domineering ; not to be trusted for a moment ; wholly without intellect, or care for anything intellectual ; immensely extravagant ; panting for outrageous adulation ; without a particle of real love for him ; devoted, heart and soul, to any one who would burn at her shrine the thickest fumes of flattery, the one incense which she most loved. And it was to this powdered and painted phantom, whose very hair was dyed, that he had, in infatuated passion, impawned his life. . . .

"Every day Phædra showed herself more plainly in her native ugliness—as no longer a siren but a vulgar vixen. She displayed the unutterable odiousness and worthlessness of a character which was nothing but a shallow veneer of surface qualities—an assumed charm and simplicity of manner which was but the coloured film over depths of putrescent stagnancy."

What an arraignment of the modern moth of society! Dean Farrar's pen is not weak, though his allegories may be simple. He is a voice crying in the wilderness of a world wherein shallowness and deceit have marked the brows of a majority of the people who live therein.

## VICTORIAN ERA SERIES.†

Blackie & Son, of London, England, have brought out a new library called "The Victorian Era Series." The opening volume is "The Rise of Democracy," by J. Holland Rose, M.A. Of it the *Aberdeen Journal* says : "For all who wish to get an unbiassed view of the Radical movement in England during the present century—its benefits, its faults, and its limitations—this little book can be unhesitatingly recommended." The second of the series is "The Anglican Revival," by J. H. Overton, D.D., and deals with the religious events which have moulded the Church of England during the Victorian reign. Two other volumes are ready, "John Bright," by C. A. Vince, M.A., and "Charles Dickens," by George Gissing. The latter volume should be exceedingly popular.

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*Allegories, by Frederic W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, with twenty-five illustrations. London : Longmans Green & Co. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Six shillings.

†Canadian agents : The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Crown 8 vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Shrewsbury," by Stanley J. Weyman, has been issued in Longman's Colonial Library.* It is another historical romance, with its scenes laid in the reigns of Charles II. and of William and Mary. The critic seems to agree that it is dull and uninviting. The narrator and hero of the tale plays the fool throughout and the Duke of Shrewsbury alone rises to any sublimity. The public has been trained to expect heroes who are heroic.

"Weeping Ferry and Other Stories," by Margaret L. Woods, is another volume in the same library. These tales are interesting but not overly brilliant.

"David Lyall's Love Story,"† by the author of "The Land o' The Leal," is a collection of tales about Scots folk in London. It is bright, cheerful and wholesome, but not exciting.

"Vergil" is the title of a recently published lecture delivered by Dr. A. MacMechan, Professor of English in Dalhousie College, Halifax. It is a charming and thoughtful piece of work. Speaking of his early study of Latin, Dr. MacMechan says:

"How we acquired them I cannot say, but the notions certainly did prevail in the class, that the only reasons why anyone should study Latin were that it was required for examinations, and helped druggists to read the labels on their jars. The trouble was that we never saw the wood for the trees. Latin words we studied; hut Latin literature never. Syntax, grammar, scansion there was, good measure, pressed down, heaped together and running over; but real feeling for the language there was not. Still less was there any feeling for style, and I am afraid that in twenty years there has been little improvement."

The part of the lecture dealing with Vergil's plagiarism is masterly and exhaustive.

"Bird Neighbours," a book which gives an introductory acquaintance with about 150 birds of the North American continent, is among George N. Morang's recent publications. It is written by Neltje Blanchan, and has the advantage of a preface by John Burroughs, who also gave revising assistance in its preparation for the press. It may be said that every lover of rurality is interested in his feathered neighbours, and this superbly illustrated volume will no doubt meet with a kind reception. It contains 50 full-page plates of photographs in colours, and by its aid one may identify many a bird whose name and habits one has hitherto only partially known. The moderate price at which the work is to be sold should place it within the reach of a large number of nature-lovers.

In reviewing Canadian books, one has often to make large mental reservations. Occasionally, however, the critic is able to deal in unqualified praise without giving his conscience a wrench. Mr. Henry J. Morgan's dictionary of national biography: "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" (William Briggs, Toronto, $3) is so far in advance of anything similar produced in Canada hitherto, that the industrious compiler is entitled to the gratitude of those who have long lamented the lack of a comprehensive modern work of this class, independent in tone and executed with knowledge and discrimination. So far as a glance through the pages enables one to judge, Mr. Morgan has selected his subjects with some care, has avoided unnecessary eulogy, and confined himself to persons who have all claims, more or less, to appear in a Canadian biographical work. The book will be extremely useful, and the data contained in its 1,000 pages are well condensed. Without exaggeration, it may be said that the work is creditable to the industry and skill of Mr. Morgan, while its appearance is much superior to many Canadian books of reference, although the necessity of including advertisements is to be deplored.

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*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

# NATIONAL SPORT.

## A TALK ON HOCKEY.

THE question has been frequently asked, "Where did hockey originate?" and the prevailing impression has been that, Topsy-like, it never originated at all, but was developed from "Shinty," that crude but wholesome sport of our fathers. Nearly twenty years ago hockey, as a scientific sport, was introduced into Upper Canada from Nova Scotia, the latter province being the indisputable home in Canada of this game. It has gradually grown in favour, and it may now be truly said we have a national winter sport, for in three Provinces, at least, hockey is the predominating pastime during the winter months. Probably no other sport has ever risen to popularity in so short a time; but several reasons may be given for this. In the first place athletic sports in winter are few and a Canadian winter is no mean portion of the year; so there was room for a game which would interest both old and young, and hockey soon found a warm place in public favour. In the second place, the intrinsic merits of the game itself commended it, for Canadians would never have cultivated such a taste for any game merely for lack of a better way of employing their time. This sport gives to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other an exhibition of strength, speed and skill. In few games can it be said these three elements are found as essentials, but in hockey such is the case, for one is of little use without the other two. In almost every other game one feature predominates, but perhaps lacrosse approximates to the combination of qualities seen in hockey more nearly than does any other pastime.

In this winter sport we have at the same time the prettiest, fastest and most graceful athletic exhibition possible. Roughness almost invariably detracts from, rather than increases, the effectiveness of a player's work. Nothing can be prettier than a line of forwards rushing down the ice, passing, dodging, jumping, and at times almost flying as they meet with obstructions more or less formidable.

With two first-class opposing teams the entire game is as exciting as a close finish on the race-track. In the former the excitement is at fever heat for fully an hour, while in the latter case the hysterical interest lasts for a fraction of a minute only.

In 1890 the game was introduced into Manitoba, and the first match played in that Province was the one between the Winnipeg and Victoria teams in the same season.

Two years later the Manitoba Hockey Association was formed, and since then the game has continued to flourish under the favourable conditions existing in that Province for a winter sport of this kind. When the Association was but a few weeks old a combined team of the Winnipegs and Victorias made a tour through Ontario and Quebec, playing in all eleven games, eight of which they won.

Up to 1890, the date of the organization of the Ontario Hockey Association, hockey was played very little west of Kingston, but for some years prior to that date a club had existed at Queen's University, and was the only Ontario team which competed against those of the east or made any pretensions of being in the same class.

The Province of Quebec has undoubtedly held the palm up to the present time, although the Stanley Cup, representing the Canadian Championship, was captured by the Manitobans on one occasion. Yet the standard of play in Quebec has never been equalled in any other part of the Dominion, and the Victorias, of Montreal, have this year completely outclassed all opponents. Not that Ontario athletes are inferior to those of the French Prov-

ince, but the steady cold winter of Quebec gives that Province an advantage over the teams from Ontario, where frequent spells of soft weather necessitate the complete postponement of all games, and deprive the players of steady practice and training. This has been the case on more than one occasion during the past season and illustrates the difficulties under which the game is often played in Ontario.

There are other elements in Ontario, and more particularly in Toronto, which tend to keep the standard of play at a low mark, amongst others being the burning desire on the part of individual stars to become the nucleus of a club, and to surround themselves with players compared with whom they may continue to shine conspicuously. This feature is quite marked in Toronto, where there are four instead of two Senior teams, five instead of two or three Intermediate, and four where there should be a smaller number of Junior teams in the Ontario Hockey Association. Besides these there are innumerable teams connected with smaller associations, the players of which are debarred from playing in O.H.A. games. Probably the existence of the Bank Hockey League has contributed more than any other one factor towards maintaining a low standard of play in Toronto. The O.H.A. exclude from their teams all players who are members of or play in other associations, consequently the one or two good players on each Bank team are not available to strengthen the O.H.A. teams, and incidentally to assist in elevating the standard of play.

Since the organization of the Ontario Hockey Association the style of play has been immensely improved, but it has taken eight years to get rid of the crude features which were previously indulged in, and with some teams this can scarcely be said to have been accomplished even yet. Formerly heavy body checking and rough play were not discountenanced as they should have been ; a player tried to stop his opponent, incidentally stopping the progress of the puck. Now all roughness in the shape of heavy body checking, and playing the man instead of the puck, is severely penalized by the referee, so that the game as played to-day is one in which no one need be afraid to engage. Accidents are comparatively trifling and rare. It is but natural that in a game of such lightning speed there should be occasional injuries, but the game has wonderfully improved from the old style rough-and-tumble survival of the fittest kind, until now weight is not considered an essential in a good forward player, though it is an advantage to defence players almost invariably.

The most regrettable feature which has become apparent of late in this and other sports is the growth of a professional element. At the last annual meeting of The Ontario Hockey Association the constitution was radically amended, so that the onus of proving his innocence was cast upon the accused as soon as a substantial or reasonable charge had been laid against him. At first blush this would seem to savour of Star Chamber procedure, but when the position of affairs is considered, it will be seen that no innocent man need suffer; for if given sufficient time in which to produce his evidence the advantage is with the accused. The circumstances are peculiarly within his own knowledge, and great difficulties always face the party trying to substantiate the charge. No one who has not had experience can have the slightest idea of the difficulty there is in securing evidence of professionalism. In the majority of cases the payments are made through the most indirect channels and ostensibly for perfectly legitimate purposes. Taking this all into consideration it must be admitted that an executive cannot be possessed of too extensive powers for dealing with such an evil; and further, the Association should elect no executive whose integrity is not such that even the most extreme authority may be given them without fear of abuse.

*A. H. Beaton, Sec. O.H.A.*

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